THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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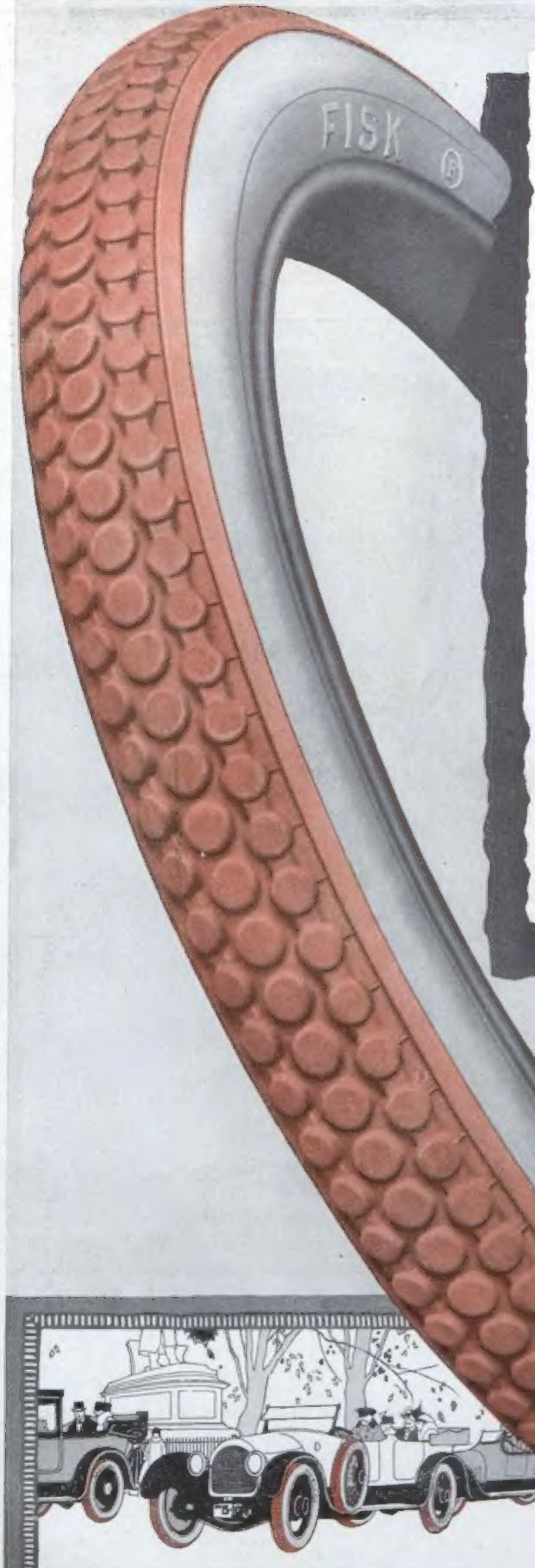
Beginning

THE MAN NEXT DOOR—By Emerson Hough



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3 eggs
½ cupful sugar
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1 teaspoonful baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
6 tablespoonfuls Crisco
4 drops vanilla
gelatine eggs
apricot jam
pistachio nuts
angelica

[Use level measurements]

Break eggs into saucepan and beat lightly, add sugar and stir constantly over hot water until sugar and eggs are thick and creamy. Mix and sift baking powder, flour and salt. Add to egg mixture, then add melted Crisco and vanilla. Beat thoroughly, pour into shallow mold having tube center. Bake in moderate oven twenty minutes. Spread cake with apricot jam when cool; sprinkle with pistachio nuts. Make vanilla gelatine, using milk instead of water, and fill hollow eggs with mixture. When set, break egg shell away and fill nest with eggs. Garnish bottom of dish with angelica to represent twigs.

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THE MAN NEXT DOOR

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

BONNIE BELL was her real name—Bonnie Bell Wright. It sounds like a race horse or a yacht, but she was a girl. Like enough that name don't suit you exactly for a girl, but it suited her pa, Old Man Wright. I don't know as she ever was baptized by that name, or maybe baptized at all, for water was scarce in Wyoming; but it never would of been healthy to complain about that name before Old Man Wright or me, Curly.

As far as that goes, she had other names too. Her ma called her Mary Isabel Wright; but her pa got to calling her Bonnie Bell someway when she was little, and it stuck, especial after her ma died.

That was when Bonnie Bell was only eight years old that her ma died, and her dying made a lot of difference on the ranch. I reckon Old Man Wright probably stole Bonnie Bell's ma somewhere back in the States when he was a young man. She must of loved him some or she wouldn't of came to Wyoming with him. She was tallish, and prettier than any picture in colors—and game! She tried all her life to let on she liked the range, but she never was made for it.

Now to see her throw that bluff and get away with it with Old Man Wright—and no one else, especial me—and to see Old Man Wright worrying, trying to figure out what was wrong, and not being able to—that was the hardest thing any of us ever tried. The way he tried to make the ma of Bonnie Bell happy was plain for anybody to see. He'd stand and look at the place where he seen her go by last, and forget he had a rope in his hand and his horse a-waiting.

We had to set at the table, all three of us, after she died—him and the kid and me—and nobody at the end of the table where she used to set—her always in clothes that wasn't just like ours. I couldn't hardly stand it. But that was how game Old Man Wright was.

He wasn't really old. Like when he was younger, he was tall and straight, and had sandy hair and blue eyes, and weighed round a hundred and eighty, lean. Everybody on the range always had knew Old Man Wright. He was captain of the round-up when he was twenty and president of the cattle association as soon as it was begun. I don't know as a better cowman ever was in Wyoming. He grew up at it.

"Go to it, Sis!" Says Her Pa. "You've Got Your Own Bank Account and It's Bigger Than Mine"

So did Bonnie Bell grow up at it, for that matter. She pleased her pa a-plenty, for she took to a saddle like a duck, so to speak. Time she was fifteen she could ride any of the stock we had, and if a bronc' pitched when she rid him she thought that was all right; she thought it was just a way horses had and something to be put up with that didn't amount to much. She didn't know no better. She never did think that anything or anybody in the world had it in for her noways whatever. She natural believed that everything and everybody liked her, for that was the way she felt and that was the way it shaped there on the range. There wasn't a hand on the place that would of allowed anything to cross Bonnie Bell in any way.

She grew up tallish, like her pa, and slim and round, same as her ma. She had brownish or yellowish hair, too, which was sunburned, for she never wore no bonnet; but her eyes was like her ma's, which was dark and not blue, though her skin was white like her pa's under his shirt sleeves, only she never had no freckles the way her pa had—some was large as nickels on him in places. She maybe had one freckle on her nose, but little.

Bonnie Bell was a rider from the time she was a baby, like I said, and she went into all the range work like she was built for it. Wild she was, like a filly or yearling that kicks up its heels when the sun shines and the wind blows. And pretty! Say, a new wagon with red wheels and yellow trimmings ain't fit for comparing to her none at all!

When her ma died Old Man Wright wasn't good for much for a long time, for he was always studying over something. Though he never talked a word about her, I allow that somehow or other after she died he kind of come to the conclusion that maybe she hadn't been happy all the time, and he got to thinking that maybe he'd been to blame for it somehow. After it was too late, maybe, he seen that she couldn't never have grew to be no range woman, no matter how long she lived.

But still we all got to take things, and he done so the best he could; and after the kid began to grow up he was happier. All the time he was a-rolling up the range and the stock, till he was richer than anybody you ever did see, though his clothes was just about the same. But, come round the time when Bonnie Bell was sixteen or seventeen years old, about proportionate like when a filly or heifer is a yearling or so, he began to study more.

There was a room up in the half-story where sometimes we kept things we didn't need all the time—the fancy saddles and bridles and things. Some old trunks was in it. I reckon maybe Old Man Wright went up there sometimes when he didn't say nothing about it to nobody. Anyhow once I went up there for something and I seen him setting on the floor, something in his hand that he was looking at so steady he never heard me. I don't know what it was—picture maybe, or letter; and his face was different somehow—older like—so that he didn't seem like the same man. You see, Old Man Wright was maybe softlike on the inside, like plenty of us hard men are.

I crept out and felt right much to blame for seeing what I had, though I didn't mean to. Seems like all my life I been seeing or hearing things I hadn't no business to—some folks never do things right. That's me. I never told Old Man Wright about my seeing him there and he don't know it yet. But it wasn't so long after that he come to me, and he hadn't been shaved for four days, and he was looking kind of odd; and he says to me:

"Curly, we're up against it for fair!" says he.

"Why, what's wrong, Colonel?" says I, for I seen something was wrong all right.

He didn't answer at first, but sort of throwed his hand round to show I was to come along.

At last he says:

"Curly, we're shore up against it!" He sighed then, like he'd lost a whole trainload of cows.

"What's up, Colonel?" says I. "Range thieves?"

"Hell, no!" says he. "I wish 'twas that—I'd like it."

"Well," says I, "we got plenty of this water, and we branded more than our average per cent of calves this spring." For such was so that year—everything was going fine. We stood to sell eighty thousand dollars' worth of beef cows that fall.

He didn't say a word, and I ast him if there was any nesters coming in; and he shook his head.

"I seen about that when I taken out my patents years ago. No; the range is safe. That's what's the matter with it; the title is good—too good."

"Well, Colonel," says I, some disgusted and getting up to walk away, "if ever you want to talk to me any send somebody to where I'm at. I'm busy."

"Set down, Curly," says he, not looking at me.

So I done so.

"Son," says he to me—he often called me that along of me being his *segundo* for so many years—"don't go away! I need you. I need something."

Now I ain't nothing but a freckled cowpuncher with red hair, and some says both my eyes don't track the same, and I maybe toe in. Besides, I ain't got much education. But, you see, I've been with Old Man Wright so long we've kind of got to know each other—not that I'm any good for Divine Providence neither.

"Curly," says he after a while when he got his nerve up, "Curly, it looks like I got to sell out—I got to sell the Circle Arrow!"

Huh! That was worse than anything that ever hit me all my life, and we've seen some trouble too. I couldn't say a word to that.

After about a hour he begun again.

"I reckon I got to sell her," says he. "I got to quit the game. Curly, you and me has got to make a change—I'm afraid I've got to sell her out—lock, stock and barrel."

"And not be a cowman no more?" says I.

He nods. I look round to see him close. He was plumb sober, and his face was solemn, like it was the time I caught him looking in the trunk.

"That irrigation syndicate is after me again," says he.

"Well, what of it?" says I. "Let 'em go some place else. It ain't needful for us to make no more money—we're plumb rich enough for anybody on earth. Besides, when a man is a cowman he's got as far as he can go—there ain't nothing in the world better than that. You know it and so do I."

He nods, for what I said was true, and he knew it.

"Colonel," I ast him, "have you been playing poker?"

"Some," says he. "Down to the Cheyenne Club."

"How much did you lose?"

"I didn't lose nothing—in fact I won several thousand dollars and eight hundred head of steers last week," says he.

"Well, then, what in hell is wrong?" says I.

"It goes back a long ways," says he after a while, and now his face looked more than ever like it did when he was there a-going through them trunks. I turns my own face away now, so as not to embarrass him, for I seen he was sort of off his balance.

"It's her," says the old man at last. I might of knew it was either Bonnie Bell or her ma that he had in his mind all the time; but he couldn't say a damn word. He went on after a while:

"When she was sick I begun to get sort of afraid about things. One day she taken Bonnie Bell by one hand and me by the other, and says she to me: 'John Willie'—she called me that, though nobody knew it maybe—'John Willie,' says she, 'I want to ask something I never dared ask before, because I never did know before how much you cared for me real,' says she. Oh, damn it, Curly, it ain't nobody's business what she said."

After a while he went on again.

"'Lizzie,' says I to her, 'what is it? I'll do anything for you.'

"'Promise me, then, John Willie,' says she, 'that you'll educate my girl and give her the life she ought to have.'

"'Why, Lizzie,' says I, 'of course I will. I'll do anything in the world you say, the way you ask it.'

"'Then give her the place that she ought to have in life,' she says to me."

He stopped talking then for maybe a hour, and at last he says again:

"Well, Curly, let it go at that. I can't talk about things. I couldn't ever talk about her."

I couldn't talk neither. After a while he kind of went on, slow:

"The kid's eighteen now," says he at last. "She's going to be a looker like her ma. It's in her blood to grow up in the cow business too—that's me. But she's got it in her, besides, like her ma, to do something different.

"I don't like to do my duty no more than anybody else does, but it shore is my duty to educate that kid and give her a chance for a bigger start than she can get out here. It was that that was in her ma's mind all the time. She didn't want her girl to grow up out here in Wyoming; she wanted her to go back East and play the game—the big game—the limit the roof. She ast it; and she's got to have it, though she's been dead more than ten years now. As for you and me, it can't make much difference. We've brought her up the best we knew this far."

"Well, you can't sell the Circle Arrow now," says I, "and I'll tell you why."

"Tell me," says he.

"Well, let's figure on it," says I. "It'll take anyways four years to develop Bonnie Bell ready to turn off the range, according to the way such things run. She'll have to go to school for at least four years. Why not let the thing run like it lays till then, while you send her East?"

"You mean to some girls' college?" says he. "Well, I've been thinking that all out. She'll have to go to the same kind of schools her ma did and be made a lady of, like her ma." He looks a little more cheerful and says to me: "That'll put it off four years anyways, won't it?"

"Shore it will," says I. "Maybe something will happen by that time. It don't stand to reason that them syndicate people will be as foolish four years from now as they are to-day; and like enough you can't sell the range then nohow." That makes us both feel a lot cheerfuller.

Well, later on him and me begun looking up in books what was the best college for girls, though none of 'em said anything about caring special for girls that knew more of horses and cows than anything else. We seen names of plenty of schools—Vassar and Ogontz and Bryn Mawr—but we couldn't pronounce them names; so we voted against them all. At last I found one that looked all right—it was named Smith.

"Here's the place!" says I to Old Man Wright; and I showed him on the page. "This man Smith sounds like he had some horse sense. Let's send Bonnie Bell to Old Man Smith and see what he'll do with her."

She Was So Easy to Look At That a Good Many People Would Turn Round

Well, we done that. Old Man Smith must of knew his business pretty well, for what he done with Bonnie Bell was considerable. She was changed when she got back to us the first time, come summer of the first year. I didn't get East and I never did meet up with Old Man Smith at all; but I say he must of knew his business. His catalogue said his line was to make girls appreciate the Better Things of life. He spelled Better Things in big letters. Well, I don't know whether Bonnie Bell begun to hanker after them Better Things or not, but she was changed after that every year more and more when she come home. In four years she wasn't the same girl.

She wasn't spoiled—you couldn't spoil her noways. She was as much tickled as ever with the colts and the calves and the chickens and the alfalfa and the mountains; and she could still ride anything they brought along, and she hadn't forgot how to rope. Still, she was different. Her clothes was different. Her hats was different. Her shoes was different. Her hair was done up different. Somehow she had grew up less like her pa and more like her ma. So then I seen that about the worst had happened to him and me that could happen. Them Better Things was not such as grew in Wyoming.

Now, Old Man Wright and me, us two, had brought up the kid. Me being foreman, that was part of my business too. We been busy. I could see we was going to be a lot busier. Before long something was due to pop. At last the old man comes to me once more.

"Curly," says he, "I was in hopes something would happen, so that this range of ours wouldn't be no temptation to them irrigation colonizers; I was hoping something would happen to them so they would lose their money. But they lost their minds instead. These last four years they raised their bid on the Circle Arrow a half million dollars every year.

"They've offered me more money than there is in the whole wide world. They say now that for the brand and the range stock and the home ranch, and all the hay lands and ditches that we put in so long ago, they'll give me three million eight hundred thousand dollars—a third of it in real money and the rest secured on the place. What do you think of that?"

"I think somebody has been drunk," says I. "There ain't that much money at all. I remember seeing Miss Anderson, Bonnie Bell's teacher down at Meeteetse, make a million dollars on the blackboard, and it reached clear across it—six ciphers, with a figure in front of it. And that was only one million dollars. When you come to talking nearly four million dollars—why, there ain't that much money. They're fooling you, Colonel."

"I wish't they was," says he, sighing; "but the agent keeps pestering me. He says they'll make it four million flat, or maybe more, if I'll just let go. You see, Curly, we picked the ground mighty well years ago, and them ditches we let in from the mountains for the hay years ago is what they got their eyes on now. They say, too, that folks can dry-farm the benches up toward the mountains—they can't, and I don't like to see nobody try it. I'm a cowman and I don't like to see the range used for nothing else. But what am I going to do?"

"Well, what are you going to do, Colonel?" says I. "I know what you'll do, but I'll just ask you."

"Curly, You and Me Has Got to Make a Change—I'm Afraid I've Got to Sell Her Out—Lock, Stock and Barrel"

"Of course," says he, "it ain't in my heart to sell the Circle Arrow—you know that—but I got to. Here's Bonnie Bell. She's finished—that is to say, she ain't finished, but just beginning. She's at the limit of what the range will produce for her right now. We got to move on."

I nodded to him.

We both felt the same about it. It wasn't so much what happened to us.

"Well," says he, "we got to pick out a place for her to live at after we sell the range. I thought of St. Louis; but it's too hot, and I never liked the market there. Kansas City is a good cowtown; but it ain't as good as Chicago. I reckon Chicago maybe is as good a cowtown as there is."

"Well, Colonel," says I, "I reckon here's where I go West."

"You go where?" says he to me, sharp.

"West," says I.

"There ain't no West," says he. "Besides, what do you mean? What are you talking about, going anywheres?"

"You said you was going to sell the range," says I. "That ends my work, don't it? I filed on eight or ten homesteads, and so did the other boys. It's all surveyed and patented, and it's yours to sell."

He didn't say nothing for a while, his Adam's apple walking up and down his neck.

"You been square to me all your life, Colonel," says I, "and I can't kick. All cowpunchers has to be turned out to grass sometime and it's been a long time coming for me. I'm as old as you are, Colonel, and I can't complain."

"Curly," says he, "what you're saying cuts me a little more than anything ever did happen to me. Ain't I always done right by you?"

"Of course you have, Colonel. Who said you hadn't?"

"Ain't you always been square with me?"

"Best I knew how," says I. "I never let my right hand know what my left was doing with a running iron—and I was left-handed."

"That's right; you helped me get my start in the early days. I owe a lot to you—a lot more than I've ever paid; but the least I could do for you would be to give you a home and a place at my table as long as ever you live, and more wages than you're worth—ain't that the truth?"

"I don't know how you figure that," says I.

"Yes you do, too, know how I figure that—you know there ain't but one way I could figure it. You stay with me till hell freezes under both of us; and I don't want to hear no more talk about you going West or nowheres else."

Folks' Adam's apples bothers sometimes.

"We built this brand together," says he, "and what right you got to shake it now?" says he; me not being able now to talk much. "We rode this range, every foot of it, together, and more than once slept under the same saddle blanket. I've trusted you to tally a thousand head of steers for me a half dozen times a year. You've had the spring *rodeo* in your hands ever since I can remember. You've been one-half pa of that kid. Has times changed so much that you got a right to talk the way you're talking?"

"You're going back into the States, though, Colonel," says I. "They turn men out there when they're forty—and I'll never see forty again. I read in the papers that forty is the dead line back there."

"It ain't in Wyoming," says he.

"We won't be in Wyoming no more, then," says I.

He set and looked off across the range toward the Gunsight Gap, at the head of the river, and I could see him get white under his freckles. He was game, but he was scared.

"We can't help it, Curly," says he. "We've raised the girl between us and we've got to stick all the way through. You've been my foreman here and you got to be my foreman there in the city. We'll land there with a few million dollars or so and I reckon we'll learn the game after a while."

"I'd make a hell of a vallay, wouldn't I, Colonel?" says I.

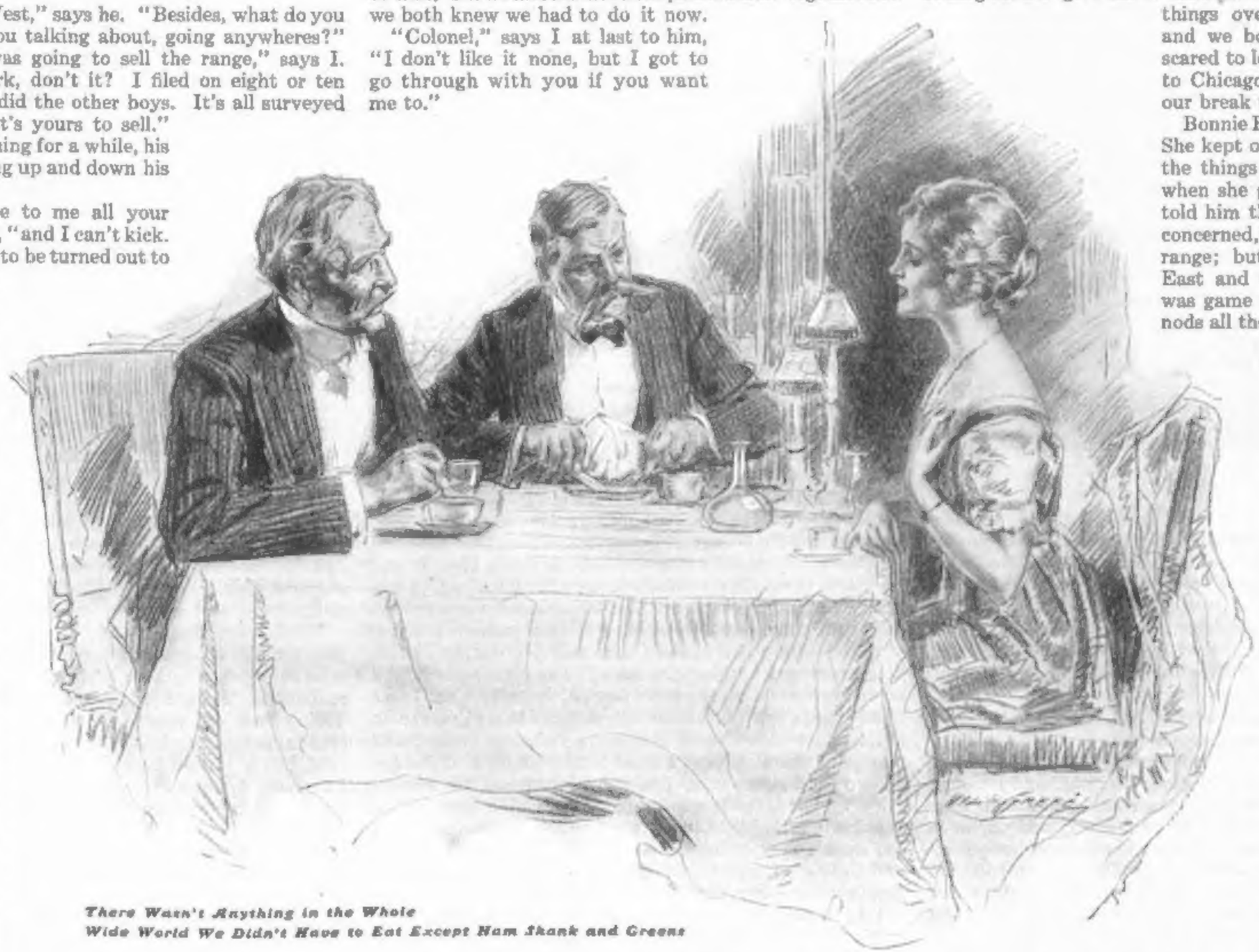
"I didn't ask you to be no vallay for me," says he. "I ast you to be my foreman—you know damn well what I mean."

I did know, too, far as that's concerned, and I thought more of Old Man Wright then than I ever did. Of course it's hard for men to talk much out on the range, and we didn't talk.

We only set for quite a while, with our knees up, breaking sticks and looking off at the Gunsight Gap, on top of the range—just as if we hadn't saw it there any day these past forty years.

I was plenty scared about this new move and so was he. It's just like riding into a ford where the water is stained with snow or mud and running high, and where there ain't no low bank on the other side. You don't know how it is, but you have to chance it. It looked bad to me and it did to him; but we had rid into such places before together and we both knew we had to do it now.

"Colonel," says I at last to him, "I don't like it none, but I got to go through with you if you want me to."



There Wasn't Anything in the Whole Wide World We Didn't Have to Eat Except Ham Shank and Greens

He sort of hit the side of my knee with the back of his hand, like he said "It's a trade." And it was a trade.

That's how come us to move from Wyoming to Chicago, looking for some of them Better Things.

II

"WELL, Curly," says Old Man Wright to me one day a couple of months after we had our first talk, "I done it!"

"You sold her?" says I.

"Yes," says he.

"How much did you set 'em back, Colonel?" says I; and he says they give him a million and a half down, or something like that, and the balance of four million and a quarter deferred, one, two, three.

That's more money than all Wyoming is worth, let alone the Yellow Bull Valley, which we own.

"That's a good deal of money deferred, ain't it, Colonel?" says I.

"Well, I don't blame 'em," he says. "If I had to pay anybody three or four million dollars I'd defer it as long as I could. Besides, I'm thinking they'll defer it more than one, two and three years if they wait for them grangers to pay 'em back their money with what they can raise.

"But ain't it funny how you and me made all that money? It's a proof of what industry and economy can do when they can't help theirselfs. When Tug Patterson wished this range on me forty years ago I hated him sinful. Yet we run the ditches in from year to year, gradual, and here we are!

"Well, now," he goes on, "they want possession right away. We got to pull our freight. You and me, Curly, we ain't got no home no more."

That was the truth. In three weeks we was on our way, turned out in the world like orphans. Still, Old Man Wright he just couldn't bear to leave without one more whirl with the boys down at the Cheyenne Club. He was gone down there several days; and when he come back he was hungry, but not thirsty.

"It's no use, Curly," says he. "It's my weakness and I shore deplore it; but I can't seem to get the better of my ways."

"How much did you lose, Colonel?" I ast him.

"Lose?" says he. "I didn't lose nothing. I win four sections and five hundred cows. I didn't go to do it and I'm sorry, because what am I going to do with them cows?"

"Deed 'em to Bonnie Bell," says I. "Trust 'em out to some square fellow you know on shares. We may need 'em for a stake sometime."

"That's a good idea," says he. "Not that I'm scared none of going broke. Money comes to me—I can't seem to shoo it away."

"I never had so much trouble," says I, "but if you're feeling liberal give me a chaw of tobacco and let's talk things over." We done that, and we both admitted we was scared to leave Wyoming and go to Chicago. We had to make our break though.

Bonnie Bell was plumb happy. She kept on telling her pa about the things she was going to do when she got to the city. She told him that, so far as she was concerned, she'd never of left the range; but since he wanted to go East and insisted so, why, she was game to go along. And he nods all the time while she talks that way to him—him aching inside.

We didn't know any more than a rabbit where to go when we got to Chicago; but Bonnie Bell took charge of us. We put up in the best hotel there was, one that looks out over the lake and where it costs you a dollar every time you turn round. The bell-hops used to give us the laugh quiet at first, and when the manager come and sized us up he couldn't make us out till we told him a few things. Gradual, though, folks round that hotel begun to take notice of us, especial of Bonnie Bell. They found out, too, like enough, that Old Man Wright had more money than anybody in Chicago ever did have before—at least he acted like he had.

"Curly," says he to me one day, "I got to go and take out a new bank account. I can't write checks fast enough on one bank to keep up with Bonnie Bell," says he.

"What's she doing, Colonel?" I ast him.

"Everything," says he. "Buying new clothes and pictures, and lots of things. Besides, she's going to be building her house right soon."

"What's that?" I says.

"Her house. She's bought some land up there on the Lake Front, north of one of them parks; it lays right on the water and you can see out across the lake. She's picked a good range. If we had all that water out in Wyoming we could do some business with it, though here it's a waste—they keep it only just to look at.

"She's got a man drawing plans for her new house, Curly—she says we've got to get it done this year. That girl shore is a hustler! Account of them things, you can easy see it's time for me to go and fix things up with a new bank."

So we go to the bank he has his eye on, about the biggest and coldest one in town—good place to keep butter and aigs; and we got in line with some of these Chicago people that are always in a hurry, they don't know why. We come up to where there is a row of people behind bars, like in a jail. The jail keepers they set outside at glass-top tables, looking suspicious as any case keeper in a faro game. They all looked like Sunday-school folks. I felt uneasy.

Old Man Wright he steps up to one of the tables where a fellow is setting with eyeglasses and chin whiskers—oldish sort of man; and you knew he looked older than he was. He didn't please me. He sizes us up. We was still wearing the clothes we bought in Cheyenne at the Golden Eagle,

(Continued on Page 73)

THE MOVIE QUEEN—By Rob Wagner

Colin Campbell

Mae Marsh Preparing for Scene

Bessie Eyton

I MAY CHAPIN, rough-stuff comedy girl, have been elected to splash into the strange waters of literature and celebrate the lives of the movie queens. No doubt I shall have to come up for air occasionally, so this story is likely to have about as much literary construction as a hardware catalogue. However, I hope the editors will be as good sports as I am. Like "Spencer Grandon," I, too, shall use the device of anonymity to conceal from the public the identity of my characters—myself included. For this is not to be press-agent stuff, but a further intimate peek into the lives of movie folk.

Whatever biography the story contains must, of necessity, be that of two girls, for Agnes Underhill and I met in high school, when we entered the ninth grade with four hundred other students from all over town; and our lives have run parallel ever since. There is a joyous democracy in such a school as we attended, profitable both to those who come from the Westlake district and to those from the gas tanks. Agnes was a beautiful, cultured daughter of one of the first families; I, too, was the daughter of a first family—if you come in by the way of Watts. Her father was a judge of the superior court; mine, a motor cop. Both were officers of the law—we had at least that much in common. But notwithstanding the great social gulf that separated us, by the end of our Scrub year we were known as Mocha and Java.

Mrs. Grandon, who is guide, philosopher and friend to all the girls at the studio, has the most fascinating reasons for these high-school friendships. They are economic and sociological and I cannot quote them here; but she makes a very strong point of the fact that two boys on our debating team were the closest friends, while their fathers, who were rivals in business, notoriously hated each other. The reason, she says, was because their interests were identical.

The Golden Age of Romance

AGNES and I had an identity of interest. Besides our mutual loyalty to the school, we both wanted to be movie actresses. In this desire, however, we were not entirely original, for out of twelve hundred girls at the school at least eleven hundred and fifty aspired to the same lofty heights. Some of them, of course, were taking domestic science and others commercial courses; yet there burned in the heart of nearly every girl there a romantic hope that some time she would attain the purple of a moving-picture queen.

But we two had determination as well as hope, and we framed up our courses with our goal in mind. We took all the oral English, expression and dramatics the school offered, and that was one of the strongest departments. We had a class on stagecraft that made a practical study of the mechanical side of dramatic work. In our second year we were both elected to the Players Club, and by the time we were eleventh graders Agnes had won the lead for the big play of the year. I was given a comedy rôle.

We were now fully determined to show some of the movie queens how it ought to be done, though I fear I was the more dynamic determiner of the two. I knew perfectly well that my mother would explode when I told her my plans, and as for Dad, he would cut out his muffler on the choicest lot of Irish thunder words in his vocabulary. But though Dad was very volatile he always permitted his little May to go right up and scratch him between the horns, and in the end he would blow out a tire to help her get her tiniest wish. With Agnes it was different—quite. Her set believed in owning moving-picture studios, but in working elsewhere. She was destined for college, Europe, and all the other finishing touches which would fit her for her station in life. It was my job to nurse her rebellion and keep her untamed. I was firmly convinced that if ever Agnes broke in she would make most of the headliners look like canceled postage stamps.

These were our schoolgirl dreams. We simply had to act—there was nothing else for it. The gods had marked us and the world must not be denied. Exactly what I was to do I had never quite determined, but I knew I was to do it magnificently. Agnes was more romantic than I and read Maurice Hewlett; I liked Shaw, Synge and George Moore—my tastes were Irish. And, heavens, the superiority we felt to girls who were content with Longfellow, Wordsworth and Dickens! Agnes' romance was abstract—she wasn't very strong for the boys; mine was concrete, and I always included a suitor or two, until I fell for my film favorite—then the boys became merely scenery to me.

I have learned that every age has its romance. My mother tells me that her girlish dream was to marry the ringmaster of a circus and go to Niagara Falls on a wedding trip; while my grandmother, when young, was wont to read the novels of The Duchess, and spent her maidenhood hoping that some day Sir Guy Harringsford would come galloping through her village and carry her off to his manor house, where she would live and die a willing prisoner. My idea of the quintessence of romance was to play opposite Spencer Grandon and have him mean what he does in the final dissolve. I'll bet I had fifty pictures of him, my favorite being the one in the sport shirt. Oh, those cow eyes of his! I could have died for "one look into their abysmal depths." And to think, all this time he was married to the finest girl in the world!

Constance Collier

While I was dreaming of my hero Agnes had a case on a girl, for she always bestowed her affections on her own gender. This romantic phenomenon is common among schoolgirls. First, it was her dramatics teacher, and then Vivian Vane, the reigning movie queen. I couldn't understand this devotion at all. Vivian Vane was no doubt beautiful, but it was an insipid sort of beauty and, personally, I thought Agnes had her beaten to a custard. Anyway I burned all my candles before Spencer Grandon.

The Visit of Vivian Vane

IN OUR last year in school Agnes had the lead in the Senior play and I, as usual, had the comedy rôle. That's what always fell to me, because I had a turned-up nose. My dramatics teacher insisted, however, that I was thus fated because I inherited my father's grim sense of humor.

Her slant on Dad was gained from the following episode: One day my mother received a note from the vice principal criticizing my personal appearance. She objected, she said, to the rouge. Mother wrote and told her if I came to school that way again I was to have my face washed right there. Next day it so happened. Imagine her chagrin when my Irish skin refused to yield up its color. A few days later Dad arrested the vice principal for speeding on Wilshire Boulevard!

Though we were up to our ears in the Senior play, June seemed ages away. We had become the worst movie fans in school and were restless to splash in. We went to see all the first runs we could crowd in Saturdays and holidays, and we usually managed to sneak in a few others during the week. We read all the motion-picture magazines, and once in sweet embarrassment we wrote letters to our favorites. We received no replies.

One day the principal of the school announced at assembly that he had given permission to a picture company to make scenes on our campus at the noon roll call. The boys were to play some football and the other students were to fill up the bleachers. We were only mildly excited, for many other companies had used our campus in a similar way; but imagine Agnes' sensations when she heard the yell leader call through his megaphone: "Now, all together, fellows! Let's give three for Vivian Vane! Are you r-e-a-d-y!" Two thousand students roared their Indian greeting as the queen of the movies emerged from her automobile.

"Agnes," I said, "if you want to meet her, beat it down to one hundred and forty and stick round until she comes! Don't ask any questions. I've got a scheme."

I made the fine-arts building in about two jumps, and when I returned to the field I bore a note to Miss Vane from our teacher in dramatics which invited her to visit our class in stagecraft. Would she come over right after

the picture? She would! And Little May was to escort her, greatly to the jealousy of one thousand callow schoolboys.

Through long association with each other Agnes and I were telepathic partners, so she tumbled to my scheme at once, and when I ushered the brightest star in filmdom into one hundred and forty to see the workings of the miniature theater and our new lightning stunts Agnes had everything in readiness. They took to each other at once, and when they parted Miss Vane was asking Agnes to come and see her at the studio. You should have seen that girl after her goddess had flown!

Her eyes were as large as a leading man's and she fairly trembled in ecstasy. That afternoon she flunked in chemistry and Spanish; the next day she flunked in everything.

The following Saturday Agnes took a car to Hollywood at seven o'clock in the morning, though her engagement was not until ten. What she did there I was never able to learn; she raved and mooned about so much I could gather little sense. All I really understood was that when she departed the beautiful Vivian had kissed her good-by and had given her a signed photograph. After she left the studio she walked four miles in the country. She wanted to be alone!

It was now good-by work, home, mother and everything! Agnes bought an old-rose sweater like Vivian's; she wore her hair like Vivian's; she had her dresses made like Vivian's; to Vivian she sent flowers and notes—in fact, in all the Vicissitudes of Vivian there was nothing so terrible as the case Agnes had on her. I tried to hold her to the ground, but she had gone up in the air like a beautiful pink balloon. Her work in school became utterly demoralized and, dropping from the proud heights of four A's in the first term, she had notices from all her teachers of impending failure.

One day the vice principal called Agnes to the office where she met face to face—her mother. Preliminaries were short. With the wisdom that comes with her office the vice principal explained in two minutes exactly what the trouble was.

We Were Not the Only Girls Who Were Trying to Break In; There Were Literally Hundreds of Us

The Siege of the Studios

"MRS. UNDERHILL," she said, "this moving-picture business is the hardest problem we have to combat. All the girls are troubled with it and a few of them have lost their heads entirely. We have more than twelve hundred girls in this school, and if it were not for constant supervision of their dress and manners a thousand of them would look like moving-picture actresses. Such are the standards of the day."

Agnes was dismissed from the conference. What happened subsequently I do not know, but she began immediately to feel the results at home. Her wardrobe was edited from hat to shoes, and to add to her humiliation her brothers guyed her unmercifully.

If it had not been that our past records in school had been good I don't know how we should ever have graduated, for our minds were so full of plans for a summer campaign of assaults on the movie studios we could think of little else. The annual discussion as to the propriety of each girl's making her own commencement gown out of a dollar's worth of material, or being permitted to blow herself according to her ability, did not interest us in the least. All we wished was to muddle through somehow—and then be free.

The week following our graduation we set out, I with the consent of my family, but Agnes surreptitiously. Our first few days' experience was very discouraging. We found that we were not the only girls who were trying to break in; that there were literally hundreds of us. True, most of the applicants waiting in line were without any qualifications whatsoever—even good looks—yet there were a few who seemed to have it all over us.

At the big studios there were regular employment agencies with limited office hours, usually from nine until eleven, and the method of registration was not unlike that used at domestic employment offices. As a rule they simply took one's name and address, and that ended it. But if the unsympathetic gent with the cold eyes saw anything in an applicant that he thought might be useful he would look her over, like a judge in a dog show, and ask innumerable questions.

In three studios we were fortunate enough to have our photographs and points entered in the large album. Dad told me that burglars enjoyed the same attention in his business. I learned later that these albums are all indexed according to type, so that the studio can, at a moment's notice, get in touch with any kind of human architecture that a particular piece calls for.

We found, however, that a simple registration of our physical charms and eccentricities was not enough. A perpetual bombardment was advisable, for often the assistant directors would go down the line or into the yard and pick a lucky victim—sometimes a whole bunch—for immediate work. The waiting in line was pretty tiresome at times, but it was made interesting in contemplating the others and hearing their stories—tired girls out of work, unhappy wives, ambitious mothers, and no end of schoolgirls registering under fictitious names.

The mothers with precocious—or stupid—children were the most puzzling to me. Some of them, in the hope of exploiting their offspring, had dressed them up like bisque dolls with bare knees and skirts like lamp shades. One mother actually had her little four-year-old daughter painted like a leading lady. The sight was discouraging to one opposed to child labor.

Since this first insight into mother love as displayed at moving-picture studios I have seen some shocking things. The hardships some mothers submit their children to for three dollars a day is downright cruel. I saw one woman allow her infant in arms to lie in a cot through a fire scene in which the babe was nearly strangled by smoke from the pots. The director, on account of something that was wrong, ordered a retake. The mother immediately placed the poor child back in the cot. When the director's attention was called to the condition of the infant he gave the woman a fearful dressing down, cut out the scene, and told her never to report at the studio again. Of course all the mothers were not as wicked as that one; yet we saw some pretty hard faces during those discouraging days of waiting.

Souvenirs of Title-Rôles

BESIDES this method of direct application there was another way to break into the pictures: this was by going to dramatic schools that guaranteed to place the student, after good stiff training and a stiffer price. Some of them no doubt were honest enough, but there were innumerable fakes. Then there were men who advertised that if you simply paid for the film they would take a picture of you leading in some standard drama or opera, such as Carmen; and in this way the actress could see exactly how she looked on the screen. It was also promised that these films would be submitted to the directors, who would immediately seek out anybody who made the grade. There are many poor, disillusioned girls who have a few feet of such film as the only souvenir of their dramatic experience. Still it is something to have once played the title rôle in Carmen. There are real actresses who haven't done that.

Mary Alden, Mabel Normand, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish

Tully Marshall, DeWolf Hopper, Douglas Fairbanks, Jane Grey, Orrin Johnson

But the most undignified way of achieving one's dramatic Arcadia was to answer one of the innumerable advertisements for girls. Some of them were invitations to attend a ball "where a well-known director will be in attendance and for a price will select the prettiest girl on the floor and guarantee her a position with a famous company." Others were for bunches of girls to act in mob stuff.

As sophisticated as we thought we were, Agnes and I fell for one of these latter come-ons. Out of the two hundred girls who answered the advertisement about twelve were given work for two hours. We were among the fortunate dozen. When the scene was finished four of us were requested to remain; it looked as though we had made a hit, and we were the happiest girls in Los Angeles.

But somehow I didn't like the looks of the man who selected us. When he told us he thought he could use us Monday and would like us to go motoring to the beach with him and his assistant to discuss our parts—I had his number. Dear little Agnes, who was a year older than I—by the calendar—was all for going; but I said:

"Nothing doing, Mr. Man, on the beach stuff. I think we shall return to our mahmahs." There is some merit in having one's dad a motor cop; he knows the beaches well! The other two girls went.

The next advertisement was blind, and we soon discovered the thing was not on the square. One look at the office and we knew that the buzzards in charge of the trap had nothing whatever to do with moving pictures. I will dwell on this unpleasant phase of the game only long enough to warn ambitious girls that the moving-picture business has its share of beasts who make girls pay for their jobs; and that there are fake schemes for luring movie-mad girls for purposes deliberately sinister. At one time many girls disappeared so suddenly, after stating that they were going to certain studios, that the police stationed men in the "yards," where applicants wait, and arrested several notorious characters. In these latter cases the studios, of course, were quite innocent of wrongdoing; their plants were used by the underworld without their knowledge.

Agnes Proves a Screen Beauty

BUT let's talk about the birds and the flowers. One day the cold eyes of the gent with the big album stopped at our pictures! Then he read: Schoolgirls, good types, swell dressers, pretty, look intelligent, and so forth. I saw this charming catalogue three years later—modesty forbids a fuller quotation. He called up our number and asked my mother if the Chapin sisters would report at the studio at eight o'clock on the morrow. I forgot to mention that Agnes was registered everywhere as my sister, for her family would have been wild had they known she was trying to break into the movies. The way they finally learned of it, and the reason of their consent, will have to be told farther along; but they will not know, until they read this, exactly how it all happened. Agnes thinks it will be great fun to have them learn it in this way.

As I was saying, at last a real studio, one of the best, had sent for us! It was a rah-rah story with Cyril Dempsey—I had hoped it would be Spencer Grandon—in the lead. But Spencer's cow eyes didn't have much on this leading man, for Cyril Dempsey had the most ravishing dimples that ever called forth lavender notes from languishing lassies. The director wanted sorority girls, and as we were just out of school we had exactly the wardrobes that the parts demanded.

Neither of us ever got to college, as our scholastic schedule called for; but, nevertheless, we have had all the thrills that go with sorority life. We joined the Kappa Pajamas for a week, and if college life is anything like the stuff we did, then acting in the pictures is puritanical in comparison.

It was a fortunate beginning, for the parts exactly suited our clothes and temperaments. I pulled some pretty good comedy in a small way, and Agnes, of course, was the typical sweet-girl graduate. The director was delighted and gave us a lot of praise. When the first reel was developed it was found that Agnes was a perfect scream on the screen. Her photographic beauty was almost sensational. We were both asked to report the next week.

Winifred Kingston in Her Impromptu Studio

My story from here on is not very eventful, for the simple reason that I landed almost immediately. Female comedy is the rarest thing in filmdom—there are ten men to one woman—so when they saw I had a comic slant they grabbed me, and from that on it was easy sailing. Agnes had a few bumps before she arrived, and they are worth recording because they give a view of the inside of studio life.

With all her natural gifts Agnes seemed unable to advance beyond a certain point. She was put on a guaranty—which meant that she was paid three dollars a day whether she worked or not—and occasionally she was given "bits" to do. We did not understand this treatment of her, for the director of the college picture had been very encouraging.

But after we had been working for a month we discovered that nowhere in the world is the caste system so strong as at the studios. The caste is determined by salary. The big fish, which include the stars, leads and directors, do not swim with the fifty-dollar-a-week character men and second leads; and these in turn do not swim with the twenty-dollar-a-week minnows; and the camera kids, who draw a splendid twelve per, pass through the bunch in the yard with perfectly magnificent hauteur. Thus is the golden inner circle preserved, though these social distinctions are no doubt accountable for the failure of so many of the photo drama clubs.

We found out that these strata were adamantine. Some of the stars passed us daily for a month, and to them we were only props. And, furthermore, if a star said "I do not wish that girl in my picture," even the director would be forced to acquiesce to her wishes. But Agnes was extraordinarily beautiful, and patience finally saved her.

Taking Pictures in an Improvised Village Street

The salaries of the big fish were amazing to me; I never really believed them until I began drawing one myself. There seemed to be no end of money. The big director spent prodigally; he raised the salary of the costume woman from seventy-five dollars to two hundred dollars a week with a mere sweep of the hand; if a bunch of horsemen did some battle stuff particularly well he would order that they each be given ten dollars extra; he bought a team of horses one day for six hundred dollars and sold it the next for three hundred.

But one day the order came from New York to cut expenses. They began at the bottom—and stopped there. All the minnows were beautifully slashed; the codfish lost a few scales; but the big whales still fed on goldfish. Agnes was given a blue notice, which meant she was off her guaranty and if she stayed she would be paid only when she worked—which was not better off than the bunch in the yard. She cried for nearly a week in her dressing room. Mrs. Grandon, who had taken to mothering both of us and for whom I had grown to have a warm affection—this notwithstanding the fact that she had blasted my schoolgirl hopes of running off with Spencer—did her best to console Agnes. She assured her the same rule worked in every phase of what she called the jungle fight.

"When railroad men are reduced ten per cent in wages the president of the road still gets his fifty thousand dollars," she said. It was no doubt true, but that didn't get Agnes anywhere. She wept and languished.

Another cross the poor girl bore was in keeping her movie work from her family. Fortunately her father and mother had gone to Santa Barbara for the summer, and her refusal to accompany them, "especially as she was going to college in the fall and they would see so little of her," required a lot of explaining. Then her brother Ralph grew suspicious of so much golf over at Beverly Hills and followed her one day in his Bear Cat, as he called his little striped runabout. He found out what she was doing, and two or three times he threatened to squeal. Fortunately Agnes had something on him. He would have died rather than have her tell his mother.

Why Vivian Vane Succeeded

AGNES had determined to inform the family as soon as she landed—she felt their opposition would be softened by her success—but time was flying, and if nothing happened within a month it would be Greek verbs for her! One night the Grandons invited us to motor with them along the foothill boulevard. Agnes sat with Spencer and I rode behind with Mrs. Grandon. As we silently slid through the gorgeous orange country Mrs. Grandon talked to me for an hour or more on the subject of success—and when Mrs. Grandon has talked for an hour she has said something. This night she was analyzing the success of Vivian Vane.

"The greatest human charm is youth," she said. "Vivian Vane has capitalized it to the limit. Without any particular dramatic ability she has played up a winsome girlishness that has made her the greatest favorite in America. Notice the fine abandon with which she dresses her hair—yet it is carefully curled, and the abandon is studied. Her little flat-chested frocks give her the boyish figure of young girlhood. Her *naïveté* is quite as studied as the abandon of her hair—no woman is naïve without purpose. First she pouts, and then she jumps up and claps her hands. Never, even in her love scenes, does she permit herself to lose her innocent charm. Instead of acting like the mature maid in the full glory of her sex, who raises a soulful face to be kissed by the hero in amorous embrace, she just snuggles up and buries her face in his shoulder—and her lover must be satisfied with a chaste salute on the top of her golden hair. Her technique is always the same; and it always gets over."

I did not sleep much that night, for my red head was evolving a perfectly good scheme. Next day I went to Harry Barlow, director of the college picture, and told him if he would give Agnes a chance in a one-reel ingénue part I would pay her salary; but she mustn't know it. I knew the director was limited in his salary list, so that otherwise he could not use her. I was getting thirty a week.

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DOUBLE-BARRELED JUSTICE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

"Please, Suh, Boss, Don't Shoot—Don't Shoot!"

A LONG and limber man leaned against a doorjamb of the Blue Jug saloon and short-order restaurant, inhaling the mild clear air of the autumnal day and, with the air of a man who amply is satisfied by the aspect of things, contemplating creation at large as it revealed itself along Franklin Street. In such posture he suggested more than anything else a pair of calipers endowed with reason. For this, our disesteemed fellow citizen of the good old days which are gone, was probably the shortest-waisted man in the known world. In my time I have seen other men who might be deemed to be excessively short-waisted, but never one to equal in this unique regard Old King Highpockets. A short span less of torso, and a dime museum would have claimed him, sure.

You would think me a gross exaggerator did I attempt to tell you how high up his legs forked; suffice it to say that, as to his suspenders, they crossed the spine just below his back collar button. Wherefore, although born a Magee and baptized an Elmer, it was inevitable in this community that from the days of his youth onward he should have been called what they did call him. To his six feet five and a half inches of lank structural design he owed the more descriptive part of his customary title. The rest of it—the regal-sounding part of it had been bestowed upon him in his ripened maturity after he achieved for himself local dominance in an unhallowed but a lucrative calling.

Sitting down the above-named seemed a person of no more than ordinary height, this being by reason of the architectural peculiarities just referred to. But standing up, as at the present moment, he reared head and gander neck above the run of humanity. From this personal eminence he now looked about him and below him as he took the sun. There was not a cloud in the general sky; none in his private and individual sky either. He had done well the night before and likewise the night before that; he expected to do as well or better the coming night. Upstairs over the Blue Jug King Highpockets took in gambling—both plain and fancy gambling.

There passed upon the opposite side of the street one Beck Giltner. With him the tall man in the doorway exchanged a distant and formal greeting expressed in short nods. Between these two no great amount of friendliness was lost. Professionally speaking they were opponents. Beck Giltner was by way of being in the card and dicing line himself, but he was known as a square gambler—meaning, by that, to most of mankind he presented a plane surface of ostensible honesty and fair dealing, whereas within an initiated circle rumor had it that his rival of the Blue Jug was so crooked he threw a shadow like a brace and bit. Beck Giltner made it a rule of business to strip only those who could afford to lose their pecuniary peltries. Minors, drunkards, half-wits and chronic losers were barred from his tables. But all was fish—I use the word advisedly—all was fish that came to the net of Highpockets.

Beck Giltner passed upon his business. So did other and more reputable members of society. A short straggling procession of gentlemen went by, all headed westward and each followed at a suitable interval by his negro "boy," who might be anywhere between seventeen and seventy years of age. An hour or two later these travelers would return, bound for their offices downtown. Going back they would mainly travel in pairs, and their trailing black servitors would be burdened, front and back, with "samples"—sheaves of tobacco bound together and sealed with blobs of red sealing wax, and tagged. For this was in the time before the Trust and the Night Riders had between them disrupted the trade down in the historic Black Patch, and the mode of marketing the weed by loose leaf was a thing as yet undreamed of. They would be prizing on the breaks in Key & Buckner's big warehouse pretty soon. The official auctioneer had already reported himself, and to the ear for blocks round came distantly a sharp rifle-fire clatter as the warehouse hands knocked the hoops off the big hogsheads and the freed staves rattled down in windrows upon the uneven floor.

A locomotive whistled at the crossing two squares up the street, and the King smiled a little smile and rasped a lean and avaricious chin with a fabulously bony hand. He opined that locomotive would be drawing the monthly pay car which was due. The coming of the pay car meant many sportsive railroad men—shopmen, yardmen, trainmen—abroad that evening with the good new money burning holes in the linings of their pockets.

Close by him, just behind him, a voice spoke his name—his proper name which he seldom heard—and the sound of it rubbed the smile off his face and turned it on the instant into a grim, long war-mask of a face.

"Mister Magee—Elmer—just a minute, please!"

Without shifting his body he turned his head and over the peak of one shoulder he regarded her dourly. She was a small woman and she was verging on middle age, and she was an exceedingly shabby little woman. Whatever of comeliness she might ever have had was now and forever gone from her. Hard years and the strain of them had ground the color in and rubbed the plumpness out of her face, leaving in payment therefor deep lines and a loose skin-sac under the chin and hollows in the cheeks. The shapeless, sleazy black garments that she wore effectually concealed any remnant of grace that might yet abide in her body. Only her eyes testified she had ever been anything except a forlorn and drooping slattern. They were big, bright black eyes.

This briefly was the aspect of the woman who stood alongside him, speaking his name. She had come up so quietly that he never heard her. But then her shoes were old and worn and had lasted long past the age when shoes will squeak.

He made no move to raise his hat. Slantwise across the high ridge of his twisted shoulder he looked at her long and contemptuously.

"Well," he said at length, "back ag'in, huh? Well, whut is it now, huh?"

She put up a little work-gnarled hand to a tight skew of brown hair streaked thickly with gray.

In the gesture was something essentially feminine—something pathetic too.

"I reckon you know already what it is, Elmer," she said. "It's about my boy—it's about Eddie."

"I told you before and I tell you ag'in I ain't your boy's guardeen," he answered her. "How comes you keep on pesterin' me? I ain't got that boy of yourn."

"Yes, you have got him," she said, her voice shaking and threatening to break. "You've got him body and soul. And I want him—me, his mother. I want you to give him back to me."

His gaze lifted until he considered empty space a foot above her head. Slowly he reached an angular arm back under his right shoulder blade and fished about there until he had extracted from a hip pocket a long, black rectangle of navy chewing tobacco that was like a shingle newly dipped in creosote. It was a virgin plug—he bought a fresh one every morning and by night would make a ragged remnant of it. With the deliberation of a man who has plenty of time to spare he set his stained front teeth in a corner of it and gnawed off a big scallop of the rank stuff. His tongue herded it back into his jaw, where it made a lump. He put the plug away. She stood silently through this, kneading her hands together, a most humble suppliant awaiting this monarch's pleasure.

"You told me all that there foolishness the other time," he said. "Ain't you got no new song to sing this time? Ef you have I'll listen, mebbe. Ef you ain't I'll tell you good-by."

"Elmer," she said, "what kind of a man are you? Haven't you got any compassions at all? Why, Elmer, your pa and my pa were soldiers together in the same regiment. You and me were raised together right here in this town. We went to the same schoolhouse together as children—don't you remember? You weren't a mean boy then. Why, I used to think you was right good-hearted. For the sake of those old days won't you do something about Eddie? It's wrong and it's sinful—what you're doing to him and the rest of the young boys in this town."

"Ef you think that, why come to me?" he demanded. "Why not go to the police with your troubles?" He split his lips back, and a double row of discolored snags that projected from the gums like little chisels showed between them.

"And have 'em laugh in my face, same as you're doing now? Have 'em tell me to go and get the evidence? Oh, I know you're safe enough there. I reckon you know who your friends are. You shut up when the Grand Jury meets; and once in a while when things get hot for you, like they did when that Law and Order League was so busy, you close up your place; and once in a while you go up to court and pay a fine and then you keep right on. But it's not you that's paying the fine—I know that mighty good and well. The money to pay it comes out of the pockets of poor women in this town—wives and mothers and sisters.

"Oh, there's others besides me that are suffering this minute. There's that poor little broken-hearted Mrs. Shetler, out there on Wheelis Street—the one whose husband had to run away because he fell short in his accounts with the brickyard. And there's that poor old Mrs. Postelwaite, that's about to lose the home that she's worked her fingers to the bone, mighty near, to help pay for, and she'll be left without a roof over her head in her old age because her husband's went and lost every cent he can get his hands on playing cards in your place, and

so now they can't meet their mortgage payments. And there's plenty of others if the truth was only known. And oh, there's me and my boy—the only boy I've got. Elmer Magee, how you can sleep nights I don't see!"

"I don't," he said. "I work nights." His wit appealed to him, for he grinned again. "Say, listen here!" His mood had changed and he spat the next words out. "Ef you think I ain't good company for that son of yourn, why don't you make him stay away from me? I ain't bankerin' none fur his society."

"I've tried to, Elmer—God knows I've tried to, time and time again. That's why I've come back to you once more to ask you if you won't help me. I've gone down on my knees alone and prayed for help, and I've prayed with Eddie, too, and I've pleaded with him. He don't run round town carousing like some boys his age do. He don't drink and he's not wild, except it just seems like he can't leave gambling alone. Oh, he's promised me and promised me he'd quit, but he's weak—and he's only a boy. I've kept track of his losings as well as I could, and I know that first and last he's lost nearly two hundred dollars playing cards with you and your crowd.

"That may not be much to you, Elmer—I reckon you're rich but it's a lot to a lone woman like me. It means bread and meat and house rent, and clothes to go on my back that's what it means to me. My feet are mighty near out of these shoes I've got on, and right this minute there's not a cent in the house. I don't say you cheated him, but the money's gone and you got it. And it's ruining my boy. He's only a boy—he won't be twenty-one till the twelfth day of next April. If only you wouldn't let him come inside your place he'd behave himself—I know he would.

"So you see, Elmer, you're the only one that can make him go straight—that's why I've come back to you this second time. I reckon he ain't so much to blame. You know—yes, you've got reason to know better than anybody else—that his father before him couldn't leave playing cards alone. I hoped I could raise Eddie different. As a little thing I used to tell him playing cards were the devil's own playthings. But it seems like he can't just help it. I reckon it's in his blood."

"Whut you need then is a blood purifier," mocked the gamester. He pointed a long forefinger toward the drug store across the street. "You'd better go on over yonder to Hinkle's and git him some. I see they're advertisin' a new brand in their window—a dollar a bottle and a cure guaranteed or else you gits your money back. Better invest!"

He showed her his back as he turned to enter the Blue Jug. Pausing halfway through the swinging doors he spoke again, and since he still looked over her head perhaps he did not see the look that had come into her eyes or mark how her hands were clenching and unclenching. Or if he did see these things perhaps he did not care.

"That's all I've got to say to you," he added, "exceptin' this—I want this here to be the last time you come pesterin' me on the street."

"It will be," she said slowly, and her voice was steady although her meager frame shook. "It's the last time I'm coming to you on the street, Elmer, for what's mine by rights."

"Then good-day to you." He disappeared.

She turned and went away, walking fast. Her name was Norfleet and she was a widow and alone in the world. Except for her son, who worked at Kattersmith Brothers' brickyards as a helper for twelve dollars and a half a week, she had no kith or kin. She lived mainly by her needle, being a seamstress of sorts.

King Highpockets' establishment was the nearest approach to a gilded gambling hell—to quote a phrase current—that we had in our town. But certainly it was not gilded, although possibly by some it might have been likened to a hell. Under the friendly cover of darkness you ascended a steep flight of creaky wooden steps and when you had reached the first landing you knocked at a bolted wooden door. The bolt slid back and the door opened a cautious inch or two and a little grinning negro, whose name was Babe Givens, peeped out at you through the opening. If you were the right person, or if you looked as though you might be the right person, Babe Givens opened the door wider and made way for you to enter.

Entering then, you found yourself in a big room furnished most simply with two tables and some chairs, and several spittoons upon the floor, and a portable rack for poker checks, and a dumb waiter in a corner—and that was all. There was no safe, the proprietor deeming it the part of safety to carry his cash capital on his person. There was no white-uniformed attendant to bring you wine, should you thirst, and turkey sandwiches, if you hungered while at play. I have read that such as these are provided in all properly conducted gambling hells in the great city, but King Highpockets ran a sure-thing shop, not a restaurant. Drinks, when desired, were paid for in advance, and came from the bar below on the shelf of the creaking dumb-waiter, after Babe Givens had called the order down a tin speaking tube. There were no rugs upon the floor, no pictures against the walls. Except for the decks of cards, opened fresh at each sitting, there was nothing new or bright about the place. The King might move his entire outfit in one two-horse wagon and put no great strain upon the team. He might lose it altogether and be out of pocket not more than seventy-five dollars. In him the utilitarian triumphed above the purely artistic; himself, he was not pretty to look upon.

Of the two tables, one ordinarily was for poker and the other was for craps. The King banked both games, and sometimes took a hand in the poker game if conditions seemed propitious. Whether he played though or whether he didn't, he stood by always to lift a white chip out of each jackpot for a greedy and omnivorous kitty, whose mouth showed as a brassbound slot in the middle of the circular cover of dirty green baize. Trust him to minister to his kitty every pop. She was his pet and he loved her, and he never forgot her and her needs.

This night, though, the poker table lacked for tenants. The pay car had come and had dispensed of its delectable contents and had gone on south, and on this particular night most of the King's guests were railroad men. Railroad men being proverbially fond of quick action and plenty of it, the crap table had been drawn out into the middle of the room and here all activities centered. Here, too, the King presided, making change as occasion demanded from a mound of specie and a sheaf of currency in front of him—for all transactions were cash transactions and no chips used. While he did this his assistant, an alert individual called Grimes—or Jay Bird Grimes, for short—kept track of the swift-traveling dice and of the betting, which like the dice moved from left to right, round and round and round again.

Jay Bird had need to keep both his eyes wide open, for present players and prospective players were ringed four deep about the table. The smoke of their cigars and their cigarettes went upward to add stratified richness to the thick blue clouds that crawled in layers against the ceiling, and the sweat of their brows ran down their faces to drip in drops upon the table as one after another they claimed the dotted cubes and shook, rattled and rolled 'em, and snapped their fingers in importunity, calling upon Big Dick or Phœbe Dice to come and to come right away. And then this one would fail to make his point and would lose his turn, and the overworked ivories would go into the snatching eager hand of that one who stood next him, and all the rest, waiting for their chance, would breathe hard, grunting in fancied imitation of negroes, and shouting out in a semihysterical fashion as the player passed or didn't pass.

A young freight conductor laid down a ten-dollar bill and the King covered it with another. The freight conductor ran that ten up to one hundred and eighty dollars, ten or twenty at a clip, then shot the whole amount and lost it; then lost ninety more on top of that, and with a white face, and a quite empty pay envelope still held fast in a shaking left hand, fell back out of the hunched-in, scrouging circle. But he didn't go away; he stayed to watch the others, envious of those who temporarily beat the game, dismally sympathetic, with an unspoken fellow feeling, for those who, like him, went broke. Josh Herron, the roundhouse foreman, dropped half his month's wages before he decided that, since luck plainly was not with him, he had had about enough. A clerk from the timekeeper's office shoved in, taking his place.

The Trailing Black Servitors Would be Burdened With Sheaves of Tobacco

When he wasn't answering knocks at the door Babe Givens circulated about the outskirts of the tightened group like a small, black rabbit dog about a brush pile harboring hares, his eyes all china and his mouth all ivory. The sound of those small squared bones clashing together in their worn leather cup was music to his Afric ears. The white man in the first place stole this game from Babe's race, you know.

Babe had to answer knocks a good many times. Newcomers kept on climbing the stair and knuckling the door.

"Game's mighty full, genelmens—but they's always room fur one mo'. Step right in and wait yo' turn," Babe would say, ushering in the latest arrival. Babe was almost as happy as if he had been shooting himself.

As I say, they kept coming. At length, a few minutes before midnight, when the pile of silver under the King's hands had grown from a molehill to a mountain and the wadded paper money made a small shock of yellow-and-green fodder upon the green pasture of the table-top, came still another, and this one most strangely burdened. Very mousily indeed this eleventh-hour visitor ascended the steps and, first trying the doorknob, knocked with a fumbling knock against the pine panels.

Babe drew back the bolt and peered out into the darkness at the solitary figure dimly seen.

"Game's mighty full, genelman," he began the formula of greeting, "but you kin ——"

Babe began it but he never finished it. Something long and black, something slim and fearsome—yes, most fearsome—slid through the opening and grazed his nose so that the little darky, stricken limp, fell back.

"Please, suh, boss," he begged, "fur Gawd's sake don't shoot—don't shoot!"

Babe started his prayer in a babble but he ended it with a shriek—a shriek so imploringly loud that all there, however intent they might be, were bound to hear and take notice. Over the heads of his patrons Highpockets looked, and he stiffened where he stood. They all looked; they all stiffened.

There was just cause. Inside the door opening was a masked figure leveling down a double-barreled shotgun upon them. Lacking the mask and the shotgun, and lacking, too, a certain rigid and purposeful pose which was most clearly defined in all its lines, the figure would have lacked all menace, indeed would have seemed to the casual eye a most impotent and grotesque figure. For it was but little better than five feet in stature and not overly broad. It wore garments too loose for it by many inches. The sleeve ends covered the small hands almost to the finger ends, and the trousers wrinkled, accordion fashion, to the tips of the absurdly small toes. An old slouch hat threatened to slip all the way down over the wearer's face. The mask was a flimsy thing of black cambric, but the eyeholes, strange to say, were neatly worked with buttonhole stitching. From beneath the hatbrim at the back a hank of longish hair escaped. On the floor, a yard or so before the apparition, where it had been dropped, rested an ancient black handbag unlatched and agape.

I am not meaning to claim that at the first instant of looking the several astonished eyes of the gathering in King Highpockets' place comprehended all these details; it was the general effect that they got; and it was that shotgun which mainly made the difference in their point of view. What they did note most clearly—every man of them—was that the two hammers of the gun stood erect, ready to drop, and that a slim trigger finger played nervously inside the trigger guard, and that the twin muzzles, shifting and wavering like a pair of round hard eyes gazing every way at once, seemed to fix a threatening stare upon all of them and upon each of them. If the heavy gun shook a bit in the grip of its holder that but added to the common peril. Anyone there would have taken his dying oath that the thing aimed for his shrinking vitals and none other's.

"Hands up—up high! And keep 'em up!"

The command, given in a high-pitched key, was practically unnecessary. Automatically, as it were, all arms there had risen to full stretch, so that the clump of their motionless bodies was fronded at the top with open palms and tremulous outstretched fingers. But the arms of old King Highpockets rose above all the rest and his fingers shook the shakiest.

"If anybody moves an inch I'll shoot."

"That don't go for me—I ain't aimin' to move," murmured Josh Herron. Josh was scared all right, but he chuckled as he said it.

"Now—boy—you!"

The gun barrels dipped to the right an instant, including the detached form of Babe Givens in their swing.

"Yas, suh, boss, yas!"

"You put all that money in this grip sack here at my feet."

"W-w-which money, boss?"

"All the money that's there on that table yonder—every cent of it."

The little darky feared the man who paid him his wages, but there were things in this world he feared more—masked faces and shotguns, for example. His knees smote together and his teeth became as castanets which played in his jaws, as with rolling eyes and a skin like wet ashes he moved shudderingly to obey. Between the table and the valise he made two round trips, carrying the first time silver, the second time paper, and then his task accomplished he collapsed against the wall because his legs would no longer hold him up. For there was water forming in his knee joints and his feet were very cold.

Through this nobody spoke; only the eyes of the armed one watched vigilantly everywhere and the shotgun ranged the assemblage across its front and back again. Under his breath someone made moan, as the heaping double handful of green-and-yellow stuff was crumpled down into the open-mawed bag. It might have been Highpockets who moaned.

"Now then," bade the robber when the paper had gone to join the silver, "anybody here who's lost his money to-night or any other night can come and get it back. But come one at a time—and come mighty slow and careful."

Curiously enough only two came—the young freight conductor and the youth who was a clerk in the timekeeper's office at the yards.

Shamefacedly the freight conductor stooped, flinching away from the gun muzzles which pointed almost in his right ear, and picked out certain bills.

"I lost an even hundred—more'n I can afford to lose," he mumbled. "I'm takin' just my own hundred." He retired rearward after the manner of a crab.

The boy wore an apologetic air as he salvaged twenty-two dollars from the cache.

After he had crawfished back to the table where the others were, none else offered to stir.

"Anybody else?" inquired the collector of loot.

"Well, I squandered a little coin here this evenin', but I'm satisfied," spoke Josh Herron, now grinning openly. "I'm gittin' my money's worth." He glanced sidewise toward the suffering proprietor.

"All done?"

Nobody answered.

"Here, boy, come here then!" Babe Givens came—upon his knees.

"Close that bag."

Babe fumbled the rusted clasps shut.

"Now, shove it up close to me along the floor."

Babe, he shoved it.

"Now get back yonder where you were."

I leave it to you whether Babe got back yonder.

The figure swooped downward briskly, and two fingers of the hand which gripped the forearm of the gun caught in the looped handles of the black bag and brought it up dangling and heavy laden.

And now the custodian of these delectable spoils was backing toward the door, but still with weapon poised and ready.

"Stay right where you are for five minutes," was the final warning from behind the cambric mask. "Five minutes, remember! Anybody who tries to come down those steps before that five minutes is up is going to get shot."

The door slammed. Through the closed door the crapshooters, each in his place and all listening as intently as devout worshipers in a church, heard the swift footsteps dying away. Josh Herron brought down his arms and took two steps forward.

"Wait, Josh, the time limit ain't up yit," counseled a well-wisher.

"Oh, I ain't goin' nowheres jest yit—I'm very comfortable here," said Josh. He stooped and seemed to pick up some small object from the bare planks.

Five minutes later—or perhaps six—a procession moving cautiously, silently and in single file passed down the creaky stairs. It was noted—and commented upon—that the owner of the raided place, heaviest loser and chief mourner though he was, tagged away back at the tail of the line. Only Babe Givens was behind him, and Babe was well behind him too. At the foot of the stairs the frontmost man projected his head forth into the night, an inch at a time, ready to jerk it back again. But to his inquiring vision Franklin Street under its gas lamps yawned as empty as a new-made grave.

For some unuttered and indefinable reason practically all of the present company felt in a mood promptly to betake themselves home. On his homeward way Josh Herron traveled in the company of a sorely shaken grocery clerk, and between them they, going up the street, discussed the startling episode in which they had just figured.

"Lookin' down that pair of barrels certainly made a true believer out of old Highpockets, didn't it?" said the grocer's clerk when the event had been gone over verbally from its beginning to its end. "Did you happen to see, Josh, how slow he poked his old head out past them doorjambs even after Jasper Waller told him the coast was clear? Put me in mind of one of these here old snappin' turtles comin' out of his shell after a skeer. Well, I had a little touch of the buck-ager myself," he confessed.

"It was sorter up to our long-laiged friend to be a little bit careful," said Josh Herron. "Coupled up the way he is, one buckshot would be liable to go through his gizzard and his lights at the same time."

A little later the grocery clerk spoke in reference to a certain quite natural curiosity which seemingly lay at the top of his thoughts, since he had voiced it at least three times within the short space of one city block:

"I wonder who that there runty hold-up could a-been?"

"Yes, I wonder," repeated Josh Herron in a peculiar voice.

"He certainly took a long chance, whoever he was—doin' the whole job single-handed," continued the grocery clerk. "Well, I ain't begrudgin' him the eight dollars of mine that he packed off with him, seein' as how he stripped old Highpockets as clean as a whistle. And he couldn't 'a' been nothin' but a half-grown boy neither, judgin' from his build."

"Boy—hell! Say, Oscar, are you as blind as the rest of that crowd?" asked Josh Herron, coming to a halt beneath a corner gas lamp. "Was you so skeered, too, you couldn't see a thing that was right there before your eyes as plain as day?"

"What you talkin' about?" demanded the other. "If it wasn't a boy, what was it—a dwarf?"

"Oscar, kin you keep a secret?" asked Josh Herron, grinning happily. "Yes? Then look here."

He opened his right hand. Across the palm of it lay a bent wire hairpin.

It is possible that Oscar, the grocer's clerk, did know how to keep a secret. As to that I would not presume to speak. Conceding that he did, it is equally certain that some persons did not possess the same gift of reticence. By noon of the following day practically all who had ears to hear with had heard in one guise or another the story of those midnight proceedings upstairs over the Blue Jug. It was inevitable that the editor of the Daily Evening News should hear it, too, which he did—from a dozen different sources and by a dozen differing versions. For publication at least the distressed Highpockets had nothing to say. All things being considered, this was but natural, as you will concede.

Naturally, also, none might be found in all the width and breadth of the municipality who would confess to having been an eyewitness to the despoiling operations, because if you admitted so much it followed in the same breath you convicted yourself of being a frequenter of gaming establishments and, moreover, of being one of a considerable number of large, strong men who had suffered themselves to be coerced by one diminutive bandit. So, lacking authoritative facts to go upon, and names of individuals with which to buttress his statements, Editor Tompkins, employing his best humorous vein, wrote and caused to be printed an account veiled and vague, but not so heavily veiled at that and not so vague but that one who knew a thing or two might guess out the riddle of his tale.

Coincidentally, certain other things happened which might or might not bear a relationship to the main event. Old Mrs. Postelwaite received by mail, in an unmarked envelope and from an unknown donor, three hundred and odd dollars—no great fortune in itself, but a sum amply sufficient to pay off the mortgage on her small bird-box of a dwelling and so save the place which she called home from foreclosure at the instigation of the Building and Loan Company. Since little Mrs. Shetler, who lived out on Wheelis Street, had no present scource of income other than what she derived by taking subscription orders for literary works which nobody cared to read and few, except through a spirit of compassion for Mrs. Shetler, cared to buy, it seemed fair to assume that from like mysterious agencies she acquired the exact amount of her husband's shortage then owing to Kattersmith Brothers, his recent employers. This amount being duly turned over to that firm the fugitive was enabled to return from his hiding and, rehabilitated, to assume his former place in the community. For the first time in months little Mrs. Shetler wore a smile upon her face and carried her head erect when she went abroad. Seeing that smile you would have said yourself that it was worth every cent of the money.

The Widow Norfleet, seamstress, squared up her indebtedness with divers neighborhood tradesmen and paid up her back house rent, and after doing all this still had enough ready cash left to provide wintertime garments for

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"He's Not Wild, Except It Just Seems Like He Can't Leave Gambling Alone"

ARE THEY HEROIC?

By Samuel G. Blythe

THERE is eminent and ancient authority for the statement that there is a Jack for every Jill, and vice versa; and it must be equally true that there is a hero for every heroism. At any rate the matter has been put squarely up to such of our citizens as have potentialities of heroism in their possession, and the hero stands ready to perform, provided he is given his heroical opportunity.

Hero, of course, one translates readily, naturally and fluently as The Colonel. He is our national synonym for valor, prowess and intrepidity, acknowledging those immense attributes as readily himself as does the admiring populace. Speaking earnestly not so long ago, while contemplating the scene of the activities of the corsairs of earlier days at Port of Spain, he warned the American people that they must not nominate him unless they shall be in a heroic mood at nominating time.

This admonition, as all will understand, was in a manner of speaking, for The Colonel is ever large and inclusive in his pronouncements. He issued his warning to thunder from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and reverberate from the Lakes to the Gulf; but he meant it specifically for the Honorable Boies Penrose, the Honorable Murray Crane, the Honorable Bill Barnes, the Honorable Jim Hemenway, and a few other eminent honorables, the whole comprising the nonskidding apparatus for the Grand Old Party, of which, at one time, The Colonel was the chief skidder.

"Are you heroic?" shouted The Colonel to these boys, and paused for a reply, realizing, no doubt, that a flock of Horatiuses at a bunch of bridges, a mess of Spartans in a Thermopylæ as big as the Grand Cañon, forty Picketts charging gloriously, would not display so much heroism as the demand implied when one considers what happened in 1912. So, having stated his terms, The Colonel sailed along the summer seas and no concerted reply has been forthcoming. Nor will any be forthcoming, except such individual frenzies as may be observed here and there among the lesser of those who may take the query to themselves. The chief recipients of the interrogation are saying nothing and sawing such wood as is at hand. We have our hero; but whether these secretive gentlemen will supply his heroism for him must await the event. And so must he.

It is judicious in these times to report the progress of The Colonel about once a month, for the reason that The Colonel is about the only person who is making any apparent progress, albeit he is scientifically fostering the assumption that he is standing still. It was to be expected that The Colonel would present a blue print and a set of specifications concerning himself at the proper time, and he did; and the general interest therein concerns not what the specifications entail, for The Colonel is no adventurer in political construction but plans each building in his well-known Gothic style. The interest concerns what the persons to whom the specifications were handed intend to do with them or try to do with them at the forthcoming Republican National Convention.

Wherefore, it may be as well to state at the beginning that if acquiescing in the nomination of The Colonel at Chicago shall mean that the gentlemen who fondly hope to be in control of the situation there are heroes, they will show in the dispatches, and on the floor, and in the preliminaries, and in the manipulations, as the greatest collection of arrant cowards ever gathered together in one place. If The Colonel achieves a nomination at Chicago from the Republican convention it will be because these men can't prevent it. At present they think they can. Always they hope they can; but always they fear they cannot. In other words, they hope for the best, but tremble in apprehension of the worst.

Tom Platt's Political Axiom

AS IT stood when this was written, preparations are going forward for the elaborate production in Chicago, next June, of the amusing *contretemps* always observed when the irresistible force meets the immovable body. If things keep on as they are now going there will be quite a show in that Colosseum, for the Old Guard hope they may die if they ever permit the nomination of Roosevelt, and a large bulk of the party members consider Roosevelt as the only man with whom they will have a chance against Wilson.

The late Thomas C. Platt, who was an easy boss, had various side lines of interest, which he employed to rest his mind from politics. In his youth he wrote poetry and in his maturer years he constructed apothegms. One of these wise and philosophical reflections was this: "You cannot beat a man with no man!" That axiom is widely applicable at the present time, for it presents the difficulties under which the Old Guard are working; and it also presents the problem which confronts the Grand Old Party and its adjunct, the Grand New Party, which seems to have tapered down to George W. Perkins.

There are considerable numbers of people in the United States who are of the opinion that it is of prime necessity to defeat President Wilson next November. Holding this opinion firmly it is, of course, incumbent on these people to develop a man with whom that operation is to be performed. Inasmuch as no man is at present in the offing who combines in himself the attributes required, the result has been and is that these people have individually, or in groups, formed mental pictures of the right candidate; and that these mental images are largely consummate. The term "some good man" implies superior abilities, which unfortunately are not combined in any of the aspirants who seek the nomination. When the proletariat is indefinite it is idealistic.

This being the case, it is up to the Old Guard, as the men who hope to furnish the candidate, to fulfill expectations. And that obligation comprises their chief trouble, for if they are fortunate enough to be in control it is inevitable that the man they shall present shall not be at all like the impeccable person the people have thought about; and they will turn on the Old Guard and say: "Is this the best you can do? Not a bit like it; not a bit!"

However, a convention nomination is reasonably final, and the Old Guard will present the result of their labors and hope for the best—provided, always, that the Old Guard are in a position to present anything. They are laboring valiantly and earnestly to that end. What will happen is conjecture. What is happening is the only fact in a great mess of claim, counterclaim, intrigue, preparation, hope, endeavor and manipulation.

He Who Hesitates Accepts

EVERY political enterprise must have a base. That is the reason the Old Guard have the better of it at this time. They are working on a definite proposition, or two of them. The first is to prevent the nomination of Roosevelt. The second is to prevent the nomination of Hughes. The opposition is nebulous and unorganized. The Old Guard not only are working along these lines but have been working along them for some months. They are not holding to any one man as their candidate. The more, the merrier for them. The Old Guard are not concerned with candidates. They are concerned with delegates. Candidates may come and go, but delegates hold on until the convention adjourns.

So this is what is happening throughout the country: The men who are actively in charge of the work of getting and holding possession of that convention for anti-Roosevelt and anti-Hughes purposes are taking great pains to secure delegates who will be amenable to instructions and control. None but known quantities are being selected or put in way of selection, so far as they can manage. And—if they can manage it—it may be set down as a great and simple truth that neither Theodore Roosevelt nor Charles Evans Hughes will be named at that convention. Minus detail, that is the Old Guard program and procedure at present. They haven't picked a man for their favors as yet because they are not yet sure that they will have any favors to bestow; but if they do control the convention, as they hope to, Justice Hughes and The Colonel will remain permanently outside.

So far as getting delegates is concerned, things have been made easier for the Old Guard by The Colonel and the Justice, or by their friends; for, as they say themselves, neither of those eminent personages may be held to be candidates. They are going to extremes to keep their names off the primary ballots. They are holding highly aloof, except in matters of heroism and in matters of post-convention decision—that is, they are not candidates before the fact, but have not yet said they would not accept if nominated. The gist of it is, probably, that, though neither Roosevelt nor Hughes will enter a scramble, either of them would take the nomination as a command from the people.

The public attitude of Mr. Justice Hughes has not changed since the previous reference to it in these columns. He has written a few letters to Hughes enthusiasts, who went to him undoubtedly with the idea of smoking him out, as the saying goes. These letters state that he is not either actively or tacitly a candidate; but they do not say he would not be, either actively or in any other way. Indeed, it may be set down as reasonably true, in mid-March, that Mr. Justice Hughes would hesitate before declining a nomination; and he who hesitates accepts. It is understood that in private conversation on the subject he presents the view that no man could refuse such a summons, whether personally agreeable or not, because of the possibilities that might follow a refusal; that is, the Justice seems to think—those who have talked with him say—that he could never forgive himself if he refused a nomination and any great situation arose wherein his beloved country might suffer because he was not President, to hold things steady. He looks ahead, as you will observe; and though he abhors the idea of disaster, he also abhors the idea that he might, through his own personal preferences, withhold from the people the benefits that would accrue if he were in the White House to deal with any such terrific situation. A weakling might be there in place of a Hughes after the people had besought Hughes. The people deserve greater consideration at his hands.

The chief difficulty in concentrating any Hughes sentiment comes from the lack of popular information concerning his position on any of the big questions of the day. He has made no political pronouncements of any kind since he went on the bench, of course, and can make none while he remains on the bench. Thus, aside from the widespread opinion that he is a good, strong man, and the belief that he is of progressive tendencies, as some of his acts while he was governor of New York tend to show—some of them—there is no definite knowledge of what he thinks concerning preparedness, the return to protection, or any other of the pending questions. This, to be sure, would help him in assimilating any platform that might be presented to him by the convention, but it does not add to his availability as a man to tie to.

Still, the Justice is well-enough known in his general aspects to make him a potential figure until he definitely says he will not accept the nomination if it is tendered to him. He must say that in so many words before his friends throughout the country will let go. They hold to the belief that he will accept the nomination if it comes to him without his solicitation; and all Hughes' plans are based on that assumption. Moreover, he is in a good tactical position—or his supporters are—for it would not do to say that the Justice is more than a passive participant in what is going on. The greatest possibility of that Chicago convention, aside from the Roosevelt possibility, is that the men who hope to control it may turn to Hughes as the only man with whom they can defeat Roosevelt. The Colonel may not be a party to it, but his implied candidacy, or the candidacy his supporters have implied for him, has two sides to it—the Roosevelt side and the Hughes side. So far as the Old Guard view it, it is anything to beat Roosevelt; and that may resolve itself to Hughes, albeit they do not want to nominate Hughes any more than they want to nominate Roosevelt.

This is the way the Hughes situation stands in the middle of March. He is one side of a triangle. Another side is Roosevelt. The third side is the present, unknown quantity the Old Guard hope to achieve. The Roosevelt side is the more interesting, as it is likely to be the more important—that is, what is at this time a triangle may resolve itself into some other geometrical figure, of which not only all the sides but the area inclosed will be Rooseveltian, for there is no doubt the impression is rapidly gaining ground that the only man who can defeat President Wilson is Roosevelt.

Ready to Forgive and Forget

I HAVE been about the country a great deal since the first of the year, and have discovered that where one man was talking Roosevelt last fall ten men are talking Roosevelt now. These men are not all Progressives, either. There are plenty of Republicans, men who stood by Taft in 1912, who are of the opinion that the situation demands The Colonel, not merely on account of war or other problems, either domestic or international, but because they have come to the conclusion that he is the only man who can hope to win against the President.

As Taft Republicans they are willing to forgive and forget in the hope of victory, and as Bull Moose they are keen for it, of course.

The elections in the fall, which showed that the Bull Moosers were getting back into the old party, have been accentuated in such primaries as have been held at the time of writing. In Indiana, for example, the Republicans voted in large former party strength for the candidates for governor and senator. There was nothing Progressive about either candidate for senator, to look at that phase of it. Jim Watson has always been identified with the Old Guard, and Harry S. New was for years a member of the old-style Republican National Committee, and once chairman of it. Former affiliations of these men appeared to cut no figure with the returned Progressives, who cast one hundred and sixty-two thousand votes for Roosevelt in 1912, to one hundred and fifty-one thousand for Taft. The Progressive candidates in Indiana, running as straight-out Progressives, received only a few thousand votes each.

Now this means not only that the Republicans and the Progressives are together again in large measure, but it also means that it is improbable there will be a third ticket before the people next summer. Though it is quite true that the Progressives are to hold a convention at Chicago, it is also true that that convention will be held at the same time the Republican convention is held; and the probabilities are that there will be a working agreement if not a combination at that time. Indeed, preliminaries are in progress toward that end.

It may not work out that way. Mr. George W. Perkins has large Progressive holdings which he desires to dispose of advantageously. As Mr. Perkins has long been accustomed to the ways of Wall Street, it is likely he is at present "making a market" for these holdings, which may in a measure account for the widespread Roosevelt movement. Also, there is another interesting feature of the Roosevelt recrudescence. I have discovered, as have many others, that among the loudest Roosevelt shouters at the present time are the captains of high finance and the predacious plutocrats, whom, it will be remembered, Mr. Roosevelt was earnestly trying to put into jail some seven or eight years ago. You find these affluent persons in all parts of the country stating it as their opinion that, with all his faults, Roosevelt wasn't really so bad; and that the salvation of the country depends on his return to the White House.

A cynic might say that this movement is the result of the late awakening of the plutes to the knowledge that their support is fatal. It may be, of course, they know that any candidate for President who has their allegiance is eternally damned in the eyes and minds of the people -it may be, but I do not think it is. I hesitate to credit the plutes with so much political sense. You can't teach an old plute new tricks. He is so arrogant over his money power, and so egotistic over it, that it is not likely he would ever take that self-depreciating position. The fact of it probably is that the plutes dislike President Wilson and, feeling that they know The Colonel, are willing to take a chance with him instead of continuing on what they deem is a no-chance basis with the President.

The Hopes and Prayers of the Old Guard

HOWEVER that phase of it may be, the interesting development remains that many of the financial class, not only in New York but elsewhere, are talking Roosevelt, and talking Roosevelt with such earnestness as they can command. They base their demand for the return of The Colonel on the announced dissatisfaction with the handling of war problems by the President and their general disapproval of the operations of the Democratic Party, as evidenced since the President came in.

This gives the Old Guard added and acute concern, for it is plain to be seen that the Old Guard will be in a most difficult position if the sources of supply ask for Roosevelt as a contingent to contributions. It is not likely, though, that the matter has reached the stage where the plutes will be regardless of remonstrance. The Old Guard have every hope of showing them the folly of their conversation. They think, when the time comes, they can present arguments which will convince the plutes that they would be in sad case if Roosevelt returned, and hope to be able to promise immunity and opportunity as appendages to the man they shall select.

The Old Guard are concerned over the situation. Two views are taken of The Colonel's pronouncement from Port of Spain. The first is that it is a document which will strengthen him with the people and make the demand for him more insistent. The second is that it is a virtual confession by The Colonel that he knows the cards will be stacked against him, and that he put in the heroics because he saw the drift of things. Those are professional views, however, and have little weight with the people. The fact is that the Roosevelt demand is daily growing greater, and that The Colonel may be a most formidable factor when nomination time comes round.

The success of the Old Guard plan depends entirely on the success the lieutenants in the various states have in bringing in delegates who can be controlled. There will be a good many uninstructed delegates and a good many instructed for various favorite-son candidates. It is probable, for example, that Fairbanks will have in the neighborhood of a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five delegates. He has most of Kentucky and all of Indiana already. He may pick up some in the South. Now if other candidates can come in with similar support, and the delegates will do what they are told to do after they have gone as far as necessary with their original choices, it will be a simple thing.

But will they? The Old Guard hope they will; but the Old Guard do not know they will. There are infinite possibilities in the situation. Suppose the bulk of those instructed and favorite-son delegates arrive nominally for their favorite sons, but holding The Colonel as their second choice. Then what? Then, unless the Old Guard can restrain them, there is likely to come a hectic moment in that convention when the name of Theodore Roosevelt will be presented and his nomination secured with a whoop. That always will be a possibility until the nomination of another has made it an impossibility.

There is a hope that some basis of agreement may be found between the delegates at the Progressive convention and the men who will try to control the Republican convention. If the Progressives do not ask too much that basis will be found; though if other states, in the primaries, show them up as the Indiana primaries did, what the Progressives may reasonably expect will be little, and what they will get will be even smaller. If the Progressives demand Roosevelt they will not get him; but if the delegates to the Republican convention put in such a demand they may succeed.

Any way one looks at the situation it holds trouble for the Old Guard. They will be put to it to control enough delegates to withstand either Roosevelt or Hughes. They say they will be able to do it, but they are not so confident as they appear to be. They haven't settled on their man as yet. They talk McCall, and they talk Harding, of Ohio, and they talk some others; but in realty they have not made their choice, and they are at the great disadvantage of having no man to beat a man. They say it isn't necessary to select a man as yet, and there is some virtue in that; for unless they can secure enough hand-picked delegates to hold a majority it never will be necessary to pick a man. The delegates will do the picking. So, aside from the Roosevelt demonstration, which is largely unformed and unorganized, and the undercurrent for Hughes, which also has not much organization, the big effort that is being made in Republican politics at present is the getting of safe control.

Word has been sent to the sub-bosses in the various states to select and assort carefully. "We don't give a hoot who your delegates are for at the start," the Old Guard say; "but see to it that they will be for our men when the time comes. We have no preference for a candidate; but see to it that tried and true men are put on the delegations. We must have dependable men. The salvation of the party and ourselves, and the extinction of Roosevelt and Hughes, depend on that. Delegates may be free and untrammeled up to a certain point; but after that they must be ours or we shall be ruined."

The Old Guard profess to be satisfied over the results so far. They say that if things continue as planned they will be able to stop Roosevelt, provided they have him to stop. If they can stop him in no other way they will try to stop him with Hughes; but that will be a last resort. The present situation has no element of certainty on any side of it. Something will happen at Chicago, but there isn't a man in the United States who knows at this time what that something will be.

Meantime life is just one thing after another with President Wilson. As soon as he hammered Congress into line in support of his contention that the foreign policy of this Government is his prerogative, Mexico broke loose on him. There is no telling what may come out of Mexico to affect or retard his political fortunes. It is possible that we may be at war with Mexico before this is printed, though we are not yet across the border as it is written. It is possible that a number of other things may happen in an international way. The only Democratic certainty is that the President will be renominated at Chicago, and that he will command his party strength at the polls, notwithstanding congressional defections and anger and disagreement.

The President, whether or not he has lost favor with professional politicians and in the financial district of New York and in similar places, is still strong with the people. A real war with Mexico would work to his political advantage, of course, as the fact that he has kept us out of the European war will continue to be a strong factor for him. However, the situation, both international and domestic, shifts so rapidly from day to day that the real strength of the President will not be developed until his campaign has been under way for some months. He has lost none of his strength with the voters, and his recent demand for a showdown with Congress, and the result of it, helped him greatly.

Along about next September or October it may be possible to say who will be elected President of the United States. At present there is nothing to any phase of it save ifs and buts—except two things: One is that the President will be renominated; the other is that Colonel Roosevelt will not be nominated if the Old Guard can prevent it—and they have hopes.

A Marriage of Convenience

One Too Many

AT A RECENT reception at the Colony Club, in the city of New York, the members of the Authors' League of America were guests, along with a considerable number of persons moving majestically in the most frigid and exclusive circles of top society.

One of the patronesses, a woman who has plenty of wealth and plenty of literary ability as well, presently espied two delegates from Society's Arctic Regions sitting in a window seat, very much alone and apparently not enjoying themselves to any large degree. Plainly they were mother and daughter; a very commanding-looking mother and a rather docile, timid daughter. Being minded to make the affair a complete success, the patron lady approached the aloof pair.

"How do you do?" she said. "I am Mrs. So-and-So. Wouldn't you like to meet some of the authors who are present this afternoon?"

The senior lady's austere nose went up just a trifle straighter.

"No," she said with congealed politeness; "no, thank you. We've met one."

A FURBISHED GENTLEMAN

By Hugh Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

COMING north from Los Angeles on the Southern Pacific you may see from the car window the ancient demesne of the Huffcutt Barony—a great, rambling, stucco Architectural Idea, set at the top of a terraced garden and overlooking literal miles of orange and pasture land.

The fifth baron had acquired these lands and hereditaments by the labor of his head and hands, for he was by way of being a two-fisted Californian who had almost forgotten that his father was an Englishman. He knew there was a title in the family, but he had been taught to consider it remote, and when a series of accidents had laid it at his door it had given him no trouble until he came to make his will.

The British instinct runs to testaments, and Huffcutt pondered this one for several years. The title was of no worth without the estate, which, of course, did not pertain to it; and the title would go to the son of his wild brother George in spite of anything he could do. In his younger days he thought of giving everything to his ward, but as he grew older he became undeniably and indubitably British. He thought of selling Santa Rosalita and taking the girl to England; but at the very moment of resolution the matter of the will obtruded itself and he determined that he could not leave the States until his lawyers had brought George's son to light.

The document had already as many codicils as a transcontinental ticket has coupons—now separating and now conjoining title and lands; and so off and on until just before the end, when the lawyers were almost but not certainly convinced that their Huffcutt had been established in the brilliant young engineer who designed the Arivapa Dam. The British Huffcutts were engineers—lighthouse builders—and the old man was so delighted that, without waiting for the benefit of legal advice, he wrote in and had duly attested a provision that had seemed to him a scintillating flash of acumen which resolved all difficulties:

—— and if my said nephew is dead, leaving no heirs male of his body, or if, living and unmarried, he should refuse or neglect to marry my said ward, Barbara Allan French, then the whole of my estate, both real and personal, to go to my said ward, Barbara, and her heirs, forever.

It was this codicil that was called from the inchoate by old Huffcutt's sudden demise not three days before the young man of the Arivapa Dam rather reluctantly disclaimed any connection with an English family of his name in the last two hundred years.

Mr. Sneath, of the law firm of Ward, Sneath & McCune, drummed his highly polished desk to the tune of The Jolly Testator Who Made His Own Will, for it appeared that the great Santa Rosalita Estate was inextricably enmeshed in the intricacies of probate.

II

LET us glide lightly over the trail that Mr. Sneath and his legal hounds followed with so much difficulty and so many false leads, and begin at the goal they reached.

Happy Harrigan could not recall a memory of his mother. His father was an amused inebriate, who informed the boy that he was a physician of the University of Edinburgh, but that he had long ago abandoned active practice in order to devote his full time to the exemplification of his favorite hypothesis—that alcohol is a food. He died—poor soul!—almost at the threshold of a triumph, and his seven-year-old son was left free to follow a cherished ambition to become a tramp.

He was a bright lad and he served a long novitiate as handboy to the notorious Denver Curly, known in forty-five jurisdictions as the King of the Hobos. It was some such service as Kim rendered the Brahman priest, with all the sweetness left out. When the king's career was closed by the whirling wheels of the Sunset Express, Happy joined fortunes with a shell-game man and traveled with a circus. Later he did a turn with a medicine show, shipped in a windjammer out of San Francisco, beach-combed the China Coast, tended bar in a Singapore Sailors' Delight, and finally enlisted aboard a transport in Nagasaki Harbor.

He was as handsome as it is given a youth of twenty-four to be and as bright as a new dollar; but his military career will be kindly passed over with little said. As a soldier he was not. Only his horse was well cared for. His rifle was the dirtiest, his conduct grade the lowest, in the troop. He had been absent from more reveilles and late for more drills than any man in the regiment. He was totally unresponsive to routine; but he had his value and his vices were overlooked.

"I'll keep him somehow and worry past his faults," his wise old captain told an outraged colonel. "You'll notice I have no desertions. It's impossible for a squad room to feel sorry for itself with that face in the offing. The lad's like a piney mountain breeze on a summer day. If he had troubles of his own he couldn't get anyone to listen to them for fear of some monumental hoax. But he hasn't any trouble and he never will have. He'd be happy in a penitentiary. He's been through the mire since he was a bit of a kid and yet he's clean. He's an epitomized orchestra, an inexhaustible vaudeville show forever on tap, and he'd laugh if he was going to be hung. I want him around."

Skipper Ned had overlooked love as the harbinger of change. The record of Hap Harrigan's romance lies in three short tales that he may tell for himself. We shall call them The Thank-You Story, The Oh-Dear Story, and The Unthinkable Incident.

The Thank-You Story

The Skipper, he calls me into the Orderly Room.

"Harrigan," says he—and I knowed he was gettin' ready to pull a hot one the way he looked down his nose and kept his eye hid—"I know how you've worked over that little sorrel of yours. You've got him so he can almost talk, and I reckon he's a kind of family to you, ain't he? You know I don't let people ride my troopers' horses ——"

I didn't know whether the Commanding General had sawn my little Snicklefritz and wanted to buy him for a present to the Emperor of Japan; but the Skipper don't make the long approach that way for nothin'; and I gets my tongue' between my teeth, and

"Hap, Old Son," I says inside, "you can work the old man, and now's the time to do it—play him on the line, lad; stall for all you know."

He seen what I was at.

"Oh, it ain't so desperate as all that, Harrigan. It's this way: I've got a guest—a young lady."

Well, I'd 'a' fainted if I could—a skirt on my Snicklefritz!

"And I just thought, Harrigan: 'Now I want to do the best that can be did for this girl. She knows about horses—there ain't a better horsewoman in the States.' And so I just says to myself: 'The whole power of the U. S. Gover'ment couldn't do more for her than to let her see—much less ride—Harrigan's little Snicklefritz.'"

You've got to hand it to our old Skipper. The kid's clever. He could con the keys out of Peter—if he needed to, which he don't. They'll meet him at the Gate with an escort, or me for hell! I see I was counted out; but all of a sudden another scheme hit me and I says, all innocent:

"All right, sir. When shall I take him round?"

"My quarters, at three—flat saddle. Bring round the lieutenant's horse—he's going; and you can go as orderly. And see here, Harrigan—no tricks!" He couldn't hold in no longer and he busts out laughin' at what he'd put over on me; but, thinks I—wait!

"Noodle!" says I to me. "'At's a stuff, Hap. Use the old noodle."

I slicks up Snickle till a fly couldn't 'a' landed on his haunches without slippin' off and breakin' a neck on the ground. Then I gets on the remount colt I was trainin' and, leadin' Snickle and the Loot's horse, I rides off to the Skipper's house; and there, sure enough, she was waitin' with the Skipper and that Shavetail.

She was all rigged up in pants and a polo coat, and she looked like a slim young boy. I hadn't seen her face then or I couldn't 'a' done it. But I put my toe in Snickle's girth in a little way I'd taught him. He rears up on his hind legs, squealin' like a man-eater and pawin' out forward.

Well, sir—it never feased her. She took the reins, give Snickle a little poke in the loin, and sails into that saddle in the gallopin' mount slicker than I ever did on the longest day I lived. The Loot was foolin' with his girth, and when the Captain seen he was private he looks at me and winks!

I was just pronged—that's all. I trailed her for two hours. Finally she took us over the Stockholm obstacles on the officers' jumpin' course, with the Loot pale round the gills and ridin' his tub-footed Australian like a sack of meal, and the Jezebel of a Snickle skimmin' over the hurdles like a swallow, and proud of his job. When she dismounted he nuzzled her like she was the only friend he ever had. She tickled him at the base of the ears and he whickered. I wasn't exactly mad—I was disgusted.

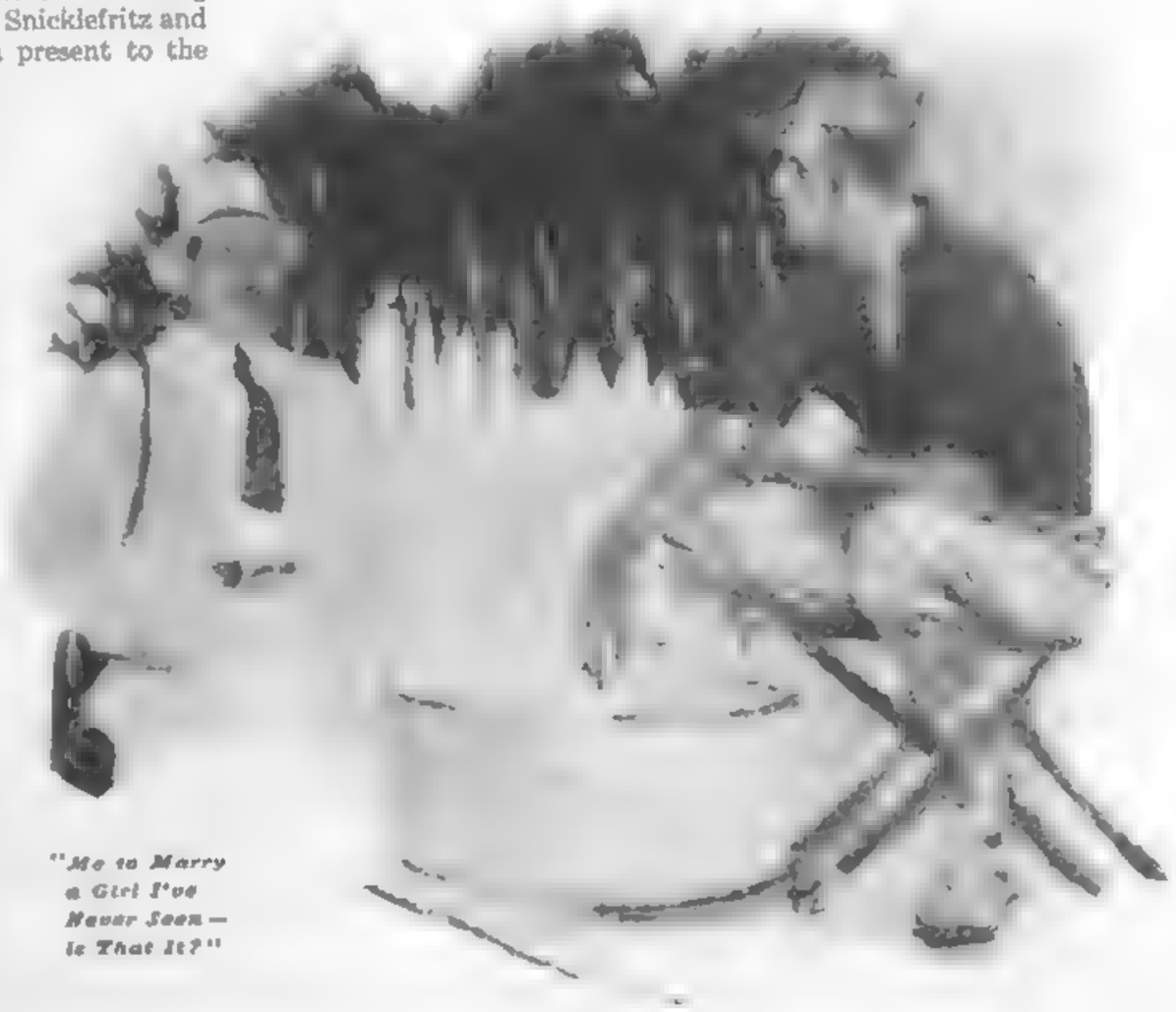
But then she looked at me with her eyes—once; they're blue or something. And then she smiled.

"Thank you," says she.

Golly!

The Oh-Dear Story

You see, this was all at Pabagang, in the Moro country, and just before the big scrap at Arayat. Things was ticklish. Everybody knowed there was a big *cotta* in the crater of Arayat, all full of dattos and war men and priests, and women and grub and kids, and spears and guns and jingals, and such; but the General was lettin' 'em alone, tryin' to talk the bad ones out of it to avoid slaughterin' em. It was safe to ride down the beach or in the post, but there was orders that no white man should go out the north gate without an armed escort of at least twenty—and as for ridin' toward Arayat, it was just as safe as a den of royal Bengal tigers, and the General would have turned blue if even one of his colonels had suggested such a thing.



"Me to Marry a Girl I've Never Seen—Is That It?"

The Skipper calls me up one day at two.

"Horses for Miss Babs at three, Harrigan."

He had got that casual-like about it and she was ridin' Snickle regular now. I was saddled up by half past two and went in to chew the rag with the stable crew; and for some reason she come down to the line. And when the sergeant said it was time to go I went out—and Snickle wasn't there! The Loot he'd followed her down, but I didn't wait to talk to him.

"She got away by herself," I says, and then I beat it for the beach.

There wasn't a track in the sand, so I rode round the post to the north gate to beat passin' the sentry. The Loot was there, waitin'.

"She got past this way," says he; and he was too agitated to talk straight. "What'll we do? There'll be the devil to pay if I tell the Colonel what she's done, and it's as much as my commission's worth for me to go after her."

"I ain't got no commission," says I, and I gives my remount the irons.

Where the trail forks I got down and was lookin' in the loam for tracks when the Loot ketches up with me.

"I couldn't stay there doin' nothin'. Can I trust you, Harrigan?" says he; and just then I found Snickles' little, hard hoofmarks leadin' away toward the mountain.

It was slow goin' on the jungle trail. We come to the edge of a meadow and I stops behind a hemp bole. Stringin' across the open in single file was, first, two little brown hellions, naked to the waist, and each one with a knife on him long as a scythe blade; then fat, old, greasy Datto Betil, waddlin' along, escorted by two umbrella bearers and a Buya man and six or eight wives; then about a dozen more black-and-tan little runts, with spears and suchlike in their hands. There wasn't hardly room to pass and you can go round through that jungle just like a fly can crawl through a sea of molasses. I looks round at the Loot for fear of some kind of gunplay, but he was just settin' there, seasick green.

"Root, hog," says I, "or die!"

"I'm goin' to the post for help," says he.

What he'd said was true about what they'd do for him if he stirred up trouble. He turned round and fanned the earth.

"E Pluribus Unum!" says I; but my heart was in my mouth. I clamps down on it and rides into the clear. The bunch stopped, but I didn't wait for no knife throwin'.

"Hi, Beetle!" I says. "*Como 'sto poco yo*, old kid?" And I waves my hand at him—in the first move of a little step dance that the Moros does, and that he thought I burlesqued funny one day in the market.

Then I looks at him and grins. I guess my face is too funny—people always laughs when I do. When I grinned Betil grinned; and when he grinned I rid past, reins all loose and easy, like I was just takin' the air.

Once out of that meadow, I slung the gad into that colt again, and some place past the next trail-fork I found her. She'd hit the crossroads before the Moros and they hadn't sawn her. There wasn't no use stirrin' her all up, and I told her the Skipper had sent for her and we started back careful and slow, me leadin'.

I might as well 'a' told her at first. Just where the Arayat Trail elbows round the edge of the hill above town I seen somethin' scuttle into the bush about thirty yards ahead, and I knowed Betil was waitin' for us on the back trail. I turned quick, caught Snickle's rein and leads her back about a quarter of a mile. When I thought it was safe I stopped and told her. She'd been mad as a hornet, but you bet she quieted some.

I had a scheme. You've seen these pictures of Eyetalian officers ridin' down a most-straight-up-and-down bluff. It looks hard and it takes nerve, but it's partly trained horse. If the bank's soft, so it slides, a horse can sit down on his haunches and sort of toboggan so long as he's still and don't plunge. Snickle can do it like a dream, and the place where we was is almost square above the new Buya Trail, so that if you dropped down the hill there you'd just be out of town, while you couldn't make it to the north gate in less than three miles on the Arayat Road—it winds so.

It was all thick jungle between, except just here, where there was a scar on the hillside and a sharp drop—not too steep—and maybe a hundred and fifty feet. I figured that if we could get down, bein' mounted, they couldn't get through the brush in time to cut us off; but I hadn't no more than told her when—Zowie!—a spear buzzed between us and stuck in a treetrunk so hard it hummed like a sawmill. I didn't wait. I put Snickle's head at the trail-edge and booted him.

"Hold tight!" says I, and away he streaked like a chute-the-chutes.

Then somethin' stabbed me in the side like the kick of a mule and I let a yell out of me. I couldn't have put that remount at it, but I had just sense enough left to weight him back on his haunches and then I just nacherally jerked him over. Of course he plunged and down we went, rollin'—first him and then me on top—like a kid fallin' downstairs.

She was waitin' there all little and white, but not a peep out of her. I got aboard somehow and we galloped for about five minutes like the devil was after us. But my lights was goin' out and by and by the ground flew up and hit me. I wasn't out more than a few seconds. When I come to I was lyin' on the grass safe inside the town and she was kneelin' beside me. Her hair was fluffed every which way and the sun was all glisteny in it, like these here light hazes you see round the heads of Bible people in the Sunday-school papers; and she was scared or somethin', and her lips was just parted, and she says:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

His Heart Seemed to Stop—Then Thumped Distractedly—Then He Could No Longer Think

The Unthinkable Incident

I was door orderly at the governor-general's reception at the Officers' Club. I was done up in my Hong-Kong khakis what I had the tailor make for me out of money what I worked for myself—no Government straights, but a hiu-skukum uniform that pinched in at the waist like an officer's, and shows your figure—starched till she crackled; and my gloves was pipeclayed till the powder sifted off when I walked. It was my job to stand like a statute, and open the door, and go out and meet carromettas and automobiles, like a o-tommy-ton.

Well, the club is built right out over the bay. There was a broad streak of moonlight shiverin' on the water—that kind of tropical moonlight which makes everything look blue-misty and not real, like fairy pictures of cloud cities in a kid's book. Inside, the little brownies in the Constabulary Band was makin' themselves drunk with their own waltzes, and you could see the white figures of the dancers go swimmin' past above the shrubs in the patio—you couldn't see their feet; and the hum of voices and laughin' come out to me all drony, like bees in a hive. I reckon I sort of got moony.

I wanted to be in there, and yet I knowed that between me and them people there was somethin' or other about as deep as the ocean and as wide as the world. It was army discipline—but for me it was somethin' more. I knowed it. It was bein' brought up right and livin' decent and goin' to school. I was just havin' a pipe dream in the moonlight and I got to the place where I was purty near feelin' sorry for a poor old Hap.

"You never had a show, old son," I says; and then I thinks of Smithers, what got his commission out of A Troop, and I says all of a sudden: "You can do it right now!"

Then the door opened and a breath of warm air from inside fanned my face, and the hum of voices boomed big and near; and somebody says, sharp and crisp:

"Orderly! Orderly!"

It was the Lootenant and a girl, all in filmy floaty white—and I'd been asleep at the switch when I ought to 'a' been tendin' to the door. She had a scarf of some cobwebby stuff about her neck, and it got caught in the draft from the door and whipped across my face and stuck there—caught in the bronze cross-saber pin on my collar. Her face wasn't six inches from mine—and it was her!

She laughed and a strand of her hair blew across my nose—a clean smell and the littlest suspicion of perfume jasmine, maybe. The officer was fingerin' with the cross-saber so as not to tear the scarf. It come away and he held it out to me. Then she says:

"Oh, may I keep that? I've always wanted one."

I could see his hand reachin' to the gold one on his own collar; but I don't think that's what made me say what I did. I was plum loco. My face was hot as coals and my throat was cold as ice, and my noodle was hummin' with thoughts like corks in a whirlpool, and some words was squeezed out of me.

"Missis Babs, you can have any dam' thing I got."

The Loot froze like somebody'd stabbed him; and a voice that seemed to come from 'way off somewhere—but it was her voice—says:

"Thank you, Harrigan; and I'll remember that."

Then it hurts so bad to remember that I forget. If somebody'd said, "Harrigan—sentenced to be kicked to Berlin!" I'd have fell on my knees and weeped for joy.

III

THE burning shame of Private Harrigan kept him awake for hours after he was relieved that night. When at last he tiptoed through the rows of bunks of sleeping men to the little nine-by-three of barrack space that was his home it was almost dawn—quite light enough to distinguish the pegs and shelves at his bunkhead, the cartridge boxes, spurs and saber at the foot, and the locker beyond them.

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KITCHEN-DOOR DELIVERIES

Bringing the Grocer's Boy Down to Date

By FORREST CRISSEY

THERE is hardly a retail grocer or market man in the United States who has not been forced by stern and practical experience to amend the popular phrase The High Cost of Living to read The High Cost of Delivery. In hundreds—perhaps thousands—of cases this change spells the difference between profit and loss.

For the last few years, at least, these five words—the high cost of living—have been so incessantly dinned into the ears of the food merchant that they are quite as familiar to him as God bless our home, Do it now, or any other motto that has become intensely popular.

The high cost of delivery has increased its pressure on the profit column of the retail storekeeper's ledger—especially that of the food merchant—until in many cases it has pushed it over into the ranks of red-ink figures.

The modern demand for service in retail delivery has gone to the lengths of absurdity in almost every community, and developed into a profit-destroying madness that the merchant can scarcely anticipate by a briskly rising scale of prices. As one grocer expresses it:

"A whole lot of customers have gone service crazy; and if you intimate this to them they come back at you with the statement that they guess they are paying for it, all right. But the fact is, they are not. Their absurd and unreasonable demands have been paid for right along by the merchant himself and by those of his customers who demand least in the way of service."

Many food merchants—thousands of them in every part of the country—are wrestling wearily with this problem and trying, in rather a futile sort of way, to keep pace with it by pushing up prices from time to time; but it is doubtful that there is to be found anywhere in the country a more significant and successful demonstration of how to deal with this difficult and sensitive matter of retail delivery than is furnished by the grocers and market men in Champaign, Illinois, and its sister city, Urbana.

Demonstrations and tests are always the order of the day in Champaign; but, with all respect to the agricultural, engineering and scientific colleges of the big State University located there, it may be said that not all the elaborate experiments undertaken in its testing fields, engineering halls and scientific laboratories have the practical value to the world of business that has the experiment in consolidated delivery of food products which has been tried out by its retail grocers and market men.

This valuable piece of economic research had its start in the meetings of the local association into which the leading food merchants of Champaign formed themselves in an attempt to improve certain conditions of the trade without attracting unpleasant attention on the part of the district attorney's office. The range of subjects considered safe and suitable for discussion in these informal gatherings was decidedly limited, and for a long time their talk touched mainly on credits, collections, holidays and closing hours. The topic of price was strictly tabooed, and this was so closely related to the subject of profits that the latter was not discussed with entire frankness and unreserve. However, in spite of the fear of the Sherman Act in the heart of every member of the association, the storekeepers found their meetings resolving themselves, with increasing frequency, into trouble symposiums.

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

One Trunk and Two Lamb Chops

ON ONE of these occasions a retail grocer of rather uncommon discernment—a man who had formed the habit of taking his business apart to see what made it go or what hindered it from going—made the remark that his trade was increasing and his profits diminishing, and that he was going to try to find out what was the matter, though he had a suspicion that the name of it was "delivery."

Naturally this started something right on the spot. A competitor spoke up pointedly and remarked:

"Henry, you're certainly getting warm, as we used to say when we played button-button. When a grocer trots round to the milliner's shop and gets a new spring hat and delivers it to a customer 'way on the outskirts of town, along with a loaf of bread and a cake of yeast, he certainly is an obliging man."

"Oh," retorted Henry, "you're not in position to say much. I saw your delivery boy down at the baggage room of the station this morning trying to lift an old Saratoga trunk into your wagon and cussing himself out of breath because he had to do it. He volunteered the information that it belonged to Mrs. Blank, and that, when she ordered two lamb chops this morning, she left the check and asked you to haul the trunk out for her."

This comeback brought a roar of laughter from all the merchants in the association room. Instantly the market man, whose customer had commandeered his wagon and his boy for the delivery of her trunk, exclaimed:

"Well, I don't think the rest of you fellows have any particular license to laugh—at least not very loudly—because there is not one of you who would not have done the same thing if Mrs. Blank had happened to put the matter up to you instead of to me; in fact, I happen to know that only yesterday one of you sent a boy three blocks away to a certain hardware store to get an eggbeater, to be sent out along with a grocery order. Just for fun, I'd like to have the man who chased the eggbeater tell us just how much the groceries that went along with it amounted to."

"Just thirty-nine cents," came the quick response; "but, of course, the woman in the case is a fairly good customer of mine. Suppose I had refused to go after the eggbeater and send it out—or had tried to make some plausible excuse for not accommodating her—you know as well as I do that her trade would have been transferred to some of you other fellows if I had not smilingly complied with her request. And you know, too, that not one of you would have had the nerve to turn down that request to make an accommodation delivery; in fact, every one of us has reached that state of hopeless servility to this rage for service he would not dare to rebel against any demand made on him, no matter how absurd it might be. We are all tarred with the same stick, and we all have a firm grip on the same hot poker—which we don't know how to drop. We just hang hold of it because we are afraid the other fellow will get a little advantage if we let go."

Another grocer spoke up and said:

"If the increasing expense of my deliveries was the only consideration I could worry along with it somehow; but there is not another feature of my business that begins to give me the trouble that the management of deliveries does. Of course one would naturally think that the problems of credits and collections should prove much more fertile in the way of worries than the matter of making deliveries; but that is certainly not so in my case. After about thirty years at this game I have managed to get the firing range on credits and collections down to rather a fine point. My losses in that line are cut to so small a percentage that they don't bother me; but when it comes to handling a bunch of delivery boys and squaring the store with our customers for the kicks that these boys stir up—that is giving me a fine crop of gray hairs. It is a conservative statement to say that I could put in my whole day supervising deliveries and do nothing else. The demand is there for that amount of attention. Of course it is out of the question to give my whole time to that feature of the business; but it takes constant watchfulness and resistance to keep from being drawn into allowing this secondary element to monopolize my entire time. Altogether the most irritating part of my day is that given to delivery supervision. Always there is a grist of petty complaints growing out of each delivery, and by the time I have made an effort to square the store with the customers and explain how the mistakes and failures occurred, or apologize because they happen to be unexplainable, my patience is worn to a frazzle and I feel very much as a hundred and eighty pounds of spaghetti would look."

One of the largest grocers in the city made an immediate, interested response to this:

"I confess," he admitted, "that I find myself in very much the same situation. Undoubtedly most of the complaints are hardly fair and well founded, but I have to admit that certainly forty-nine per cent of them are. If this is the case here in a university town, where we are able to get boys who are above the average in intelligence and in seriousness of purpose, what must it be in other places where the merchant must pick his delivery help from quite a different class of boys? If a boy who is working his way through college and who is supposed to have a fairly good stock of ethical ideals will try to cover up the breakage of an order of eggs, and put up an ingeniously plausible explanation of why he failed to take certain goods along for delivery on his route, what couldn't you expect from a boy with little or no schooling, with the ideals of the street, and without a good home background or family traditions of any sort?"

An Attempt to Stop a Serious Leak

THEN the man who had opened the discussion closed it with the terse remarks:

"I am going to do a little digging on this delivery problem, and if I can uncover anything worth while I am going to bring the results right in here where the whole bunch of us can get a square chance at them together. It looks to me like a case of woodchuck—we have simply got to put a stop to this sort of waste and leakage. If we don't draw the line before long we shall be doing the entire distribution, delivery and transportation business of this community free-gratis-for-nothing. This foolishness will not have to extend itself much farther before our customers will be calling on us to save them hack hire by delivering them to the railroad stations and to their homes."

True to his word this storekeeper kept a keen eye busy searching for signs of hope along every sky line that came within his zone of observation. The first encouraging promise of relief came from a most unexpected source. In his own local paper he read that his neighbor, in the jewelry business, had just returned from Ann Arbor, Michigan, and reported that about the most interesting feature of that Wolverene college city was the consolidated delivery system used by its merchants. The paper dropped on the table, and dinner was forgotten from that moment. The jeweler was consulted, and a little later all the information he was able to furnish was placed before the Executive Committee of the Grocers' Association at the most exciting session in its history.

As a result of this spirited meeting an Investigation Committee was appointed to pay an immediate visit to Ann Arbor, where a consolidated merchants' delivery system had been in operation for about seven years, and to bring home the fullest possible information as to its methods and results. Nothing had happened in the entire history of the Grocers' Association to compare in interest with this investigation, and the honor of serving on this committee was a matter of keen competition. On the return of the committee the meeting to receive its report was attended by practically the whole membership of the association. The facts in regard to the operation of the system in Ann Arbor were so satisfactory that the Champaign Association voted unanimously to undertake to put into operation a somewhat similar plan, which would receive the support of practically every grocer and market

man or butcher in Champaign and Urbana. An Organization Committee was appointed to put the plan through.

Very soon, however, this committee found that it was far easier to pass this resolution than it was to secure the assent and working coöperation of all the elements necessary to the success of the enterprise. Before the members of the committee had gone far in even the preliminary steps of their task, they realized that they were in for a man's job, and a hard one at that.

For one thing, they were speedily forced to a realization that in order to insure the enterprise a fair trial they must hedge it about with every possible precaution calculated to eliminate jealousy or the least suspicion of favoritism. The plan must have a chance to make its beginnings, at least, under an atmosphere of mutual trust and sincere cooperation.

Another serious consideration that was impressed on the members of the Organization Committee, in laying out the groundwork of their plan, was the fact that all the stores and markets involved had a heavy investment in delivery equipment when its extent was compared with the size of the volume of trade for the delivery of which it had been provided. The swelling of this equipment investment to unnatural proportions had, of course, been brought about by the constantly increasing demand for service; for many deliveries on the same day to the same customer; and for the gratuitous delivery of accommodation articles. Every merchant was up on his toes to see that the equipment which had cost him so much money was not permitted to pass out of his hands, except for fair and proper compensation. On this score there was extreme sensitiveness; and, in keeping with the spirit of keen competition which had been nourished in the twin towns for years, every merchant was watching his competitor to see that no advantage was secured by him in the matter of the initial step in the whole transaction—the transfer of the equipment.

A little breathing space was secured with reference to the adjustment of this problem by starting an investigation to determine, as nearly as might be, the cost of delivery under the old individual system and the relation of this cost to the gross and net profits of the grocery and market business of the two cities. The work on this line of inquiry accomplished the double purpose of fixing a base line from which to survey any progress that might be made, and temporarily drawing attention away from the sensitive problem of formulating the scheme on which to take over the delivery equipment without leaving dissatisfaction or suspicion in the mind of any member of the association.

The Difficulties of Getting Together

THE preliminary inquiry into delivery costs under the individual system brought to the surface an array of facts that was scarcely less than appalling to the merchants involved. Most of them had been inclined to avoid any specific consideration of delivery expense as a most unpleasant topic for meditation. They knew that its costs had been rising from year to year at a sensational pace, but many of them had never faced this form of expense squarely and charged up to it all that legitimately belonged under that heading. The committee, however, helped these more easygoing merchants to uncover the real facts and to get a true perspective on this unpleasant subject. The other merchants, who were in the habit of having their accounting done on a strictly business basis, already realized that practically the only obstacle standing between them and a substantial and satisfactory return from their investment and their efforts was the high cost of delivery.

In general it should be said that the two cities had been steadily increasing in population, and that, with few exceptions, the business of the individual members of the association had increased in proportion to the growth of population. Of course the large increase from year to year in the enrollment of the university was a big factor in this business growth.

Few automobiles or autotrucks were involved in the transfer at the time when the consolidated-delivery plan was put into operation. Practically the whole delivery work was done by mules and horses. After a thoughtful consideration of the figures on feeding cost for these animals, the chairman of the committee made the whimsical observation that there was at least one point of close resemblance between these creatures and the students who flocked to the university from the farms and country towns, and that was a splendid capacity for food!

Before the consolidation of deliveries each storekeeper had striven to make his delivery schedule just a little more generous and accommodating than those of his competitors. Ever since the organization of the association and the still larger club for business men of all kinds, there had been much talk about the importance of service as an element in the modern strife to get and to keep business. These storekeepers had interpreted service to mean mainly a wide-open delivery of goods to customers. One of these merchants said:

"We entered into a competition to give a new and broader definition of service each day by lifting all restrictions, until we finally came to a point where not much exaggeration would have been involved in describing the logical end of our strife as that of delivering each individual item separately and, in addition to this, running any errands that our customers might suggest."

To understand the change that has come over the dreams of the delivery boy in Champaign and Urbana, let it be said that before the present plan was adopted, and while each merchant was running his own wagons, if a good customer called up five minutes before noon and requested the delivery of a loaf of bread to be used at the noontime meal, it was held to be good business policy to hustle the loaf to the housewife regardless of the fact that the cost of taking it from the store to the table under those circumstances was several times greater than the profit on the loaf—not to say its entire cost. The extent to which customers abuse the good nature of the merchants on this score is almost past belief.

The merchants, however, came to a sober realization of the fact that they themselves, and not their customers, were wholly responsible for this state of affairs. Through their grasping efforts to gain an advantage over competitors they had overreached themselves and built up a condition that had finally fallen about their heads and was suffocating them. Consequently it was determined at the outset that under the new plan no gratuitous delivery of any kind or class should be made, and that all special deliveries which involved a service outside of the routine should carry a penalty to the customer in the form of a special fee.

But to return to the plan for the disposition of the old equipment: When this was placed before the merchants it disarmed the suspicions of the most distrustful. First, it provided that all the storekeepers, big and little, should come into the delivery organization on the same basis. A board of wholly disinterested appraisers was selected to place a value on every article of the equipment turned in by the merchants to the new delivery company. If the appraisement of the equipment offered by any merchant was unsatisfactory to him he was privileged to retain it and dispose of it privately in his own way and at his own price, paying into the company the amount of the appraisement within twenty-four hours. The fact that not a single merchant took advantage of this privilege was a matter of great encouragement to the committee and was received as a substantial indication that the ground plans of the enterprise had been well drawn.

Each merchant received the note of the new company in the amount for which his equipment was appraised. These notes were not to draw interest until after two years. The shares in the new company were put out at a hundred dollars par value, and each merchant was obliged to buy one share without respect to the size of his business. This placed every member on an equal footing with his fellows.

The Organization Committee had a keen realization, at the very outset of their difficult task, that every precaution must be taken to prevent a desertion from the ranks after the plan had once been put into active operation. As they saw it, a single withdrawal would be fatal to the success of the enterprise. As the chairman expressed it:

"After this thing gets under way, and the public knows about it, one bolter who breaks away and reverts to the old system of individual delivery will upset all the work that we have done and wreck the enterprise beyond a hope of revival. Our only chance to forestall anything of this sort is to make every man who signs up understand that there is no such thing as withdrawal, and that he must stick it out to the end of the year without regard to whether he wishes to or not."

Incidentally it may be remarked that the soundness of this reasoning has been borne out by the experience of groups of merchants in many towns and villages who have undertaken to put a consolidated delivery system on its feet, but who neglected to take thorough precautions against having the organization disrupted by a quitter.

The sixteen grocers and five butchers or market men who signed the articles of agreement understood beyond a doubt that the mere mention of a desire to quit would be considered by their associates as a disgrace, as an unsportsmanlike proposal, as an effort to dodge responsibility and leave the shareholders of the company to hold the bag.

The shareholders elected a board of seven directors, who in turn elected officers and chose a general manager to run the business. It was immediately decided by the directors that a feeling of permanence would be given the enterprise by the purchase of ground and the erection of a building to serve as a central station. As the fund in the treasury from the sale of stock was not sufficient to buy the property that seemed best suited to the purpose, ten of the members signed a joint note on which three thousand dollars was borrowed from the bank. This plan was pursued because of the fact that the financial circumstances of some of the members required that the burden of expense and obligation at the outset, so far as they were concerned, should be as light as possible. The building itself was financed through the Building and Loan Association.

The New Service in Operation

IT IS now very generally recognized by the merchants that it would have been very much better had they been able to capitalize the enterprise at the outset for a larger sum. At times the inadequate capitalization has operated as a distinct disadvantage. On the other hand, their course was dictated by expedience; it was necessary that no merchant or market man should remain outside of the organization, and, in order to make it possible for all to come in, meager financing became a necessity. The desirability of starting out with sufficient working funds is emphasized for the benefit of merchants in other towns who may desire to do away with the waste of the old individual-delivery system by forming a consolidated one after the order of the coöperative enterprise at Champaign.

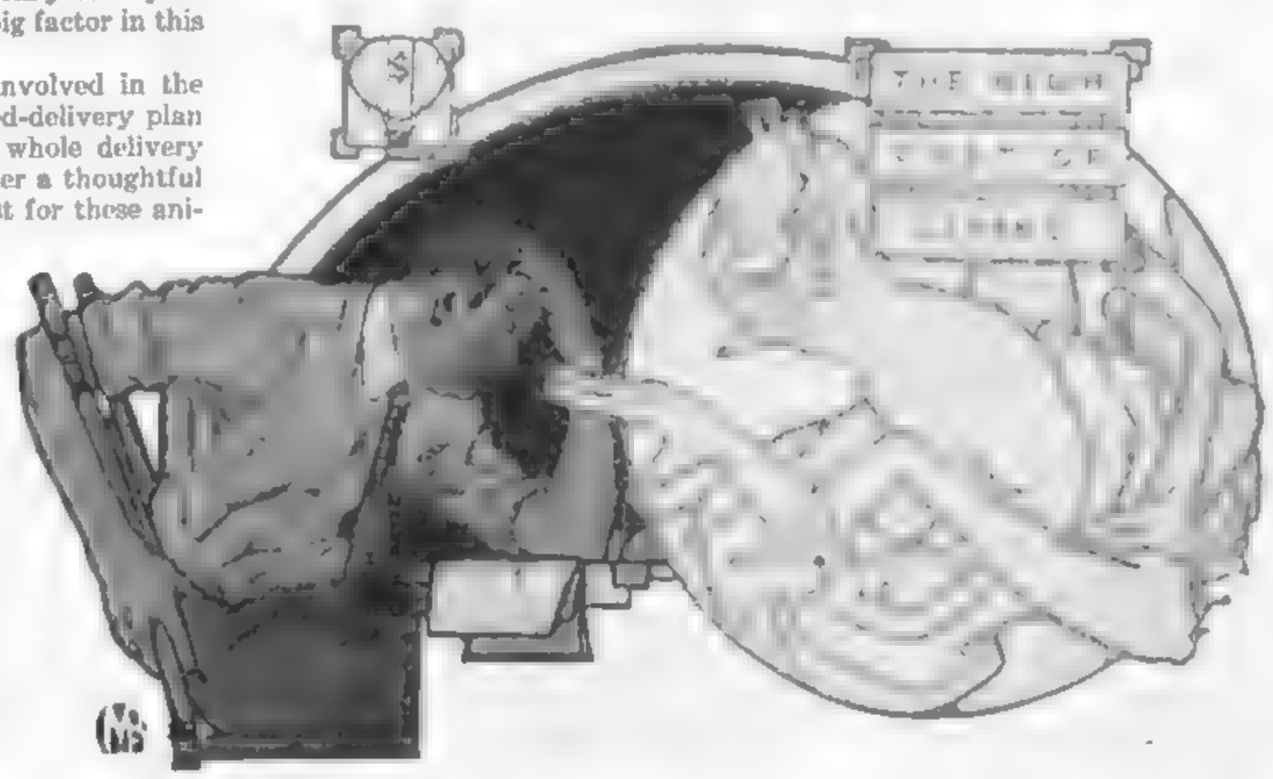
Another piece of foresight on the part of the directors of the delivery-service company was a keen realization of the importance of selecting a thoroughly competent manager, and one who was distinctly an outsider entirely unconnected with the business or family of any shareholder. This is another point to be kept persistently in mind by any merchants who may wish to attempt to put a similar service on its feet. Aside from the manager the employees consist of a bookkeeper and seventeen drivers.

Of the forty horses and mules acquired by the new delivery company twenty-two are now in service; and of the thirty-one wagons and nine trucks turned over to the company fourteen wagons and six trucks have been eliminated. When each merchant made his own deliveries thirty-seven men and boys were employed to do this work; to-day it is done by twenty-two—and done far more efficiently.

No little difficulty was encountered in reaching a decision as to the basis on which the service company should receive its support. Finally it was determined that the merchants should be charged four cents for each delivery; of this, half a cent was figured as going to the equipment fund.

At the start the attempt was made to give five deliveries daily—at seven-thirty, nine-fifteen and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and two-thirty and four o'clock in the afternoon. This was the schedule by which the wagons left the central station to pick up the merchandise at the various stores. It was soon found, however, that five deliveries a day were too many, and consequently only four are now made—eight-five and ten-ten in the morning and two-thirty and four-forty-five in the afternoon. This arrangement has been found to be far more practical from the viewpoint of the merchants and at least fairly satisfactory to the customers of the stores. One of the chief difficulties in the schedule of five daily deliveries was the fact that the routine was being constantly overturned by trouble with equipment. Again, it was open to at least two objections that prevailed under the old plan—those of overworking the delivery horses and, on particularly heavy days, of putting too much strain on the men and boys.

At first no small amount of trouble was encountered in changing the ordering habits of customers. Education in this direction, however, has gone forward at a better pace than many of the merchants expected. Some of them



feared that many of their best customers could never be brought to recognize the necessity of thinking in advance and of ordering in time to catch the particular delivery that would bring the goods to the house in time to serve the convenience of the household. Very lately a woman who was attending an afternoon tea soberly took a tiny piece of ribbon from a confection and tied it round her finger, remarking:

"That is to remind me to telephone my grocery order in time to catch the first delivery to-morrow morning. When I once get used to an orderly way of ordering I am sure I shall like it very much better; but it is certainly hard to change one's household habits"

Of all the shareholders in the delivery company only one appears to hold the belief that if the customers of the stores could vote on its continuance it would fail to receive a majority support. All his associates hold a contrary view and believe that in case of a referendum the new system would "carry strong." On the score of educating customers to conform to the routine and to pay roundly for any special privileges received, one storekeeper says:

"I am decidedly surprised at the way customers yield to the new requirements and seem to understand them. For example, one of my best customers lately called up for a loaf of bread she had forgotten to order, and asked to have it rushed out to her in a hurry. I explained that the last regular delivery had left and that if I sent it out to her I must do so as a special, which would involve a charge to her of ten cents for the delivery. She was entirely satisfied to have the bread sent and to pay the charge as a penalty for her forgetfulness and her failure to order in time. Do you think she would have received the suggestion that she should pay ten cents for the delivery of that loaf of bread under the old plan without taking offense? Not for a minute! She would have been angry through and through and probably have taken her trade elsewhere; but now she knows that her ten cents will go to the delivery company and not to me. In other words, she appreciates the fact that the delivery company is in the business of delivering groceries, just as I am in the business of selling groceries, and that if she demands a special piece of service from that company she must pay for it, just as she pays for the loaf of bread she buys."

Cash Savings to Local Merchants

THE merchants admit that there are still a few customers in the twin cities who are not so reasonable or so quick to adapt themselves to the new order of things as this woman. A few of them kick vigorously against the new delivery requirements; but their education is progressing firmly though slowly, and it is only a question of time when they will recognize, as do the others, that an orderly, systematic, dependable consolidated delivery is far more desirable than the old plan, which was involving a steady stream of waste and was irregular and undependable.

Any merchant in the twin cities may have his goods delivered at a cost of five cents a parcel instead of four cents, the rate charged the shareholders of the company. The volume of this delivery work for merchants in other lines is on the increase and promises to develop into an income of respectable proportions. Already an electrical shop, a bookstore, a furniture store and a fruit house are making increasing demands on this service, while all the dry-goods stores are observing the experiment with the keenest interest. There is little room for doubt that in time this delivery system will find itself serving almost every kind of retail business in the community. This expansion will undoubtedly be not only in the direction of taking in new lines but of making more extensive deliveries for the kinds of stores already served.

For example, the furniture store at the present time employs this delivery system only for the carrying of small pieces, and the ten-cent store requires the sale of a dollar's worth of goods to one customer in order to secure a delivery that shall be free to the patron.

Before the wagons were started out on their first trip for the new company they were painted uniformly and carried no advertisements. Lately, however, the manager came close to earning his salary for the entire year at a single stroke, for he sold the advertising privilege of the wagons to a dry-goods store for twelve hundred dollars. As this advertiser has no interests in the company, the stockholders are well satisfied with the transaction.

One proof of the feeling of permanence that has come to the merchants with regard to the new delivery system is the purchase of three new delivery wagons of large capacity and of the latest design. This is accepted as an indication that in the course of a comparatively short time all the old equipment will be scrapped and replaced with new, of a character intended to take care of increasing business without increasing the number of wagons or the number of deliveries. But the merchants have no hesitance in voicing their attitude toward the enterprise. One of them says:

"I figure that under the old system I delivered about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods a year at a cost of $6780 for the salaries and upkeep actually involved in making those deliveries. My equipment represented an investment of seven thousand dollars, and I also built a garage at a cost of a thousand dollars. You can figure for yourself the carrying charges on this investment."

"I confess that I was never able to deliver my goods according to schedule under the old plan. Something always happened to overturn the routine and throw the schedule out of commission. In short, my customers received their goods irregularly.

"Under the old plan my delivery expenses from March first to June twenty-first were fourteen hundred dollars, or an average of $14.57 a day. Since the organization of the company, from June twenty-first to December twentieth, under the new system, my delivery expense has been $1180, or a daily average of $5.51. Of course the delivery company is losing something like three hundred dollars a month at the present time; but my share of the deficit, if I ever have to pay it, will not be anything like what I am saving. In this connection it should be remembered that the delivery company is only learning how to work to an advantage, how to save time and expense, and how to bring in extra income from the outside.

"When the old plan of individual deliveries was in operation our leakage was a very considerable sum every month. For example, a boy would have an accident and break a basketful of eggs. Do you think he would report this? Well, not to speak of! He would simply sneak round after he returned, load up again with the required number of eggs, and deliver them. Nothing of this kind can happen under the check that is kept on merchandise by the delivery company, which is strictly accountable for every item it receives."

When plans for financing the new company were in a formative stage there was a little feeling perhaps, on the part of some of the smaller grocers and market men, that they should not be required to buy just as much stock as the big fellows. It is very interesting, in view of this, to see how the plan has worked out in actual practice with relation to the delivery costs of the one-horse grocers. One of these little merchants makes this statement:

"Do I want to go back to the old plan? Honestly, I don't see how I ever got along under it. Then I paid my delivery man twelve dollars a week and maintained a horse and kept a delivery wagon in repair. If you are at all acquainted with horses you know they can almost eat their heads off, especially when worked as hard as almost every delivery horse is made to work. If anybody can keep a delivery horse in good working condition at a feeding expense of less than three hundred dollars a year he is doing better than I can. Then there is an additional cost of not less than thirty dollars for shoeing the horse and blacksmith work on the wagon—to say nothing of interest and insurance on an investment of at least three hundred and fifty dollars. In other words, the wages of my delivery man, the feeding of the horse and the blacksmithing bill amounted to about $900 a year.

"How about the other side of the score? My delivery expense under the new plan never exceeds five dollars a week and does not average more than four dollars. At four dollars a week it would amount to $208 a year. The difference between $950 and $208 is $742. This sum on the right side of the ledger, in a little, single-barreled business like this, is a whole lot of money—and it looks mighty good to me! Talk about the high cost of delivery! I realize now that this was the thing that was pushing me hard and keeping me poor. When the new company began operation on the twenty-first of last June, and I said good-by to old Billy, I felt rather bad to see the horse go; but now I realize that it was one of the greatest things that ever happened to this little store. It has done more than any other one thing to put me squarely on my feet. Any little one-horse grocer who thinks that a consolidated delivery system, organized on anything like a reasonable basis, is going to be a fine thing for the big fellow but a bad thing for the little one—why, he just ought to throw up his hat for the plan and go in before they shut the gate."

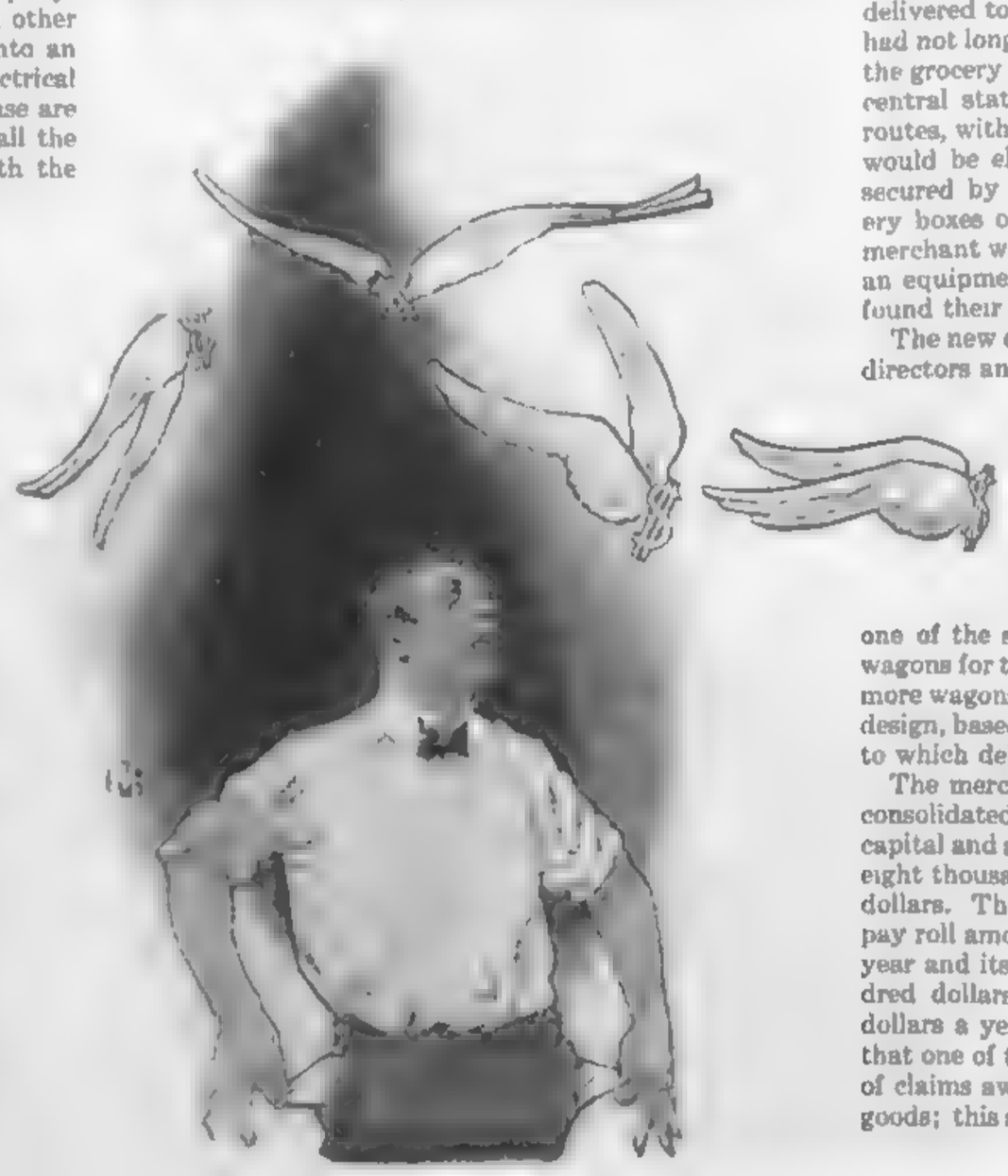
According to all the merchants, without regard to the size of their trade, the new plan is not only a big, direct economy but is also a time saver, a leak saver, a worry saver, and a constant stimulus to a more orderly and systematic method of work in every respect. A little idea of the efficiency of the service under the present conditions—which is working with fifteen fewer men and boys, eighteen fewer draft animals and twenty fewer wagons—may be had from the record of the day preceding Christmas, on which the system delivered three thousand separate orders. Eighteen hundred is an average day's delivery.

Scientific Method Applied to Deliveries

ALL admit that one of the greatest advantages of the new system is the fact that it has at its head a specialist who is devoting his entire time and energy enthusiastically to the problems of improving delivery service; whereas under the old practice little or no constructive thought was given to this branch of the business, though it levied a toll of constant and irritating demand on every storekeeper. Certainly not a single merchant in the whole list of shareholders in the delivery enterprise is willing to confess that he ever tackled the subject of deliveries with enthusiasm, his attitude being one of resistance and evasion whenever his attention was claimed by delivery troubles. He thought of deliveries only in terms of trouble.

With the manager of the system this situation is entirely reversed. His main job is to smooth the wrinkles out of delivery service and to standardize and improve the work in every particular possible. On the score of standardizing, for example, this extends not only to methods of handling the work but also to the tools with which the deliveries are handled. In the beginning also any old box that could be put into a wagon was considered entirely suitable for the purpose of grouping the articles to be delivered to the various customers; but the new manager had not long studied the work of collecting the packages at the grocery stores and meat markets, carrying them to the central station, and there re-sorting them according to routes, without realizing that an immense amount of work would be eliminated and a large margin of convenience secured by the use of light, strong and collapsible delivery boxes of standard size, each bearing the name of the merchant whose goods it contained. Consequently he had an equipment of wire-sewed folding boxes made and has found their use decidedly economical.

The new delivery wagons are typical of the efforts of the directors and the manager to improve the service. These wagons open on the side instead of at the rear, and have many special features evolved from a thoughtful study and long experience in the delivery of foodstuffs. For example, with these new wagons there is no danger whatever that any foods will become tainted with kerosene or coal oil, as separate and tight compartments are provided for oil cans. This is only one of the special features provided in the new delivery wagons for the carrying of articles to the customers. When more wagons are ordered there will be still other changes in design, based on a further consideration of the refinements to which delivery service may be carried.



The merchants of Ann Arbor, Michigan, started their consolidated delivery system in 1907, with meager cash capital and a burden of debt. Its central station cost nearly eight thousand dollars and its two lots sixty-four hundred dollars. These are now paid for and free from debt. Its pay roll amounts to more than thirteen thousand dollars a year and its annual feeding bill is about twenty-five hundred dollars, while it pays out more than six hundred dollars a year for horseshoeing. It is interesting to note that one of the smallest items in the annual budget is that of claims awarded on account of broken, damaged or lost goods; this amounts to about a hundred and twenty dollars

(Concluded on Page 38)

My Country Tish of Thee —

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

II

IT WILL be unnecessary to remind those familiar with Glacier Park of the trail which hugs the mountain above timber line, and extends toward the pass for a mile or so, in a long semicircle which curves inward.

At the end it turns to the right and mounts to an acre or so of level ground, with snow and rocks but no vegetation. This is the Piegan Pass. Behind it is the Garden Wall, that stupendous mass of granite rising to incredible heights. On the other side the trail drops abruptly, by means of stepladders which I have explained.

Tish now told us of her plan.

"The unfortunate part is," she said, "that the Ostermaiers will not see us. I tried to arrange it so they could, but it was impossible. We must content ourselves with the knowledge of a good deed done."

Her plan, in brief, was this: The sham attacking party was to turn and ride away down the far side of the pass, up which the Ostermaiers had come. They were, according to the young man, to take the girl with them, with the idea of holding her for ransom. She was to escape, however, while they were lunching in some secluded fastness, and, riding back to the pass, was to meet there a rescue party, which the Ostermaiers were to meet on the way down to Gunsight Chalet.

Tish's idea was this: We would ride up while they were lunching, pretend to think them real bandits, paying no attention to them if they fired at us, as we knew they had only blank cartridges, and, having taken them prisoners, to make them walk in ignominy to the nearest camp, some miles farther.

"Then," said Tish, "either they will confess the ruse, and the country will ring with laughter, or they will have to submit to arrest and much unpleasantness. It will be a severe lesson."

We reached the pass safely, and on the way down the other side we passed Mr. Oliver, the moving-picture man, with his outfit on a horse. He touched his hat politely and moved out on a ledge to let us by.

"Mind if I take you as you go down the mountain?" he called. "It's a bully place for a picture." He stared at Aggie, who was muffled in a cape and had the dish towel round her head. "I'd particularly like to get your Arab," he said. "The Far East and the Far West, you know."

Aggie gave him a furious glance.

"Arab nothing!" she snapped. "If you can't tell a Christian lady from a heathen, on account of her having lost her hat, then you belong in the dirty work you're doing."

"Aggie, be quiet!" Tish said in an awful voice.

But wrath had made Aggie reckless.

"'Dirty work' was what I said," she repeated, staring at the young man.

"I beg your pardon. I'm sure I ——"

"Don't think," Aggie went on, to Tish's fury, "that we don't know a few things. We do."

"I see," he said slowly. "All right. Although I'd like to know ——"

"Good morning," said Aggie, and kicked her horse to go on.

I shall never forget Tish's face. Round the next bend she got off her horse and confronted Aggie.

"The older I get, Aggie Pilkington," she said, "the more I realize that to take you anywhere means ruin. We are done now. All our labor is for nothing. There will be no holdup, no nothing. They are scared off."

"Careful, Boys!" He Yelled. "They've Got the Drop on Us"

But Aggie was still angry.

"Just let someone take you for a lousy Bedouin, Tish," she said, "and see what you would do. I'm not sorry anyhow. I never did like the idea."

But Tish dislikes relinquishing an idea, once it has taken hold. And, although she did not speak to Aggie again for the next hour, she went ahead with her preparations.

"There's still a chance, Lizzie," she said. "It's not likely they'll give up easy, on account of hiring the Indians and everything."

About a mile and a half down the trail she picked out a place to hide. This time there was a cave. We cleared our saddles for action, as Tish proposed to let them escape past us with the girl, and then to follow them rapidly, stealing upon them if possible while they were at luncheon, and covering them with the one real revolver and the three wooden ones.

The only thing that bothered us was Bill's attitude. He kept laughing to himself and muttering, and when he was storing things in the cave Tish took me aside.

"I don't like his attitude, Lizzie," she said. "He's likely to giggle or do something silly, just at the crucial moment. I cannot understand why he thinks it is funny, but he does. We'd be much better without him."

"You'd better talk to him, Tish," I said. "You can't get rid of him now."

But to tell Tish she cannot do a thing is to determine her to do it.

It was still early, only half past eight, when she came to me with an eager face.

"I've got it, Lizzie," she said. "I'll send off Mona Lisa, and he will have to search for her. The only thing is, she won't move unless she's driven. If we could only find a hornet's nest again, we could manage. It may be cruel, but I understand that a hornet's sting is not as painful to a horse as to a human being."

Mona Lisa, I must explain, was the pack horse. Tish had changed her name from Jane to Mona Lisa because in the mornings she was constantly missing, and having to be looked for.

Tish disappeared for a time, and we settled down to our long wait. Bill put another coat of stove polish on the weapons, and broke now and then into silent laughter. On my giving him a haughty glance, however, he became sober and rubbed with redoubled vigor.

In a half hour, however, I saw Tish beckoning to me from a distance, and I went to her. I soon saw that she was holding her handkerchief to one cheek, but when I mentioned the fact she ignored me.

"I have found a nest, Lizzie," she cried. "Slip over and unfasten Mona Lisa. She's not near the other horses, which is fortunate."

I then perceived that Tish's yellow slicker was behind her on the ground and tied into a bundle, from which emerged a dull roaring. I was wondering how Tish expected to open it, when she settled the question by asking me to cut a piece from the mosquito netting which we put in the doorway of the tent at night, and to bring her riding gloves.

Aggie was darning a hole in the tablecloth when I went back and Bill was still engaged with the weapons. Having taken what she required to Tish, under pretense of giving Mona Lisa a lump of sugar I untied her. What followed was exactly as Tish had planned. Mona Lisa, not realizing her freedom, stood still while Tish untied the slicker and freed its furious inmates. She then dropped the whole thing under the unfortunate animal, and retreated, not too rapidly, for fear of drawing Bill's attention. For possibly sixty seconds nothing happened, except that Mona Lisa raised her head and appeared to listen. Then, with a loud scream, she threw up her head and bolted. By the time Bill had put down the stove brush she was out of sight among the trees, but we could hear her leaping and scrambling through the wood.

"Jumping cats!" said Bill, and ran for his horse. "Acts as though she'd started for the Coast!" he yelled to me, and flung after her.

When he had disappeared Tish came out of the woods, and, getting a kettle of boiling water, poured it over the nest. In spite of the netting, however, she was stung again, on the back of the neck, and spent the rest of the morning holding wet mud to the affected parts.

Her brain, however, was as active as ever, and by half past eleven, mounting a bowlder, she announced that she could see the Ostermaier party far down the trail, and that in an hour they would probably be at the top. She had her field glasses, and she said that Mrs. Ostermaier was pointing up to the pass and shaking her head, and that the others were arguing with her.

"It would be just like the woman," Tish said bitterly, "to refuse to come any farther and spoil everything."

But a little later she announced that the guide was leading Mrs. Ostermaier's horse and that they were coming on.

We immediately retreated to the cave and waited, it being Tish's intention to allow them to reach the pass without suspecting our presence, and only to cut off the pseudo-bandits in their retreat, as I have explained.

It was well that we had concealed the horses also, for the party stopped near the cave, and Mrs. Ostermaier was weeping. "Not a step farther!" she said. "I have a family to consider, and Mr. Ostermaier is a man of wide usefulness and cannot be spared."

We did not dare to look out, but we heard the young lady speaking, and as Aggie remarked later, no one would have thought, from the sweetness of her voice, that she was a creature of duplicity.

"But it is perfectly safe, dear Mrs. Ostermaier," she said. "And think, when you go home, of being able to say that you have climbed a mountain pass."

It Required Ten Minutes of Hard Labor on the Part of Both Tish and Aggie to Release Me From the Mud

"Pass!" sniffed Mrs. Ostermaier. "Pass nothing! I don't call a wall a mile high a pass."

"Think," said the girl, "of being able to crow over those three old women who are always boasting of the things they do. Probably you are right, and they never do them at all, but you—there's a moving-picture man waiting, remember, and you can show the picture before the Dorcas Society. No one can ever doubt that you have done a courageous thing. You'll have the proof."

"George," said Mrs. Ostermaier in a small voice, "if anything happens, I have told you how I want my things divided."

"Little devil!" whispered Aggie, referring to the girl. "If that young man knows when he is well off he'll let her go."

But beyond rebuking her for the epithet Tish made no comment, and the party moved on. We lost them for a time among the trees, but when they moved out above timber line we were able to watch them, and we saw that Mrs. Ostermaier got off her horse, about halfway up, and climbed slowly on foot. Tish, who had the glasses, said that she looked purple and angry, and that she distinctly saw the guide give her something to drink out of a bottle. It might, however, have been vichy or some similar innocent beverage, and I believe in giving her the benefit of the doubt.

When at last they vanished over the edge of the pass we led out our horses and prepared for what was to come. Bill had not returned, and, indeed, we did not see him until the evening of the second day after that, when, worn but triumphant, we emerged from the trail at the Many Glaciers Hotel. That, however, comes later in this narrative.

With everything prepared, Tish judged it best to have luncheon. I made a few mayonnaise-and-lettuce sandwiches, beating the mayonnaise in the cool recesses of the cave, and we drank some iced tea, to which Aggie had thoughtfully added sliced lemon and a quantity of ginger ale. Feeling much refreshed, we grasped our weapons and waited.

At half past twelve we heard a loud shriek on the pass, far overhead, followed almost immediately by a fusillade of shots. Then a silence, followed by more shots. Then a solitary horseman rode over the edge of the pass and, spurring his horse, rode recklessly down the precipitous trail. Aggie exclaimed that it was Mr. Ostermaier, basely deserting his wife in her apparent hour of need. But Tish, who had the glasses, reported finally that it was the moving-picture man.

We were greatly surprised, as it had not occurred to us that this would be a part of the program.

As he descended Tish announced that there must be another photographer on top, as he was "registering" signs of terror—a moving-picture expression which she had acquired from Charlie Sands—and looking back frequently over his shoulder.

We waited until he reached timber line, and then withdrew to a group of trees. It was not our intention to allow him to see us and spoil everything. But when he came near, through the woods, and his horse continued at unabated speed, Tish decided that the animal, frightened by the shots, was running away.

She therefore placed herself across the trail to check its headlong speed, but the animal merely rushed round her. Mr. Oliver yelled something at us, which we were, however, unable to hear, and kept madly on.

Almost immediately four men, firing back over their shoulders, rode into sight at the pass and came swiftly down toward us.

"Where's the girl?" Tish cried with her glasses to her eyes. "The idiots have got excited and have forgotten to steal her."

That was plainly what had happened, but she was determined to be stolen anyhow, for the next moment she rode into view, furiously following the bandits.

"She's kept her head anyhow," Tish observed with satisfaction. "Trust a lot of men to go crazy and do the wrong thing. But they'll have to change the story and make her follow them."

At timber line the men seemed to realize that she was behind them, and they turned and looked up. They seemed to be at a loss to know what to do, in view of the picture. But they were quick thinkers, too, we decided. Right then and there they took her prisoner, surrounding her.

She made a desperate resistance, even crying out, as we could plainly see. But Tish was irritated. She said she could not see how the story would hold now. Either the girl should have captured them, they being out of ammunition, or the whole thing should have been done again, according to the original plan. However, as she said, it was not our affair. Our business was to teach them a lesson not to impose on unsuspecting tourists, for although not fond of Mrs. Ostermaier, we had been members of Mr. Ostermaier's church, and liked him, although his sermons were shorter than Tish entirely approved of.

We withdrew again to seclusion until they had passed, and Tish gave them ten minutes to get well ahead. Then we rode out.

Tish's face was stern as she led off. The shriek of Mrs. Ostermaier was still, as she said in a low tone, ringing in her ears. But before we had gone very far Tish stopped and got off her horse. "We've got to pad the horses' feet," she said. "How can we creep up on them when on every stony place we sound like an artillery engagement?"

Here was a difficulty we had not anticipated. But Tish overcame it with her customary resource, by taking the blanket from under her saddle and cutting it into pieces with her scissors, which always accompany her. We then cut the leather straps from our saddles at her direction, and each of us went to work. Aggie, however, protested.

"I never expected," she said querulously, "to be sitting on the Rocky Mountains under a horse, tying a piece of bed quilt on his feet. I wouldn't mind," she added, "if the creature liked me. But the way he feels toward me he's likely to haul off and murder me at any moment."

However, it was done at last, and it made a great change. We moved along silently, and all went well except that, having neglected to draw the cinch tight, and the horse's back being slippery without the padding, my saddle turned unexpectedly, throwing me off into the trail. I bruised my arm badly, but Tish only gave me a glance of scorn and went on.

Being above carelessness herself, she very justly resents it in others.

We had expected, with reason, that the so-called highwaymen, having retreated to a certain distance, would there pause and very possibly lunch before returning. It was, therefore, a matter of surprise to find that they had kept on.

Moreover, they seemed to have advanced rapidly, and Tish, who had read a book on signs of the trail, examined the hoofprints of their horses in a soft place beside a stream, and reported that they had been going at a lope.

"Now remember," she said as she prepared to mount again, "to all intents and purposes these are real bandits and to be treated accordingly. Our motto is 'No quarter.' I shall be harsh, and I expect no protest from either of you. They deserve everything they get."

But when, after another mile or two, we came to a side trail, leading, by Tish's map, not to Many Glaciers but up a ravine to another pass, and Tish saw that they had taken that direction, we were puzzled.

But not for long.

"I understand now," she said. "It is all clear. The photographer was riding ahead to get them up this valley somewhere. They've probably got a rendezvous all ready, with another camera in place. I must say," she observed, "that they are doing it thoroughly."

We rode for two hours, and no sign of them. The stove polish had come off the handles of our revolvers by that time, and Aggie, having rubbed her face ever and anon to remove perspiration, presented under her turban a villainous and ferocious expression quite at variance with her customary mildness.

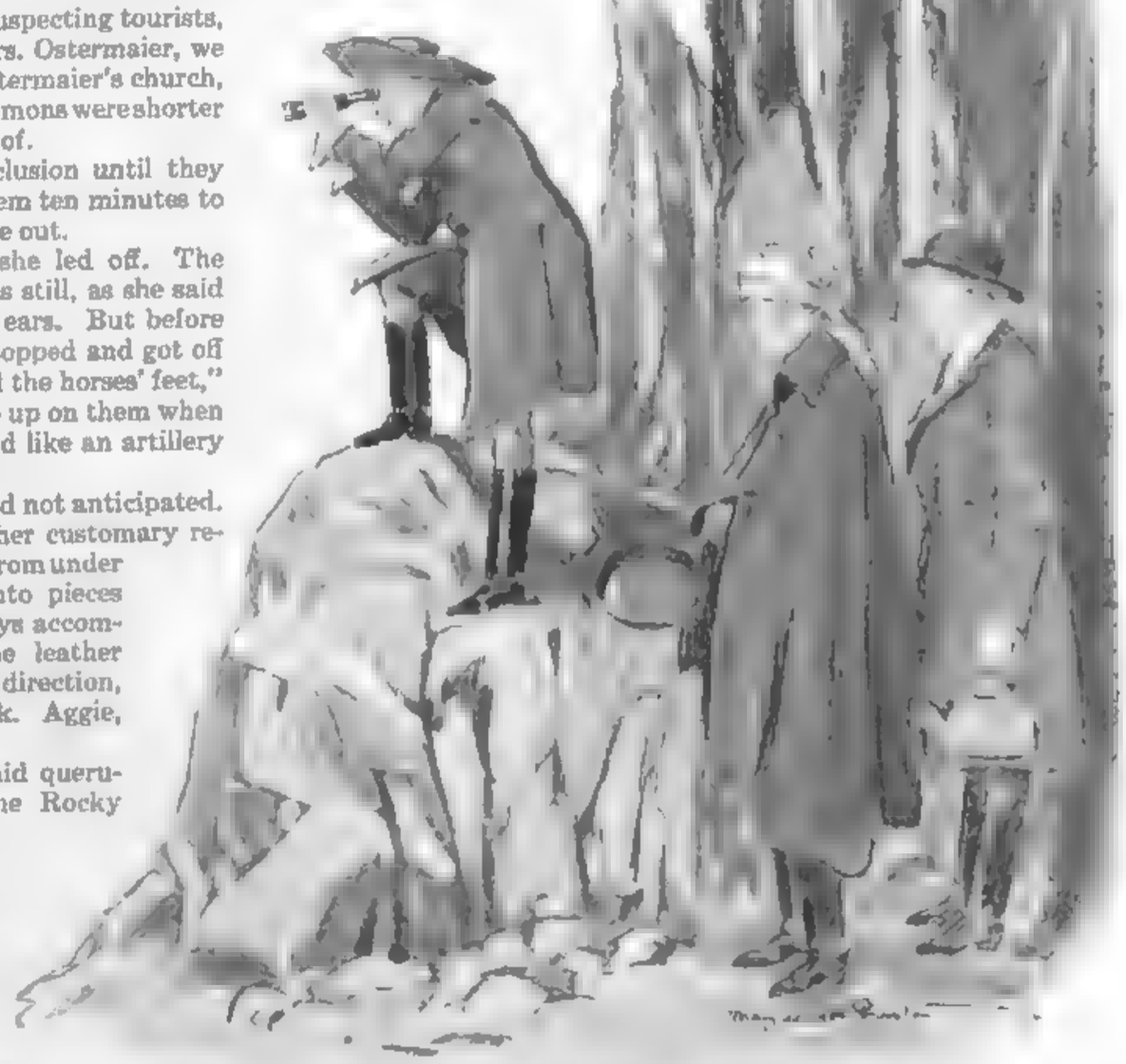
I urged her to stop and wash, but Tish, after a glance, said to keep on.

"Your looking like that's a distinct advantage, Aggie," she said. "Like as not they'll throw up their hands the minute they see you. I know I should. You'd better ride first when we get near."

"Like as not they'll put a hole in me," Aggie objected. "And as to riding first, I will not. This is your doing, Tish Carberry, and as for their having blank cartridges—how do we know someone hasn't made a mistake and got a real one?"

Tish reflected on that.

"It's a possibility," she agreed. "If we find that they're going to spend the night out, it might be better to wait until they've taken off all the hardware they're hung with."



"It Would be Just Like the Woman," Tish Said Bitterly, "to Refuse to Come Any Farther and Spoil Everything"

But we did not come up with them. We kept on finding traces of the party in marshy spots, and once Tish hopped off her horse and picked up a small handkerchief with a colored border and held it up to us.

"It's hers," she said. "Anybody would know she is the sort to use colored borders. They're ahead somewhere."

But it seemed strange that they would go so far, and I said so.

"We're far enough off the main trail, Tish," I said. "And it's getting wilder every minute. There's nothing I can see to prevent a mountain lion dropping on us most any time."

"Not if it gets a good look at Aggie!" was Tish's grim response.

It began to grow dark in the valley, and things seemed to move on either side of the trail. Aggie called out once that we had just passed a grizzly bear, but Tish never faltered. The region grew more and more wild. The trail was broken with mudholes and crossed by fallen logs. With a superb disdain Tish rode across all obstacles, not even glancing at them. But Aggie and I got off at the worst places and led our horses. At one mudhole I was unfortunate enough to stumble. A horse with a particle of affection for a woman who had ridden it and cared for it for several days would have paused.

Not so my animal. With a heartlessness at which I still shudder the creature used me as a bridge, and stepped across, dryfoot, on my back. Owing to his padded feet and to the depth of the mud—some eight feet, I believe—I was uninjured. But it required ten minutes of hard labor on the part of both Tish and Aggie to release me from the mud, from which I was finally raised with a low, hissing sound.

"Park!" said Aggie as she scraped my obliterated features with a small branch. "Park indeed! It's a howling wilderness. I'm fond of my native land," she went on, digging out my nostrils, so I could breathe, "but I don't calculate to eat it. As for that unfeeling beast of yours, Lizzie, I've never known a horse to show such selfishness. Never."

Well, we went on at last, but I was not so enthusiastic about teaching people lessons as I had been. It seemed to me that we might have kept on along the trail and had a mighty good time, getting more and more nimble and stopping now and then to bake a pie and have a decent meal, and putting up our hair in crimps at night, without worrying about other folks' affairs.

Late in the afternoon of that day, when so far as I could see Tish was lost, and not even her gathering a bunch of wild flowers while the horses rested could fool me, I voiced my complaint.

"Let me look at the map, Tish," I suggested. "I'm pretty good at maps. You know how I am at charades and acrostics. At the church supper ——"

"Nonsense, Lizzie," she returned. "You couldn't make head or tail of this map. It's my belief that the man who made it had never been here. Either that or there has been an earthquake since. But," she went on, more cheerfully, "if we are lost, so are the others."

"If we even had Bill along!"

"Bill!" Tish said scornfully. "It's my belief Bill is in the whole business, and that if we hadn't got rid of him we'd have been the next advertising dodge. As far as that goes," she said thoughtfully, "it wouldn't surprise me a particle to find that we've been taken, without our knowing it, most any time. Your horse just now, walking across that bridge of size, for one thing."

Tish seldom makes a pun, which she herself has said is the lowest form of humor. The dig at my figure was unkind, also, and unworthy of her. I turned and left her.

At last, well on in the evening, I saw Tish draw up her horse and point ahead.

"The miscreants!" she said.

True enough, up a narrow side cañon we could see a camp fire. It was a small one, and only noticeable from one point. But Tish's keen eye had seen it. She sat on her horse and gazed toward it.

"What a shameful thing it is," she said, "to prostitute the beauties of this magnificent region to such a purpose. To make of these beetling crags a joke! To invade these vast gorges with the spirit of commercialism and to bring a pack of movie actors to desecrate the virgin silence with ribald jests and laughter! Lizzie, I wish you wouldn't wheeze!"

"You would wheeze, too, Tish Carberry," I retorted, justly indignant, "if a horse had just pressed your spinal column into your breast bone. Goodness knows," I said, "where my lungs are. I've missed them ever since my fall."

However, she was engrossed with larger matters, and ignored my petulance. She is a large-natured woman and above pettiness.

We made our way slowly up the cañon. The movie outfit was securely camped under an overhanging rock, as we could now see. At one point their position commanded the trail, which was hardly more than a track through the wilderness, and before we reached this point we dismounted and Tish surveyed the camp through her glasses.

"We'd better wait until dark," Tish said. "Owing to the padding they have not heard us, but it looks to me as if one of them is on a rock, watching."

It seemed rather strange to me that they were keeping a lookout, but Tish only shrugged her shoulders.

"If I know anything of that red-headed Oliver man," she said, "he hates to let a camera rest. Like as not he's got it set up among the trees somewhere, taking flashlights of wild animals. It's rather a pity," she said, turning and surveying Aggie and myself, "that he cannot get you two. If you happen to see anything edible lying on the ground, you'd better not pick it up. It's probably attached to the string that sets off the flash."

We led our horses into the woods, which were very thick at that point, and tied them. My beast, however, lay down and rolled, saddle and all, thus breaking my mirror—a most unlucky omen—and the bottle of olive oil which we had brought along for mayonnaise dressing. Tish is fond of mayonnaise, and, besides, considers olive oil most strengthening. However, it was gone, and although Aggie comforted me by suggesting that her boiled salad dressing is quite tasty, I was disconsolate.

It was by that time seven o'clock and almost dark. We held a conference. Tish was of the opinion that we should first lead off their horses, if possible.

"I intend," she said severely, "to make escape impossible. If they fire, when taken by surprise, remember that they have only blank cartridges. I must say," she added with a confession of unusual weakness, "that I am glad the Indians escaped the other way. I would hardly know what to do with Indians, even quite tame ones. While I know a few letters of the deaf-and-dumb language, which I believe all tribes use in common, I fear that in a moment of excitement I would forget what I know."

The next step, she asserted, was to secure their weapons.

"After all," she said, "the darkness is in our favor. I intend to fire once, to show them that we are armed and dangerous. And if you two will point the guns Bill made, they cannot possibly tell that they are not real."

"But we will know it," Aggie quavered. Now that the quarry was in sight she was more and more nervous, sneezing at short intervals in spite of her menthol inhaler. "I am sorry, Tish, but I cannot feel the same about that wooden revolver as I would about a real one. And even when I try to forget that it is only wood the carving reminds me."

But Tish silenced her with a glance. She had strangely altered in the last few minutes. All traces of fatigue had gone, and when she struck a match and consulted her watch I saw in her face that high resolve, that stern and matchless courage, which I so often have tried to emulate and failed.

"Seven o'clock," she announced. "We will dine first. There is nothing like food to restore failing spirits."

But we had nothing except our sandwiches, and Tish suggested snaring some of the stupid squirrels with which the region abounded.

"Aggie needs broth," she said decidedly. "We have sandwiches, but Aggie is frail and must be looked to."

Aggie was pathetically grateful, although sorry for the squirrels, which were pretty and quite tame. But Tish was firm in her kindly intent, and proceeded at once to set a rabbit snare, a trick she had learned in the Maine woods. Having done this, and built a small fire, well hidden, we sat down to wait.

In a short time we heard terrible human cries proceeding from the snare, and, hurrying thither, found in it a young mountain lion. It looked dangerous, and was biting in every direction. I admit that I was prepared to leave in haste, but not so Tish. She fetched her umbrella, without which she never travels, and while the animal set its jaws in it—a painful necessity, as it was her best umbrella—Tish hit it on the head—not the umbrella, but the lion—with a large stone.

Tish's satisfaction was unbounded. She stated that the flesh of the mountain lion was much like veal, and so indeed it proved. We made a nourishing soup of it, with potatoes and a can of macédoine vegetables, and within an hour and a half we had dined luxuriously, adding to our repast what remained of the sandwiches, and a tinned plum pudding of English make, very nutritious and delicious.

For twenty minutes after the meal we all stood. Tish insists on this, as aiding digestion. Then we prepared for the night's work.

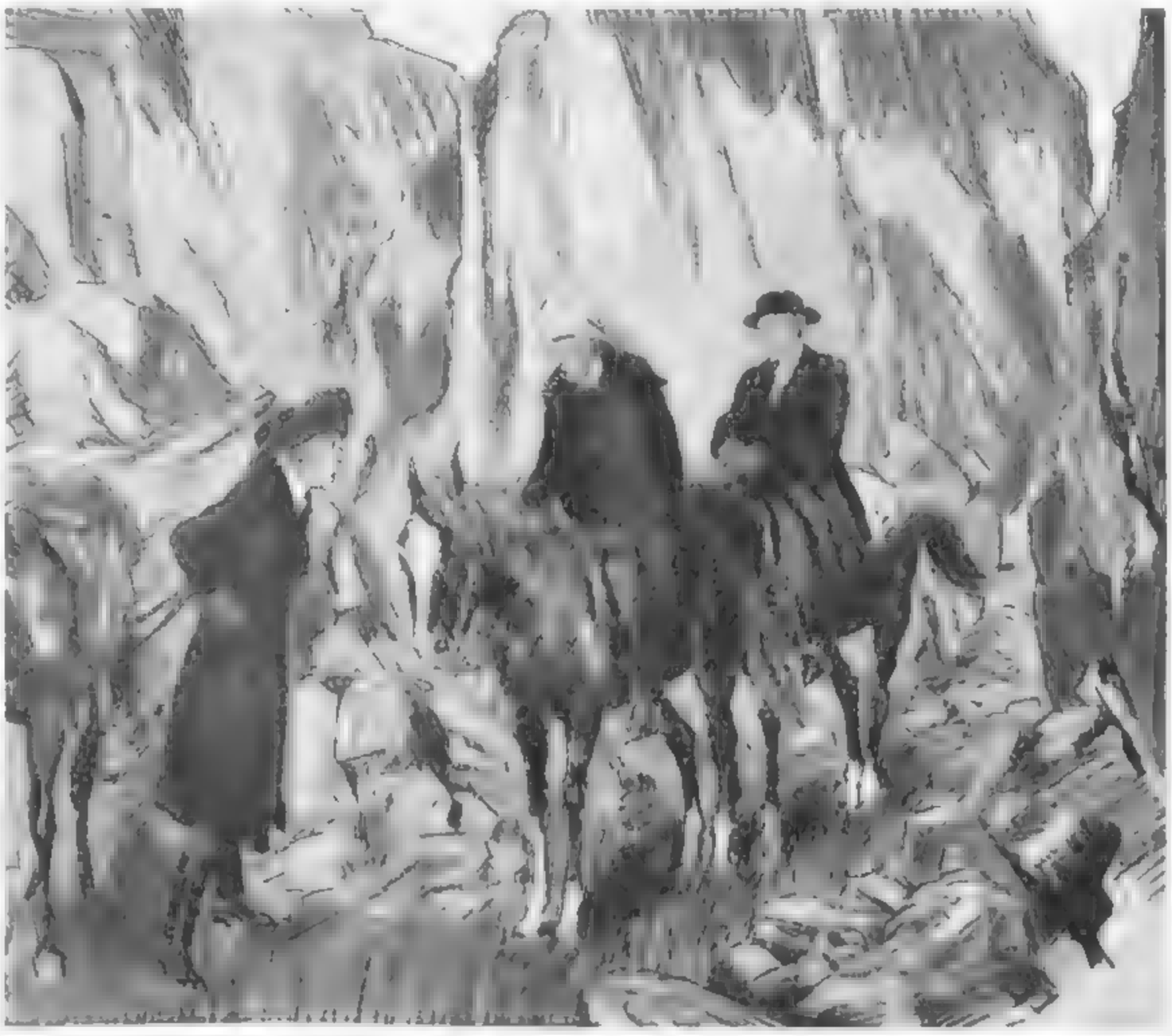
I believe that our conduct requires no defense. But it may be well again to explain our position. These people, whose camp fire glowed so brazenly against the opposite cliff, had for purely mercenary motives committed a cruel hoax. They had posed as bandits, and as bandits they deserved to be treated. They had held up our own clergyman, of a nervous temperament, on a mountain pass, and had taken from him a part of his stipend. It was heartless. It was barbarous. It was cruel.

My own courage came back with the hot food, which I followed by a charcoal tablet. And the difference in Aggie was marked. Possibly some of the courage of the mountain lion, that bravest of wild creatures, had communicated itself to her through the homely medicine of digestion.

"I can hardly wait to get after them," she said.

However, it was still too early for them to have settled for the night. We sat down, having extinguished our fire, and I was just dozing off when Tish remembered the young man who was to have listened for the police whistle.

"I absolutely forgot him," she said regretfully. "I suppose he is hanging round the foot of Piegan Pass yet. I'm sorry to have him miss this. I shall tell him, when I see him, that no girl worth having would be sitting over there at supper with four moving-picture actors without a chaperon. The whole proceeding is scandalous. I have noticed,"



"The Older I Get, Aggie Pilkington, the More I Realize That to Take You Anywhere Means Ruin"

she added, "that it is the girls from quiet suburban towns who are really most prone to defy the conventions when the chance comes."

We dozed for a short time. Then Tish sat up suddenly.

"What's that?" she said.

We listened and distinctly heard the tramp of horses' feet. We started up, but Tish was quite calm.

"They've turned their horses out," she said. "Fortune is with us. They are coming this way."

But at first it did not seem so fortunate, for we heard one of the men following them, stumbling along, and, I regret to say, using profane language. They came directly toward us, and Aggie beside me trembled. But Tish was equal to the emergency.

She drew us behind a large rock, where, spreading out a raincoat to protect us from the dampness, we sat down and waited.

When one of the animals loomed up close to the rock Aggie gave a low cry, but Tish covered her mouth fiercely with an ungentle hand.

"Be still!" she hissed.

It was now perfectly dark, and the man with the horses was not far off. We could not see him, but at last he came near enough so that we could see the flare of a match when he lighted a cigarette. I put my hand on Aggie, and she was shaking with nervousness.

"I am sure I am going to sneeze, Lizzie," she gasped.

And sneeze she did. She muffled it considerably, however, and we were not discovered. But Tish, I knew, was silently raging.

The horses came nearer.

One of them, indeed, came quite close, and took a nip at the toe of my riding boot. I kicked at it sharply, however, and it moved away.

The man had gone on. We watched the light of his cigarette, and thus, as he now and then turned his head, knew where he was. It was now that I felt, rather than heard, that Tish was crawling out from the shelter of the rock. At the same time we heard, by the crunching of branches, that the man had sat down near at hand.

Tish's progress was slow but sure. For a half hour we sat there. Then she returned, still crawling, and on putting out my hand I discovered that she had secured the lasso from her saddle and had brought it back. How true had been her instinct when she practiced its use! How my own words, that it was all foolishness, came back and whispered lessons of humility in my ear!

At this moment a deep, resonant sound came from the tree where the movie actor sat. At the same moment a small creature dropped into my lap from somewhere above, and ran up my sleeve. I made frantic although necessarily silent efforts to dislodge it, and it bit me severely.

The necessity for silence taxed all my strength, but managing finally to secure it by the tail, I forcibly withdrew it and flung it away. Unluckily it struck Aggie in the left eye and inflicted a painful bruise.

Tish had risen to her feet and was standing, a silent and menacing figure, while this event transpired. The movements of the horses as they grazed, the soft breeze blowing through the pines, were the only sounds. Now she took a step forward.

"He's asleep!" she whispered. "Aggie, sit still and watch the horses. Lizzie, come with me."

As I advanced to her she thrust her revolver into my hand.

"When I give the word," she said in a whisper, "hold it against his neck. But keep your finger off the trigger. It's loaded."

We advanced slowly, halting now and then to listen. Although brush crackled under our feet, the grazing horses were making a similar disturbance, and the man slept on. Soon we could see him clearly, sitting back against a tree, his head dropped forward on his breast. Tish surveyed the scene with her keen and appraising eye, and raised the lasso.

The first result was not good. The loaded end struck a branch, and, being deflected, the thing wrapped itself perhaps a dozen times round my neck. Tish, being unconscious of what had happened, drew it up with a jerk, and I stood helpless and slowly strangling. At last, however, she realized the difficulty and released me. I was unable to breathe comfortably for some time, and my tongue felt swollen for several hours.

Through all of this the movie actor had slept soundly. At the second effort Tish succeeded in lassoing him without difficulty. We had feared a loud outcry before we could get to him, but owing to Tish's swiftness in tightening the rope he was able to make, at first, only a low, gurgling sound. I had advanced to him, and was under the impression that I was holding the revolver to his neck. On discovering, however, that I was pressing it to the trunk of the tree, to which he was now secured by the lariat, I corrected the error and held it against his ear.

He was now wide awake and struggling violently. Then, I regret to say, he broke out into such language as I have never heard before. At Tish's request I suppress his oaths, and substitute for them harmless expressions in common use.

"Good gracious!" he said. "What in the world are you doing anyhow? Jimminy crickets, take that thing away from my neck! Great Scott and land alive, I haven't done anything! My word, that gun will go off if you aren't careful!"

I am aware that much of the strength of what he said is lost in this free translation. But it is impossible to repeat his real language.

"Don't move," Tish said, "and don't call out. A sound, and a bullet goes crashing through your brain."

"A woman!" he said in most unflattering amazement. "Great Jehoshaphat, a woman!"

This again is only a translation of what he said.

"Exactly," Tish observed calmly. She had cut the end off the lasso with her scissors, and was now tying his feet together with it. "My friend, we know the whole story, and I am ashamed, ashamed," she said oratorically, "of your sex! To frighten a harmless and well-meaning preacher and his wife for the purpose of publicity is not a joke. Such hoaxes are criminal. If you must have publicity, why not seek it in some other way?"

(Continued on Page 43)

IRELAND UBER ALLES

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

He Took Careful Aim at the First Assistant, Who Died in His Tracks

XIII

TERENCE REARDON'S preparations for the night's work began the instant he hung up the speaking tube. The Narcissus carried three assistant engineers, in consequence of which Mr. Reardon was not required to stand a watch unless he so elected; although from force of habit acquired in the days when he had been chief of the Arab—a little three-thousand-ton tramp—and perforce had to stand a regular watch, he found it very difficult not to spend at least eight hours in every twenty-four in the engine room. When, eventually, he came to a realization that his job was not to make the engines behave but to see that they behaved properly, he spent more of his time on deck, and put in only a few hours below during the watch of the third assistant engineer—the third assistant being a young man in whom the chief reposed exactly that degree of confidence a chief engineer should always repose in a third assistant. Mr. Reardon, therefore, was at liberty to leave the engine room whenever he felt so disposed; and following his illuminating conversation with the captain he felt very much disposed to leave immediately.

He went first to his stateroom, where he bathed, changed into new underclothes and socks, donned a freshly laundered suit of faded dungarees—old, faded, well-washed dungarees, by the way, always appearing neater and cleaner than new ones—and shaved; for if Providence willed it that he should die to-night, Mr. Reardon was resolved to be in such a highly sanitary condition that those upon whom devolved the melancholy duty of laying him out—which phrase, in the Hibernian sense, means those who should dispose his limbs, close his eyes, tie up his black jowls with a towel and fold his hands—alas, so white in death, at last! across his still breast—might be moved to remark that, notwithstanding the nature of the deceased's vocation, they could not recall ever having seen a cleaner corpse.

Having attended to his predissolution toilet, Mr. Reardon next sat in at his littered desk, swept a space clear of tobacco crumbs, ashes, pipes and some old copies of the Cork Eagle, and sat down to write a farewell letter to his wife, hoping that, even though his enemies should slay him, yet would they have sufficient respect for the dead to mail that letter to Mrs. Reardon. And, in order that he might not anger his posthumous benefactors, he mentioned nothing of the state of affairs aboard the ship. He merely stated that she might never see him again, in which event she was to call upon the owners and ask them to invest for her the proceeds of his life-insurance policy, since they could and would invest it to better advantage than she. Then he spoke of his grief at the thought of the children being forced to forego their college education and suggested that she ask Cappy Ricks to give Johnny a place in his office; also, should the owners offer her anything as compensation for the loss of her husband, she was to accept it, for, as God was his judge, she would be entitled to it! This last sentence Terence underscored for emphasis; that was as close as he came to saying that if he died it would be in defense of his owners' interests. Then he commended her to the comfort of her religion and subscribed himself "Your loving and devoted husband, Terence P. Reardon, Chief Engineer S. S. Narcissus."

Having set his small affairs in order against a hasty exit from this vale of hatreds, Mr. Reardon, in unconscious imitation of all the condemned men who had preceded him on the voyage to the Styx, repaired to the dining saloon

and partook of a hearty meal. He realized he had undertaken a contract that would require the employment of weapons more formidable than his hard fists, and devoutly he wished that, like the fairy queen, he had but to breathe on them to metamorphose them into pig iron. He pictured the slaughter aboard the Narcissus when he should wade into the conflict. Finally he made up his mind that, in lieu of an iron hand or two, he would use his favorite monkey wrench, for he had no firearms whatsoever; although, had somebody presented him with a one-man machine gun with full directions for using, Mr. Reardon would have recoiled in horror from it. Firearms were highly dangerous. They killed so many people!

He left the table long before the others had finished. There was no one on deck as he emerged from the dining saloon, so he walked leisurely round past the captain's cabin, whistling the Cruiskeen Lawn to let Mike Murphy know who was coming. Evidently Michael assimilated the hint, for there was an envelope on the little window sill as Terence hove abreast of it. He snatched it swiftly away and continued round to his own stateroom.

The envelope contained Michael J. Murphy's plan for campaign worked out to the most minute detail, by reason of his absolute knowledge of the customs aboard the ship. Mr. Reardon read the remarkable document and sat lost in admiration; a twinkle leaped to his eyes and a cunning, rather deadly little smile came sneaking round the corners of his broad chin.

"Arrah, but 'tis a beautiful schame," he soliloquized. "Who but that lad could have t'ought av it? An' here I've been shpendin' the past two hours borrowin' trouble."

He read and reread the plan of attack, in order to familiarize himself with the details; then he held a match to the document and destroyed it. He considered a moment, and then performed a similar service to his farewell letter to Mrs. Reardon, for the chief engineer of the S. S. Narcissus, of San Francisco, had made up his mind not to die—to-night!

Mr. Schultz, the first assistant, and Mr. von Staden were engaged in coffee and repartee when Terence Reardon thrust his head in at the dining-saloon window. He was mildly excited.

"Be the Great Gun av Athlone!" he declared. "I've just been bit be a bedbug—an' I t'ought there wasn't a bedbug in the ship!"

Mr. Schultz looked up, horrified. "Chieve," he said, "dot is rodden news. Bedbugs! *Ach!*"

"An' well you may '*Ach*,' Misther Schultz. Let a colony av bedbugs move into the Narcissus an' Terence P. Reardon will move out. There's only wan thing to do, Misther Schultz, an' that is to tackle the divils before we're overwhelmed be the weight av numbers. Have ye a bit av sulphur in yer shtoreroom, Misther Schultz—the kind that comes in balls an' is used to burrn in shtaterooms to kill bedbugs?"

When Terence Reardon put that innocent query to the first mate he knew very well Mr. Schultz would reply in the negative—which he did—for the reason that Michael J. Murphy had privately informed Mr. Reardon that the little cockney steward, Riggins, had charge of the bedbug ammunition. Riggins, who had been standing with his back against the wall, eying Mr. Schultz sourly, now spoke up and said he had some sulphur.

"More power to ye, Riggins!" Mr. Reardon declared heartily. "Then do ye, like the good lad, give me two or three balls av it. I'll burn them in me shtateroom to-night, wit' the door an' window locked, an' be mornin' sorra bedbug will be left alive."

"Very well, sir," Riggins replied. "Might Hi ask, Mr. Reardon, where you hintend passin' the night?"

"I'll shleep in me auld aisy-chair abaft the house an' next the funnel, where I'll be snug an' warrm," Mr. Reardon replied, for he desired an excuse to be on deck all night without arousing the suspicions of Mr. Schultz or Von Staden.

The steward, having finished serving those who ate in the dining saloon, stepped out on deck and started for his own room. Mr. Reardon remained by the window a minute, discoursing on the curse of bedbugs aboard a ship, and then with a sigh followed the steward leisurely. Mr. Schultz appeared undecided whether or not to accompany him in the capacity of censor, but finally concluded to remain and finish his coffee, for if Riggins had decided to enlighten the chief as to the real reason for the skipper's indisposition he had had frequent opportunity to do so during the past ten days. It did not seem likely, therefore, that he would run any risks at this late date. To Mr. Schultz, Riggins appeared to be a man who could be depended upon to remember which side his bread was buttered on and who supplied the butter.

Arrived at the steward's stateroom Mr. Reardon helped himself to the entire box of bedbug exterminator and addressed Riggins very briefly:

"Riggins, ye're a child av Johnny Bull, are ye not?"

Riggins, without the slightest trace of embarrassment, admitted his disgrace.

"An' bein' what ye are," Mr. Reardon continued, "would ye do somethin' av great binifit to England?"

Riggins replied that inasmuch as he had lost two brothers at the Battle of the Marne, that ought to indicate bloody well where the Riggins tribe stood on the subject of defense of the realm.

"Good!" Mr. Reardon murmured. "Even if misguided in their pathriotic motives, shtill yer brothers were brave min, an' for that I respect thim. Now, thin, Riggins, ye rabbit, listen to me: In a momint av surpassin' innocince Captain Murphy an' mesilf swallowed a cute suggestion from a lad whose back I'll break in two halves whin the Narcissus gets back to San Francisco. 'Why not save expinse,' says he, 'an' ship the crew av this German liner that's interned over in Richardsons Bay?' Riggins, to make a long shtory short, we have thim this minute, an' the dear God knows that even if shipped at the German scale av wages that gang'll prove a dear crew to the Blue Star Navigation Company if you an' I, Riggins, fail to do our djooty. They've half murdered the captain, shtolen the ship an' cargo from him, an' run her t'ousands av miles off her course to deliver the coal to the German fleet."

"Oh, my bloody ol' Aunt Maria!" gasped the horrified Riggins.

"What I want to know from you, Riggins, is this: Will ye help me shteal the ship back to-night? We're runnin' almost due south, an' that good-for-nothin' Von Staden has been in communication wit' the fleet all day long. I feel it in me bones. If we get the ship back we'll head due west for the coast av South America an' hug the three-mile limit—an' the divil scoort them thin. Riggins, ye gossoon, what for the cause av Merry England? They wouldn't take ye for a gift in the British Arrmy, for I doubt if ye'd weigh ninety pounds soakin' wet; but for all that here's an iligant opporchunity for ye to serrve yer counthry, an' should worrd av yer brave action reach the king—bad cess to him—he may call ye Sir Thomas Riggins an' make ye consul-general av the Cannibal Islands.

"Deutschland Uber Alles!" He Shouted Defiantly—and Jumped

"Out wit' it, Riggins. Yer king an' counthry calls ye, an' be the same token so do Michael J. Murphy an' Terence P. Reardon. What'll ye give, Riggins, to preserve the seas to Britain?"

"Me 'eart's blood, that's wot!" Riggins replied quietly.

"I accept the sacrifice in the name av His Majesty, King George. Be on deck at ten o'clock sharp, waitin' close undher the shtarboard companion leadin' to the bridge. Whin I come out on the shtarboard ind av the bridge an' whistle O'Donnell Abu, do ye ——"

"S'help me, chief, I never 'eard o' the blighter before," Riggins interrupted.

"God forgive me!" Mr. Reardon murmured *sotto voce*. "I'll have to do it. Well, thin, Riggins, whin I come out on the shtarboard ind av the bridge an' whistle God Save the King—troth, I'll gamble that's one blighter ye've hearrd tell av—do ye run up into the pilot house an' take the wheel. I'll not whistle until we have the deck to ourselves, wit'out fear av intherruption, an' ye must come quick an' take the wheel, else the vessel'll fall off into the trough av the sea an' commince to wallow—which same'll wake up the second mate an bring him an' Von Staden on deck to see what's wrong wit' her. An' until I'm ready to call on those lads I'm not wishful to have them call on me! Remimber, Riggins:

"Wan jump an' ye're into the pilot house; then howld her head up to the sea—an' lave the rest to me. Gwan wit' ye now, or that skut, Schultz, will be gettin' suspicious av us."

When Mr. Schultz came along ten minutes later he found Mr. Reardon very busy calking with oakum the cracks round the door and window of his stateroom, through which little wisps of yellow smoke were curling. Mr. Schultz was so completely deceived that he hurried round to his own quarters and pawed over his own mattress and bedding in a vain search for bedbugs.

XIV

AT EIGHT o'clock Mr. Schultz relieved the second mate on the bridge, and five minutes later Terence Reardon for the first time invaded that forbidden territory. "Bad cess to me!" he complained plaintively. "I'm the piethur av bad luck. I've a leaky pipe connection below an' divil a bit av red lead. Could ye lind me a dab av red lead from yer shtoreroom, Misther Schultz?"

Mr. Schultz marveled that any man could force his mind to dwell on red lead, leaky pipe connections, sulphur and bedbugs in a ship like the Narcissus at a time like this. He had met a few innocents in his day, but this Irish engineer was most innocent of all.

"Sure, Mike!" he replied, and grinned at his feeble play on words. "*Und* as I gannot leave der bridge yet, here iss der key to der storeroom. Helb yourself, mine *Freund, und* den gif me der key back."

"Ye addle-pated son of sin!" Mr. Reardon soliloquized as he took the key and departed. "Faith, a booby birrd has more sinse nor you! D'ye suppose I didn't wait until ye were on djooty before axin' ye, well knowin' ye'd lind me the key an' I'd be alone in yer storeroom!"

Mr. Reardon was in the storeroom less than two minutes. When he emerged he carried a dab of red lead on an old spoon, as Mr. Schultz, looking down on the dimly lighted main deck, observed. What he did not observe, however, was the chief's action in tossing the spoon overboard the instant he passed beyond the range of Mr. Schultz's vision. It is probable, also, that the mate would have been disturbed could he have seen Mr. Reardon in his stateroom, with the door locked, removing from beneath his dungaree jumper several fathoms of light, strong, cotton signal halyard, two five-foot lengths of half-inch steel chain, and a strip of canvas. His pockets also gave up two padlocks, with keys to fit. This loot Mr. Reardon very carefully hid in the space under his settee, after which, with due thanks, he returned the key to Mr. Schultz.

The remainder of the evening until nine-thirty Terence Reardon spent in the wireless room with Herr von Staden. Then he retired, very low in spirits, to his stateroom, to make his preparations for wholesale assault with a deadly weapon—possibly wholesale murder! He cut the signal halyard into short lengths; then he cut the piece of canvas into strips about two inches wide, and secreted the halyard and canvas strips here and there about his person. Then he descended to the engine room and selected his monkey wrench from the tool rack on the wall, helped himself to a handful of cotton waste, and returned to his stateroom mournfully keening The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally and Mullen, killed at the fair of Turloughmore.

"Wirra," he murmured presently, "but 'tis a terrible thing to hit an unsuspectin' man wit' a monkey wrench! An' that divil Von Staden, for all his faults, is not a bad lad at all, at all. An' I'd give five dollars—yes, seven an' a half—if he were bald an' shiny on any other shpot save an' exceptin' the shpot I have to hit him. Ochone!

"'Come tell me, dearest mother, what makes me father shlay
Or what can be th' reason that he's so long away?'
'Oh, howld yer tongue, me darlin' son, yer tears do grieve me sore,
I fear he has been murdhered in the fair av Turloughmore!'

"Shure, I haven't got the heart to dhrive the head av this monkey wrench into that bald shpot. If he'd hair there I wouldn't mind." Mr. Reardon sighed dismally. "I'll have to wrap a waddin' av waste around me weapon, so I'll neither kill nor mangle but lay thim out wit' wan good crack ——

"'It is on the firrst av August, the truth I will declare,
Those people they assimbled that day all at the fair,
But little was their notion that evil was in shtore,
All by the bloody Peelers at the fair av Turloughmore.'

"I must practice crackin' the divils! Shure, 'twould be an awful thing to have the sin av murrder on me sowl—not that 'tis murrder to kill a Dutchman that's a self-confessed pirate into the bargain. Shtill, 'tis a terrible t'ought to carry to the grave ——"

Wham! Mr. Reardon brought his padded wrench down on his defenseless bed. "Too harrd," he told himself. "Shure a blow like that on top av the head would knock out the teeth av the divil himself! Less horsepower, Terence!"

Wham! He tried it again, this time with better results. For five minutes he beat the bedclothes; then his spirits rose, and, like the mercurial Celt that he was, he chanted blithely a verse from The Night Before Larry Was Stretched:

"'Though sure 'tis the best way to die,
Oh, the divil a bether a-lirin'!
For sure whin the gallows is high,
Your journey is shorter to heaven;
But what harasses Larry the most,
An' makes his poor sowl melancholy,
Is to think av the time whin his ghost
Will come in a sheet to sweet Molly!
Oh, sure, 'twill kill her alive!'"

He slipped the short, heavy monkey wrench up his right sleeve, walked out on deck and stood at the corner of the house, smoking placidly and gazing down on the main deck forward. The lookout on the forecastle head was not visible in the darkness, but Mr. Reardon was not worried about that. "For why," he argued to himself, "should I go lookin' for the skut whin if I wait a bit he'll come fluttherin' into me hand?"

He did. At five minutes after ten Mr. Schultz hailed the lookout in German, and although Mr. Reardon spoke no German, yet did he understand that order. Mr. Schultz, a victim of habit, desired the lookout to go to the galley and bring up some hot coffee for him and the helmsman. It was the custom aboard the Narcissus, as it is in most Pacific Coast boats, for the cook, just before returing, to brew a pot of coffee, drain off the grounds, and leave it to simmer on the galley range, where, at intervals of two hours during the night, the watch could come and help itself.

Terence Reardon knew that the lookout, after heating the coffee and bringing a few cups up on the bridge, would return to the galley and partake of a cup and a bite himself.

The man came down off the forecastle head, crossed the main deck and disappeared in the galley. In about ten minutes Mr. Reardon saw him climb up the port companion to the bridge; a minute later he came down. Mr. Reardon waited until he was certain the fellow was sipping his coffee in the galley; then with the utmost nonchalance he went up on the bridge and hailed Mr. Schultz, who was standing amidships blowing on a cup of coffee.

"Begorra," he complained, "divil a wink can I shleep to-night. I've been sittin' wit' the wireless operator all evenin', an' now, thinks I, he's weary listenin' to me nonsinse, so I'll go up on the bridge an' interview Misther Schultz. If I—be the Rock av Cashel! What was that?"

"Vot? Vere?" Mr. Schultz exclaimed, and set down his cup of coffee. He was all excitement, for he had been looking for the flash of a searchlight for the past hour and he wondered now if the unsuspecting Reardon had seen it first.

"Over that way." Mr. Reardon pointed off the port bow. "Did ye not see that light?"

"A lighd. *Gott im Himmel!*"

"Ye can't see it now," Mr. Reardon replied soothingly. He stepped round in back of the mate and permitted his trusty monkey wrench to slip down into his hand. "But if ye continue to look in that direction, Misther Schultz, ye'll see not wan light but several."

"*Donnerwetter!* I gannot see dem," Mr. Schultz protested, wondering if there might not be some defect in his eyesight.

"Have no fear. Keep lookin' that way an' ye'll see them," Mr. Reardon reassured him. "Ha-ha, ye divil!" he crooned—and struck.

"I'll gamble ye saw the lights I promised ye," he breathed into the ear of the unconscious mate as he deftly caught the falling body and eased it noiselessly to the deck to avoid calling the attention of the helmsman to the interesting tableau going on behind him. Quickly he gagged Mr. Schultz with a strip of canvas; then he tied his hands behind him and bound him at ankle and knee with the short lengths of signal halyard. As a final attention he "frisked" the mate and removed his keys and a heavy automatic pistol.

"Lie there now, me jewel," he said, and trotted out to the starboard end of the bridge, whistling shrilly God Save the King. When the swift patter of feet along the deck warned him that the steward was coming, he walked back amidships and opened the little sliding trap in the roof of the pilot house, which on the Narcissus was set just below the bridge. The quartermaster's head was directly beneath the trap. "Oh-ho, me laddybuck!" Mr. Reardon murmured, and dropped his padded monkey wrench on that defenseless head. Instantly the quartermaster staggered and hung limply to the wheel.

"Bad luck to me, I'll have to hit ye agin," Mr. Reardon complained—and did it. Then he slid through the trap into the pilot house, steadied the wheel with one hand, and unlocked the pilot-house door with the other to admit the steward.

"Strike me pink!" that astounded functionary exclaimed as he gazed at the quartermaster lying beside the wheel.

"I will—if ye don't take howld av this wheel an' do less talkin'," Mr. Reardon replied evenly. "Bring her round very slowly, me lad, and in the intherval I'll wrap up me little Baby Bunting on the floor forninst ye."

When the quartermaster had been duly wrapped *à la* Mr. Schultz and dragged clear of the wheel, Mr. Reardon

"Will Ye Take It Peaceable, Ye Gossoon, or Must I Brain Ye Wit' This Monkey Wrench?"

returned to the bridge and with brazen impudence set the handle of the marine telegraph over to full speed ahead. He hummed Colleen Dhas Cruthin Amoe as with a light heart he skipped down to the galley and found the lookout eating bread soaked in coffee. Mr. Reardon nodded and said "Good nicht, *amigo*," for his voyages had taken him to many ports and he was naturally quick at picking up foreign languages. The fellow, concluding Mr. Reardon desired a cup of coffee also, turned to the rack to get him a cup.

"How dare ye ate up the owners' groceries in this shameful manner?" Mr. Reardon demanded. "Do ye not get enough at mess that ye must be atin' between meals? Shame on you ——"

One tap did the trick. "'Tis a black way to repay a kind t'ought," Mr. Reardon observed to his victim as he bound and gagged him; "but war is war, an' a faint heart an' a weak stomach never shtole a ship back from forty Gerrman pirates!"

He closed the galley door on the unfortunate lookout and climbed up on the boat deck to get Michael J. Murphy out of prison. Cautiously he unlocked the stateroom door with the key taken from Mr. Schultz, and the skipper came forth. Mr. Reardon led him under an electric light and gazed upon him wonderingly.

"Begorra, Michael, me poor lad," he whispered, "be the look av the white face av you I'm thinkin' ye ought to be in bed instid av out raisin' ructions."

"I'm weak; I have a fever," Murphy replied. "Still, half that fever may be plain lunatic rage. Did you find a gun on the mate?"

"I did. Take it, Michael, I'll have nothin' to do wit' it."

The skipper grasped the weapon eagerly. "The ship is headed due west undher full speed," Terence explained, "an' the mate, the quarthermaster an' the lookout have all received evidence av me affectionate regard. Next!"

"Von Staden. He kicked me and broke my ribs, Terence."

"Wit' the greatest joy in life, Michael. The skut's busy in the wireless room."

So they went to the wireless room. Von Staden was taking a message as they entered; at sound of their footsteps he turned carelessly and found himself looking down the muzzle of the captain's automatic.

"Will ye take it peaceable, ye gossoon, or must I brain ye wit' this monkey wrench?" Mr. Reardon queried fiercely.

"And take your hand off that key, you blackguard. No S O S," Murphy ordered.

The supercargo stared at them impudently. "This," he said presently, "is one of those inconceivable contingencies."

"Your early education was neglected, Dutchy. However, don't complain and say I didn't give you warning. Terence!"

"What is it, Michael?"

"All well-regulated ships carry a few sets of handcuffs and leg irons. If you will put your hand in my right hip pocket, Terence, lad, you'll find a pair for present emergencies. They were in my desk and I concluded to bring them along."

"An' a pious t'ought it was, Michael."

So they handcuffed Herr August Carl von Staden and gagged him, after which Mr. Reardon, leaving the skipper to guard his prisoner, ran round to his own room and got the two lengths of chain and the padlocks. When he returned, Michael J. Murphy kicked his unwelcome supercargo to the mate's storeroom and Mr. Reardon locked him in among the paint pots, pipe, old iron and other odds and ends which accumulate in a mate's storeroom.

They went next to the door of the forecastle. It was open—and, what was better, it opened inward. Also it was of steel with a stout brass ring on the lock, this ring taking the place of what on a landsman's door would have been a knob.

Terence Reardon and Michael J. Murphy listened. From within came a medley of gentle sighs, snores and the slow, regular breathing of sleeping men. Softly Mr. Reardon closed the door, turned the ring until the latch caught, drew a section of chain through the ring in such a manner as to prevent the latch from being released, passed the ends of his chain round the steel handrail along the front of the forecastle and padlocked them there.

"Now, thin," Mr. Reardon announced, "that takes care av the carpenter, the boson, four seamen, two walters an' the mess bhoy. Do ye wait here a minute, Michael, lad, whilst I run up on the bridge and give that unmintionable Schultz the wanst over."

The weak, half-dead Murphy sat down on the hatch coaming and waited. The chief was away about ten minutes and the captain was on the point of investigating when Mr. Reardon appeared.

"That unfortunate divil had come to an' was lookin' an' feelin' cowld whin I wint up on the bridge," he explained, "so I wint to me room an' got a pair av blankets to wrap round him where he lay. It's wan thing to tap a man on the head, but 'tis another to let him catch his death av cowld."

Captain Murphy smiled. Ordinarily he would have laughed at the whimsical Terence, but he didn't have a good laugh left in him. His lung was hurting, so he suspected an abscess.

They returned to the boat deck, and with his rule Mr. Reardon carefully measured the exact distance between the ship's rail and the center of the doors of the staterooms occupied by the mates and assistant engineers. This detail attended to, they went to the carpenter's little shop and cut two scantlings of a length to correspond to the measurements taken, and in addition Mr. Reardon prepared some thin cleats with countersunk holes for the insertion of screws. He worked very leisurely, and it was eleven o'clock when he had everything in readiness.

"There's nothin' to do now until midnight, whin the watch in the ingine room is changed," Mr. Reardon suggested, "so lave us go to the galley. Wan av me brave lads is in there, an' if he's not dead entirely, faith, I'm thinkin' I might enjoy a cup av coffee!"

So they went to the galley and found the lookout glaring at them. He made inarticulate noises behind his gag, so Mr. Reardon, much relieved, found seats for each of them and poured coffee. Then he filled his pipe, crossed his right leg over his left knee and puffed away. He was the speaking likeness of Contentment. And well he might be.

The first assistant engineer had been driving the Narcissus for an hour at full speed at right angles to the course he believed she was pursuing. He would, being totally ignorant of the change of masters, continue to drive her at full speed until midnight, when he would come off watch, tired and sleepy, and go straight to his stateroom. The second assistant would go direct from his stateroom to duty in the engine room and continue to drive the Narcissus at full speed until four o'clock, and inasmuch as it would be quite dark still when the third assistant came on at four o'clock to relieve the engineer on watch, there was not the slightest doubt in the minds of Murphy and the chief that the deception could go on until breakfast. However, that would interfere with their plans. Long before that hour the men locked in the forecastle would have discovered their plight, and the noise of the discovery might reach below decks and bring up, to investigate, just a few more husky firemen and coal passers than even the redoubtable Terence Reardon could hope to cope with successfully.

"By four o'clock we'll be more than fifty miles off the course Schultz was holding her on," the captain suggested. "In all likelihood the German admiral wirelessed his last position and the course he was steering, and Von Staden gave Schultz his course accordingly."

"Faith, we're not a moment too soon at that," Mr. Reardon replied. "Schultz was lookin' for searchlights whin I tapped him. Be the Toe Nails av Moses ye're right, Michael. We'll be so far off that course be daylight they won't even see our shmoke. D'ye think that little handful av bones, Riggins, can manage the wheel until we've claned up the ingine-room gang? We can relieve him wit' wan av the Chinamen then."

"Tell him he'll have to stick it out. He ought to be able to—there isn't any sea to speak of and the wheel isn't jumping. And by the way, Terence, come to think of it, you had better run forward and remove the sidelights; then unscrew all of the incandescent lamps on deck until the contact is lost. You can screw them in again just before the watch is changed, so they won't suspect anything, and unscrew them again after we have the watch under lock and key. The fleet may be too far away to see our smoke by daylight, but they may be close enough to see our lights to-night! Tell Riggins to darken the pilot house. The binnacle light is enough to keep him company."

"Thrue for ye," Terence replied, and hurried away to carry out Murphy's instructions.

XV

AT TWELVE o'clock the second assistant engineer, hurrying along the deck to relieve the first assistant on watch, found Mr. Reardon leaning over the rail meditatively puffing his old brier pipe. In answer to the former's query as to what kept his chief up so late, the latter replied that he was burning sulphur in his room to kill bedbugs.

"The good Lord forgive me the lie," he prayed when a few minutes later he was called upon by the first assistant, hurrying off watch, to repeat the same tale.

The first assistant and his watch had a shower bath and turned in. They were not interested in the workings of the deck department in the dark; they could not know that the vessel's course had been changed; they thought only of getting to sleep. Mr. Reardon waited until one thirty A. M. to provide against possible sleepless ones, and then crept aft on velvet feet. The Narcissus had very commodious quarters in her stern, where her coolie crew had been housed in the days when she ran in the China trade, and when the Blue Star Navigation Company took her over these quarters had been fitted up to accommodate the engine-room crew. In the same manner, therefore, that he had imprisoned the men of the deck department in the forecastle, Mr. Reardon now proceeded to imprison the men of the engine department in the sterncastle. This delicate mission accomplished, he went up top-side and measured the diameter of the ventilators, in order to make certain that the thinnest of his German canaries could not fly the cage via that difficult route. Having satisfied himself that he had no need to worry on this score, he made his way forward again.

"Well, Michael, me poor lad," he announced as he rejoined the skipper, "I'll tell you wan thing—an' it isn't two. The crew av the Narcissus off watch at this minute will never come on watch again—in the Narcissus."

The skipper smiled wanly. "I'm sorry you must take all the risks and do all the work, Terence," he replied.

"Gwan wit' ye, Michael. Shure if I had a head on me like you, an' a college edication in back av that agin, I'd be out playin' golf this minute wit' Andhrew Carnegie an' Jawn D Rockefeller ayther that, or I'd have been hung for walkin' away wit' the Treasury Buildin'."

They discussed the remaining details of that portion of the ship cleaning still before them. "Remember, Terence," Mike Murphy warned the chief, "when the blow-off comes at four o'clock and the uproar commences fore and aft, we have the means to keep them quiet. I'll go forward and you go aft. When we threaten to throw burning sulphur down the ventilators and suffocate them, they'll sing mighty soft."

Mr. Reardon chuckled. "An' Schultz t'ought I was afther bedbugs whin I asked the shteward for the sulphur," he replied. "Shtill an' all, Michael," he added a trifle wistfully, "I could wish for a bit more excitement, considerin' the size av the job."

"Don't worry, Terry, you may get it yet. I'm dizzy and weak, chief; I'm fearful I'll not be able to last out the night—and these Germans are desperate. Suppose we go forward now, while I'm able, and awaken Mr. Henckel. It's high time he relieved Mr. Schultz, and he'll be waking naturally if we let him oversleep much longer."

The subjugation of Mr. Henckel was accomplished without the slightest excitement or bloodshed. Mr. Reardon rapped at his door and Mr. Henckel replied sleepily in German. The skipper and the chief merely lurked, one on each side of his stateroom door, until he stepped briskly out; whereupon the captain jabbed him with the gun while Mr. Reardon shook the monkey wrench under his nose. Indeed, Mr. Reardon had the gag in the second mate's mouth even while it hung open in stupid surprise. They bound him hand and foot and Mr. Reardon picked him up and tucked him gently in his berth, for, as the chief remarked to him, he was as safe there as anywhere and far more comfortable, although Mike Murphy objected and was for putting him in the mate's storeroom with Von Staden, whom they had cached in the dirtiest and most unwholesome spot aboard the Narcissus, for two reasons: In the first place, he had kicked Michael J. Murphy and shot him through the shoulder; and in the second place, he was the cleanest German and the most wholesome pirate they had ever seen, and they figured the contrast would annoy him. Mr. Reardon, however, objected to this plan. He argued that Von Staden would be glad of Mr. Henckel's company, and was it not their original intention to keep that laddybuck Von Staden in solitary confinement? It was. They closed the stateroom door on Mr. Henckel, and left him to meditate on his sins while they repaired to the carpenter's little shop, to return to the boat deck presently with the scantlings and cleats Mr. Reardon had prepared.

With the scantling the chief shored up the doors to the staterooms occupied respectively at the time by the first and third assistant engineers; then he screwed the cleats into place at top and bottom, so the scantling could not slip. Not for worlds would he have used a hammer to nail them into place, for that would have spoiled the surprise for the objects of his attentions. Throughout the entire operation he was as silent as a burglar, although by way of additional precaution the captain stood by with drawn pistol.

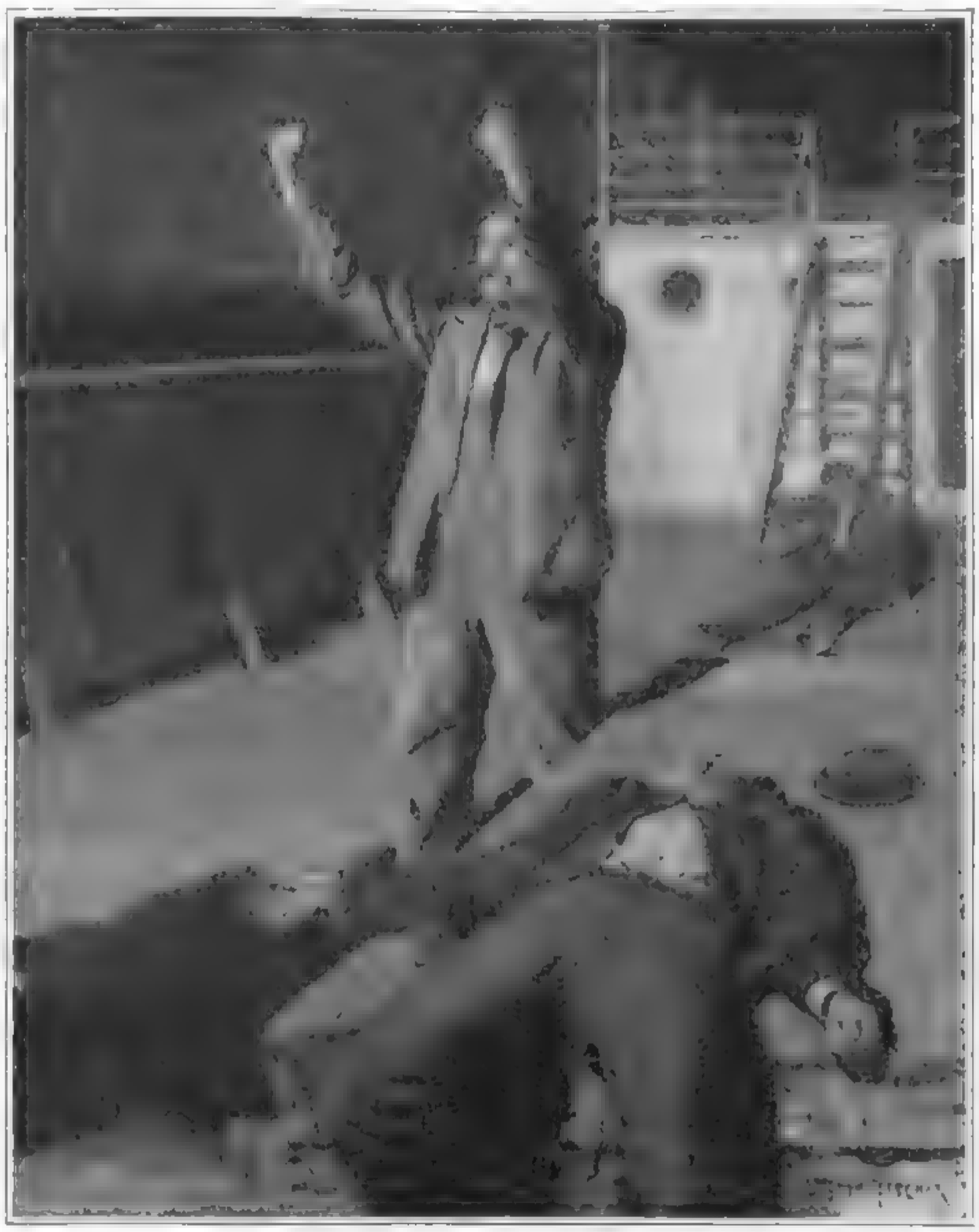
"Now thin, Michael," Mr. Reardon whispered as they pussyfooted away, "there are six fine Germans below in the ingine room, an' two Irishmen an' half an Englishman on deck. The Chinee cooks don't count, for shure the poor heathens would only get excited an' turrn somebody loose if we asked them to do anything desperate. And, as ye know, wan good Irishman—and bad luck to the man that says I am not that—can keep a hundhred Germans from comin' up out av that ingine room. Go to yer bed, Michael, an' lie down until I call ye."

"Better take this automatic," Murphy suggested, and showed him how to use it.

But Mr. Reardon resolutely refused to abandon his monkey wrench, although he consented to carry the automatic to Riggins in the pilot house. The estimable Riggins had been steering a somewhat erratic course, for he found it impossible to keep his eye on the lubber's mark while the bound quartermaster glared balefully at him from the floor. Riggins had been pondering his fate should that husky Teuton ever get the upper hand again; hence, when he found himself in a state of preparedness and was informed that he must stick by the wheel until relieved, the prospect did not awe him in the least. The present odds of two to one were counterbalanced by the strategic position held by the minority, and Riggins was content.

On his way back to his stateroom, there to rest until the final call to arms, Michael J. Murphy concluded it would be well to search the quarters of the second mate and Herr von Staden for contraband of war. So he did, with the result that he unearthed in Von Staden's room the rifle and revolver which belonged to the Narcissus, and under the second mate's pillow he found another automatic pistol. He confiscated all three weapons by right of discovery, and hid the rifle in the galley, the last place anybody would think of looking for it.

In the meantime Mr. Reardon proceeded further to strengthen his position by closing the port entrance to the engine room and shoring up the door with a stout scantling, cleated at top and bottom to hold it securely in place. Then he donned Mr. Schultz' heavy watch coat, dragged round from the lee of the house the upholstered easy-chair Mrs. Reardon had insisted upon his taking to sea with him for use in his leisure moments, placed this chair on deck just outside the starboard entrance to the engine room, loaded his pipe, laid his trusty monkey wrench across his knee and gave himself up to the contemplation of this riot we call life. He resembled a cat watching beside a gopher hole. By half past three o'clock he had finished figuring out approximately the amount of money Mrs. Reardon would have in the Hibernia Bank at the end of five years figuring on a monthly saving of fifty dollars and interest compounded at the rate of four per cent. So, having satisfied himself that Johnny would yet be a lawyer and the girls learn to play the piano, Mr. Reardon heaved a sigh and reluctantly went to call Michael J. Murphy for the final accounting.



Terence Reardon Shook His Battered Fists Full Into the Rays of the Searchlight

XVI

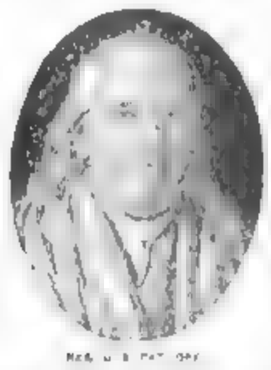
AT TEN minutes of four Mr. Uhl, the second assistant, a man of some thirty years and ordinarily possessed of a disposition as placid as that of a little Jersey heifer, ordered one of his firemen to go and call the watch to relieve them. Mr. Reardon, his monkey wrench firmly grasped in his right hand, knew that at exactly ten minutes of four Mr. Uhl would issue that order—so he was Johnny-on-the-spot to receive the fireman as the latter came leisurely up the greasy steel stairway. As the fellow emerged on deck he paused to wipe his heated brow with a sweat rag and draw in a welcome breath of cool fresh air. He did not succeed in getting his lungs quite full, however, for Michael J. Murphy, lurking beside the door, thrust the barrel of his gun in the fireman's ribs, effectually curtailing the process of respiration practically at once. From the other side of the door the chief engineer stepped out and wagged his bludgeon under the fireman's nose.

"*Ach!*" Mr. Reardon coughed, and grimaced pleasantly. "*Schmierkase und Sauerkraut*, ye big shtiff! *Vat wilse du haben*, eh? *Zwei bier?* Damn the weather, as Misther Schultz would say."

He laid his finger on his lips, enjoining silence; then with the same finger he pointed sternly onward,

(Continued on Page 80)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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The New Tariff

NO DOUBT President Wilson was right in saying there is nothing in a theory of protection and nothing in a theory of free trade or tariff for revenue only. Tariff is a matter of expediency, to be settled according to the needs of the hour. Certainly hardly any economic theory has been more cherished anywhere than the theory of free trade has been in England for two generations. But English statesmanship now talks openly of protection. The Chancellor of the Exchequer told the British Association of Chambers of Commerce, which more or less represents British business, that the government was not committed to an old economic doctrine when new conditions arising from the war demanded a readjustment.

This looks, of course, toward a new tariff scheme, probably with virtual free trade within the British Empire, reciprocal advantages among England, France, Russia, Italy and Portugal, and stiff imposts for Germany and her allies. That such a scheme would be pretty frankly protective in principle is obvious. Of course our present tariff, made by a Democratic Administration, is pretty frankly protective in principle, though it prefers to call itself "competitive."

It would be useful at this stage to wipe out the adjectives altogether and say that the tariff is an instrument both for raising revenue and for dickering with the rest of the world. The practical question is simply where and to what extent it is to be protective. Wiping out the adjectives ought to imply wiping the whole question out of politics. That would be good for the tariff, and good, in an even greater degree, for politics. It might then get something significant to talk about. The present political bankruptcy in the matter of really significant issues is not a good condition.

Land Banks

TWENTY-ODD bills concerning rural credit are before Congress. The one that attracts most attention and seems most likely to be a basis for action proposes to set up an organization somewhat resembling the Federal Reserve Banks. It provides for a Federal Farm-Loan Board, appointed by the President and analogous to the Federal Reserve Board. The board is to divide the country into twelve districts, like the Federal Reserve districts, in each of which a Federal Land Bank is to be organized. It then authorizes the organization of local farm-loan associations, something like the local national banks, which are the foundation of the Federal Reserve system.

But the likeness to the Federal Reserve Bank system is all on the surface. That system is simply an upper story imposed upon a great banking structure that had been in operation more than forty years. It merely supplemented and coördinated local banking facilities that had long been established all over the country.

The Land Bank scheme, on the contrary, ignores all existing agencies for making and selling farm loans. It proposes an entirely new structure, from the ground up—or from the ridgepole down. The Reserve system, being purely supplemental, competed with nothing. It only created a new function, which was to be employed by the banking functions already on the ground. But the Land Bank system would compete with all existing farm-loan agencies except so far as they might choose to dissolve and reorganize under its forms.

So the resemblance between the two systems is entirely superficial. Anyone could tell in a general way what the Reserve Banks would do, because what they did would be simply a product of the business of the thousands of local banks that were already doing business. No one can tell what the Land Banks might do. They would start with a clean slate and would be wholly experimental.

The objectionable feature of the bill consists in the proposal to force this new system into being from the top down if it fails to grow naturally from the ground up. The twelve regional Land Banks are each to have at least five hundred thousand dollars capital, which is to be offered to the public. But if the public does not subscribe for it within ninety days the Secretary of the Treasury is to take it on behalf of the United States. If prospective borrowers in any locality fail to organize a local farm-loan association within one year then the Federal Land Bank of that region may simply appoint an agent there and make loans direct to borrowers.

In short, with one eye the bill looks to a coöperative self-supporting system; with the other eye it looks virtually to the making of farm loans by the Government.

Legislating for Business

PERHAPS from a bill that was introduced in the House recently one can get some light on the question: Why have we so little merchant marine? It is not a government-ownership bill. It looks to the development of American shipping exclusively by private capital and on private initiative. It proposes to incorporate a company with a hundred million dollars capital to build and operate ships and engage in foreign trade. The capital is to be subscribed by private persons, who are to elect directors to represent them in the management, just as stockholders in any privately owned concern do. But no person may own more than ten thousand dollars of the capital stock and two Cabinet officers are to be ex-officio members of the board of directors.

In other words, the bill invites private capital and then sets up conditions that private capital will not accept. Stipulating that no person shall own more than a hundred shares is about as intelligent as stipulating that no red-headed man shall own any shares. The intention is to prevent any person or set of persons with large experience in business, and who have been notably successful in it, from taking the management of this business enterprise. The chances are that a couple of Cabinet officers—who would probably know nothing about shipping or foreign trade, and might know nothing about any other business—would be about as useful on the directorate of a shipping and foreign-trade company as the clergymen of the two churches that were nearest the head office.

These provisions express that dark suspicion of business which unhappily afflicts a considerable portion of Congress. It would have private capital go into the shipping field, but only when properly shackled and hamstrung. If government and business were on better terms merchant marine might develop faster.

Professional Politicians

MR. WELLS remarks that England is ruled, in effect, by a caste of professional politicians. Probably that is a happier condition than ours. American governments are mostly run by politicians; but many of them are amateurs and bungle the game badly. The theory is that a given number of people—those comprised in a congressional district or a legislative district—shall look about among themselves and pick out that one of their number who is best qualified to represent them.

Of course what actually happens is far different. Rarely is a man elected to a state legislature or to Congress until he has served a considerable apprenticeship in politics. By the time he is elected he is pretty thoroughly saturated with the technic and atmosphere of the game. Probably he has accumulated a goodly number of political alliances, associations, obligations, which he must always keep in mind when in office. Very often, though he may call himself a lawyer, doctor, or what not, politics, in fact, is his chief occupation; holding that political job or getting a better one is his chief object. He and his fellows, to a great extent, actually run the state and Federal governments. All the details, and often even the paramount issues, are within their discretion. Take the submarine controversy with Germany as an example. Nobody knows what the people think about it, for they have never expressed themselves. The action taken depends upon the politicians in office.

But our politicians, on the whole, are more amateurish than the English. A man seldom attains Cabinet rank in England until he has served a long time in politics and demonstrated his political ability. When he gets Cabinet rank he is so thoroughly acquainted with the business of Parliament and of government that it matters little what portfolio he is cast for; he has considerable acquaintance with the business of all of them. This probably makes for greater efficiency than does our system of filling the Cabinet with amateurs. Very often a man comes to the Cabinet here ignorant not only of his own department but of Congress and of government in general.

We believe in professional politicians—men avowedly devoted to politics as their chief occupation; who study it as they would any other profession. For any task you please, the professional is superior to the amateur.

Public Libraries

IT IS too bad that Mr. Carnegie stopped where he did with the library business—that is, with the shell. He has sprinkled our fair land with nice little buildings, well constructed, lighted, ventilated and arranged, each with a tablet over the door announcing that it is a public library, and a tablet within commemorating the donor. Nothing is lacking in these buildings except books and people reading them. When he was chiefly concerned with bestowing the blessings of ironmongery on the people of the United States his methods were more comprehensive. A handsome building, with nothing on its shelves but a dog-eared set of Mary J. Holmes' novels and some state horticultural reports, is no more a library than a like building containing a heterogeneous collection of secondhand tin pans is a hardware shop.

Mr. Carnegie would have scorned the hardware pretense. His genius then was only slightly concerned with architecture. It addressed itself with rare competence and success to finding out whoever could use a steel billet, and seeing that he got one with the Carnegie brand. He was an extraordinary organizer of the hardware trade. It is fascinating to think what might have happened if he had carried over into the library business that comprehensive energy which made him supreme in steel. Jonesville then would have been as persistently aware of its public library and the contents thereof as it is of Smith Brothers' One-Price Clothing Emporium. Now—— Well, we spent half an hour in the Jonesville Public Library the other day. One other person entered in that time, but apparently only for a chat with the librarian.

Why does not somebody else take it up? Why does not the Jonesville City Council see what it can do to fill those bare shelves and empty chairs? We never pass one of those neat little brick structures, with Public Library over the door and its commemorative tablet staring down at the blankness inside, without a twinge of melancholy.

Foreign Relations

AMID multifarious uncertainties we may be certain of one thing—namely, that sharp division between the Allies and Germany will not outlast the war to the extent that Germany and the Allies now think it will. Business motives will not permit that. The urge for trade will, in good time, break the barriers.

All the same, it is very probable that division will persist for an indefinite period. Probably there will be two great mutually inclusive and mutually exclusive tariff combinations. For some time preference for those who fought with them and prejudice against those who fought against them will be traceable motives in men's everyday buying and selling, and in their everyday politics. For many practical purposes Europe will be more or less obviously divided into two great groups. Which, of course, is a matter of importance for the United States—particularly if Japan, our chief competitor on the Pacific, is definitely included in one of the groups.

Dealing with eight important nations separately and dealing with them in two great combinations implies a difference. We do not see that the difference has any particular relationship to the question of preparedness for war; but the whole question of foreign trade may be affected by it. When the United States Steel Corporation was formed intelligent persons in the steel trade outside of that combination looked over their situation carefully to see how the realignment of steel power might affect them. So we may well look over our situation.

Two great foreign tariff combinations suggest keener competition. We evidently need, for one item, the best tariff we can get—not a mere fattener that insures our manufacturers free-and-easy access to the trough, but the best one to trade upon all round. We need to push on improvement of the consular service that is already well begun. We need a better understanding between government and business. We need to give more attention to foreign affairs in general. We need to get rid of the notion that this country is a tolerably tight little preserve, which can go its own way pretty cheerfully, with no particular regard for the other inhabitants of the earth.

Such combinations as that suggested would measurably tighten up the world. The entire question of foreign relations would take on a new and more important aspect. Muddling—economically, politically, diplomatically—would be more unprofitable.

REKINDLING THE FIRES

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Fourteen Thousand Men in the District Wanted Jobs That Morning

THE day Eldon Burton arrived in Joplin, zinc ore dropped to forty-five dollars a ton and seven more mines closed. That sent his hopes of a good job glimmering down the big road like a tumbleweed in a March wind.

Eldon had spent two years in a school of mines. How he had kept himself there only heaven and he knew—and both of them were reticent on the subject. He had come to the lead and zinc mines of the Joplin district hoping for something good. When he saw, as he did in a few hours, that, contrary to the proverb, all the places at the top were frantically full, he struck out for a job. He had to have one—and he whistled as he went. Some not overkeen observer has said a man never whistles in a strange town. But Burton did. It was not a rollicking, dare-devil whistle or a defiant challenge to Fate. It was merely the whistle of a man who is glad to be about his own business, and has not even thought of being lonesome or discouraged because the band and the boss employers did not meet him at the depot.

There were fourteen thousand men in the district wanting jobs that morning. But Burton landed one before noon at the Lucky Dog Mine. He was six feet and wore a forty coat; but it was not so much his strength as the look in his blue eyes which showed that he was interested and fairly loved to work.

Employers of all kinds have a welcoming eye for men who work for the love of it.

Burton was given the exalted position of "screen ape." High up above the crusher he stood, where the ore was run down from the derricks, and separated the tailings—or worthless rock—from the ore. The tailings were dumped and the ore-bearing rock sent down a chute to the crusher. It was a job any fool could do, but it took only twelve hours of his time, and paid a dollar and seventy-five cents a day. So Burton did not feel at all sour at an unappreciative world

One Tuesday morning a few weeks later Albert Lysinger was inspecting the mine and the mills. Lysinger was one of the most successful mine operators in the district. He had the original lease on the Lucky Dog Mine, but had subleased to the present operators. He stopped a moment to watch the screen ape work. Burton tossed a small chunk of ore at his feet and remarked:

"There is a rich piece of gangue."

"Gangue?" Lysinger was too astonished to pick it up. "Where did you get that word?"

Burton looked up and smiled.

"Is it necessary for a screen ape's vocabulary to be confined to white mule, wienies and hash? By the way, from what ancient derivative do you get 'screen ape'?"

They talked for half an hour. When Lysinger went down he spoke to the superintendent about his discovery. Burton was shortly given a better job; and in two years he was assistant superintendent, at a hundred and fifty dollars a month; and he and Lysinger took dinner together once a week.

"There is a good deal of excitement round our Wyconda Mine," said Lysinger one Sunday evening. "I subleased the forty acres just south of it to Salisbury—and he has struck the finest sort of a vein of jack. But the water is giving us the dickens! It is going to cost a lot to keep it pumped. You want a little stock with Salisbury?"

Burton shook his head.

"I've got my mind set in another direction and am saving my wages for a venture."

Intimate as they were, Lysinger did not ask any questions, nor did Burton explain the proposed venture.

One hot July day Burton sat in the office eating a lunch from his dinner pail. He had just taken up a square of juicy blackberry pie in his fingers when a spare, precise-looking man, wearing a Palm Beach coat and tan shoes, came in. He had rather small eyes, each pretty closely placed beside a thin nose, and a grammatical-looking mouth.

"Howdy?" said Burton, enjoying his pie. "Have a chair."

The fellow sat down, and spying a piece of waste paper near reached for it and rubbed the white mine dust from his tan shoes. He explained that he had been a bookkeeper in a smelter; but, owing to the dull ore market, the smelter had closed down and he, Ben Powell, was looking for a job.

Burton was instantly interested. It was the smelter business he had been interested in for months. He asked him a great many questions and discovered that he knew the business thoroughly. He was the sort of fellow who gathered information, and gathered it accurately. He also knew bookkeeping. He ought to be useful to the Lucky Dog. Anyway, the fellow, in spite of his immaculate care, showed signs of seediness and wear. He needed the job. Burton put him to work as an assistant in the office to the regular bookkeeper. The superintendent had practically left the management of the men to him.

In a month Eldon Burton and Powell were spending three evenings a week together in long, earnest business discussions.

II

ELDON BURTON had just come in from a round of the works. His partner, figuring over the weekly pay roll, did not look up. Eldon stood by the dingy window of the smelter office and scraped at specks on the pane with the little blade of his pocketknife. He was really boss and had a right to his say, but it made him uncomfortable to propose a thing his partner would oppose. It made him uncomfortable to clash with anybody.

"Say, Ben"—Eldon spoke in the naïvely propitiating tone of a boy asking doubtfully for a favor—"you know I fired Jake Simmons from the roaster."

"Well, I should hope so!" Powell turned his head and looked over his shoulder. His thin, grammatical face had acquired acquisitiveness. "His carelessness—if it was carelessness—in speeding up those rakes damaged us about eight hundred dollars in one shift."

The tone was caustic, final. Eldon moved away from the window and sat down by the little stove, rather at a loss how to continue. There were puzzled wrinkles round his large blue eyes and he rumpled his brown hair.

"I guess the poor devil was worried some," he remarked remotely. "Three of 'em at home have the grippe and one the pneumonia."

Powell gave a significant snort at the pay roll, over which he was bending.

"All the more reason he should have held this job. If every fellow whose family has the grippe loses us eight hundred dollars, we'll be having congestive chills."

"I was just thinking," said Burton apologetically, "that I might put him at breaking the fire brick for the retorts. He couldn't ——"

"Now look here, Burton!" The partner swung his squeaking stool round so swiftly that it screeched. "Absolutely that sort of thing has got to stop. With twenty or thirty thousand dollars' worth of ore in the hands of half a dozen men at every shift, we can brook no carelessness."

Powell screwed his stool back to the pay roll, but threw over his shoulder:

"The trouble with you, Burton, is you never think. You just do to-day's job as if it was a lark, and never look ten inches ahead of your nose. A scheme would no more hatch in your head than an egg would on a flat rock in the sun. You are dead easy—dead easy! Anybody can get round you. You do not know a thing about people."

"I made a pretty good choice of partner," grinned Eldon.

"Yes," said Powell. "I admit that was one time your judgment was better than mine." It was said for a jest; but some men's jests leave the same sensation as a crawling caterpillar.

After Powell had gone to lunch Eldon got up and moved about the dingy little office. He was not used to sitting down.

"Darn it all, he is a good partner!" he said justifyingly.

He was vexed, but he had to admit that Powell was a fine fellow for the business end of the smelter.

Burton opened the ledger and looked over their accounts.

"In just two years," he said with much satisfaction, "we've paid Lysinger all the thirty thousand I borrowed except eleven hundred. That is going some—for fellows that had never seen ten dollars a day before."

For half an hour Burton stalked uneasily about the office. Jake Simmons was on his mind. It was Jake's own fault, but it was tough on a fellow without a job just now. He called up John Sawyer at the Western Coal Mine.

"John, can you use a man? . . . Full up? Well, say, swap me a man. I've got a fellow I had to fire—merely for discipline, you know. But he's a mighty good worker. . . . Will? Thanks, John; you're the mortal stuff!"

Burton found Tommy Wells, who had brought his father's dinner, out on the sunny side of a stack of fire brick, and gave him a quarter to run down to Simmons and tell Jake that Sawyer wanted to see him.

Powell, returned from luncheon, lowered his narrow head and looked scrutinizingly from under ash-colored eyebrows at his partner.

"What's all the gayety about? You look like a musical comedy on full pay. Anybody left you anything?"

"Powell"—Eldon lifted his big arms and stretched in the mere pleasure of physical exertion—"I wonder if you'll ever discover this world could be lots worse."

"No"—the spare partner prodded himself down on the squeaky stool—"but you will discover it already is."

III

"BURTON"—Powell turned from his desk as his partner came in from lunch on Thursday—"take my car and go over to the Wyconda and some of those new mines and see if you can pick up a few cars of ore. Take all the first-grade jack you can get at sixty. I ought to go, but I've got to be here to meet those spelter buyers from New Jersey."

Powell was a man who acquires responsibilities to increase his importance, but credits himself with overworking for the good of the firm.

Burton touched the toe of his right shoe to the poker and pushed it under the stove. He scratched the root of his left ear with the tips of the first two fingers.

"Why, I can't—I don't see how I can get away."

He manifested the uneasiness of a schoolboy who has been ordered to go for a switch.

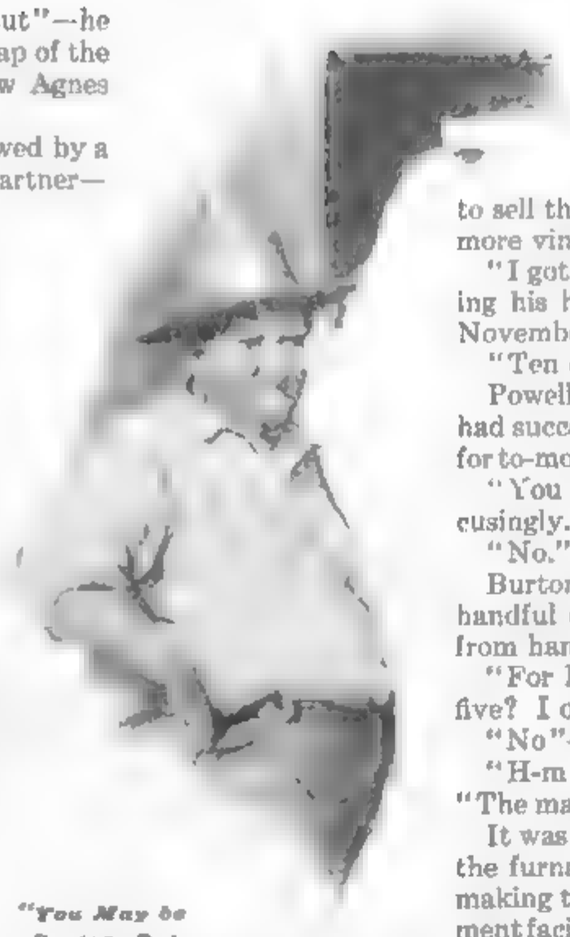
"Of course you can," Powell said sharply. "I'll watch the smelter—I think I can manage for a few hours"—sarcastically.

"It isn't that," said Burton. "But"—he stopped and blew some ashes off the cap of the monkey stove—"I promised to show Agnes through the works this afternoon."

The stool gave a loud squeak, followed by a screech. Powell just looked at his partner—looked the well-this-is-the-limit! look. Eldon felt his face getting hot. Really it was a ridiculous idea, giving up an important business opportunity just to show a fluffy-haired girl with a giggle through the fiery furnace. Still, he had counted a lot on it.

"I'll attend to that too." Powell lifted the corners of his mouth sardonically. "Don't be a fool, Burton! We are not running this business for a show. Hustle along and get that ore before the Consolidated people beat you to it—we need it."

Burton went. It was perfectly reasonable that he should go. Agnes could see the smelter any day in the week. They had been engaged a month and she had not before expressed any desire to see it. Still, he was a little vexed at Powell's assumption of authority. "But," he justified, "he's a darned good manager."



"You May be Burton, But You Ain't Powell's Partner"

Powell showed the girl the whole process, from where the ore was unloaded from the cars until it was distilled condensed and drawn off—zinc.

"This is the roaster," he said, opening the door into a long, ramshackle shed.

The fluffy-haired girl gave a squeal and then giggled at her fright. It was a scary-looking place—a long firekiln seven times hotter than the furnace into which Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were thrown.

"The ore is dropped into the other end, about three hundred and twenty pounds every five minutes. The temperature is fourteen hundred degrees at this end. Those rakes go through fourteen times an hour and stir it up, and move it along about eight inches each trip. It gets hotter toward the other end—eighteen hundred degrees in there where you see that dense yellow smoke. It takes twenty-four hours for the ore to go through."

"And what is it for?"

The fluffy-haired girl looked up appealingly to Powell, whose thin face was red in the reflection from the fierce light.

"To burn the sulphur out before we smelt the ore. One per cent of sulphur will destroy two per cent of zinc in smelting. Run into a big loss here a day or two ago. Fellow got careless, started the rakes too fast, rushed the ore along into too great heat, and 'punished the ore,' as we call it. Lost us about eight hundred dollars by his carelessness.

"And even then," he added, "Burton wanted to keep him. Positively that fellow is the easiest man worked I ever saw. Got to watch him all the time. Doesn't think."

The fluffy-haired girl was thinking—or doing something that was a substitute.

"Don't you think Mr. Burton is a fine business man?"

Powell snorted.

"He is good-hearted."

The girl enjoyed seeing the smelter. Mr. Powell knew so much about it and was so nice to explain. She went to the office and he told her all about the buying and selling—and the profits—made by Mr. Powell's shrewdness.

After she was gone Mr. Powell did not figure for nearly two minutes—just sat chewing the end of his penholder. Then he took from a drawer a carefully folded clipping from the morning paper and read it over closely.

"I suppose you did no good?" he remarked disparagingly when Burton returned. Powell had failed to sell the New Jersey buyers and was a little more vinegary than common.

"I got some good jack." Burton was warming his hands at the stove; it was a frosty November day. "Ten cars."

"Ten cars?"

Powell felt a sudden alarm. If his partner had succeeded in getting ten cars of good jack for to-morrow he had paid some fool price for it.

"You didn't get it at sixty?" he said accusingly.

"No."

Burton felt in his pocket and brought up a handful of red buckberries and poured them from hand to hand.

"For heaven's sake, you didn't pay sixty-five? I ought to have gone myself."

"No"—Burton smiled—"fifty-five."

"H-m!" Powell dropped several degrees. "The market must be off to-day."

It was five o'clock, and Burton went out to the furnaces to see that the men had started making the first draw of zinc. He stood a moment facing that ledge of a hundred condensers, from which came flames—now turning to a purplish green—as the zinc distilled.

The men were already preparing to draw off the metal that had cooled from vapor to liquid in the condensers. It was hot, terrifically hot, but he could walk up to the very face of it; and, looking at those eerie, fiery mouths, back of which seethed twenty-eight hundred degrees of heat, he felt a sense of exultation. This was his. He had made it. There was power in it. He helped control every mine in the district, which must sell to the smelter the raw ore. He helped control the zinc market of the world, for they must come from the corners of the earth to buy of the smelter.

Everything was going well and he returned to the office. Powell was just putting on his overcoat. It was a heavy coat with a fur collar.

"Did you read the dispatch from Belden, Oklahoma, in this morning's Times?" Powell asked as though he expected, of course, a negative answer.

"About the new gas well? Yes."

"What did you think of it?" Powell centered his small acquisitive eyes on his partner.

"Think of it? Why—think of it—what do you mean?"

Powell laughed disagreeably.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, of course. Burton, did you ever think in your life?"

Burton stopped for a few minutes at the home of the fluffy-haired girl on his way to his hotel.

"Awfully sorry, Agnes, that I had to be away to-day."

"That was all right."

It was all right; but she said it, of course, as though it was not.

"But, say"—Eldon's face was still aglow with the pleasant sensations of the day—"I had a bully ride! I wished you were along. That air was fine—and the prairie a beautiful brown. Along the hedge a strip of sumac bushes, with the red berries, looked like scarlet ribbon on the dry grass. Two coveys of quail flew right over the machine so I could almost grab them."

Agnes was carefully examining a newly discovered spot on her walking skirt.

"I wonder," she remarked, "how I got that."

Burton went on to supper, a little dashed. Agnes was put out. It was too bad to have disappointed her. But really it was lucky he went. His good buy had made them over a thousand dollars' extra profit. He was a little disappointed that Powell had not shown more appreciation of this. But—well—confound it, Powell was a good partner, anyway!

"I wonder," he asked himself, "what he had in mind about those gas wells?"

IV

NEXT morning Powell had an early edition of the Joplin World spread out before him and was studying, as though he would parse every sentence, the late reports of the big gas strike at Belden.

Burton's round and hearty "Hello!" no more impinged upon the gloom of his consciousness than a bluebird's falling feathers would dent a block of concrete. Burton stooped and shook the ashes down in the stove and rattled in half a bucketful of coal. Although Powell hated cold and was always grumbling about it, he never kept a good fire.

The stool squeaked and Powell, with his head lowered, glared out of his small eyes at his partner.

"See here, Burton; if this gas strike means nothing to you, I'll diagram it for you: Even here at the mines our coal costs us nearly ten dollars for every ton of ore we smelt. Gas at the well ought to do it for one-third that. Somebody is going to start a smelter at those gas wells—and, even after paying two dollars more freight, they can outbid us on ore four dollars a ton.

"What does that mean? Nothing—oh, nothing at all, except that in less than three months we'll be swinging high and dry as an empty hornets' nest at the end of a limb."

Burton's forehead wrinkled a moment—lines puckered between his confident blue eyes. That would be serious. He had started in to get rich. Agnes would require considerable income. Then his face smoothed out into a smile.

"Well, why don't we start the smelter at the gas wells?"

That was an idea! Though Powell did not admit it for three days.

"Do you think you could run things here by yourself awhile?" Powell asked Saturday evening.

"Sure!" said Burton, delighted at the prospect.

"Then I believe I'll go down to Belden and look things over. We have fourteen thousand dollars for operating expenses. I'll take half of that and leave you half to run on. If things look good I'll start work on a new smelter down there."

"Fine!" exclaimed Burton enthusiastically. "Go to it!"

Powell was back only twice in three months. He reported that two other companies were erecting smelters—racing with him.

Burton was making money right swiftly. Each time he came Powell drew half of it.

Early in April the gas smelters started buying ore. The three Coalfield smelters tried desperately to meet the competition. One of them closed down in twenty days. The second held out six weeks. Burton, loath to give up, hung on in the face of steady losses for three months.

When he checked up he found they had just enough to pay all their accounts. And they still owed Lysinger eleven hundred on the original mortgage. It was lucky they got in on the gas floor at Belden.

Burton put his machinery and building in the safest sort of shape to stand idle and went down the next day to join his partner at the gas smelter. He had not even seen it. Working day and night, keeping the books and watching the works, had kept him tied. Sunday he would run over to Guthrie and see Agnes. She had been visiting an aunt for three months.

He Gripped Him by the Back of the Neck and With One Swinging Kick Landed Him in a Snowbank

On the way down he thought a great deal. He was right blue at having to leave the old smelter dark and dead. He hoped Powell would be in a good humor.

Powell was not in the office—out of town, the bookkeeper said. Burton inspected the smelter with pride. It was a big one—the biggest of the three; and it was thoroughly equipped. The side tracks were full of cars of ore. His practical eye took in the details swiftly.

"Say," he directed in a friendly but authoritative tone, "dump that ore on the other side of the crusher. It'll save ten feet of shoveling."

The foreman looked at him with the contempt of a boss for a meddler. "Who in hell are you?"

"I'm Burton," replied the young man shortly—"Powell's partner."

"You may be Burton," said the foreman, "but you ain't Powell's partner. He ain't got no partner."

Three hours' search of leases, contracts, accounts—and Burton knew the foreman was right. It was Powell's smelter.

"Nothing to it!" Burton's lawyer shook his head hopelessly. "Powell swears there was a verbal agreement that he was to have the new smelter—you the old. And as he drew only half the surplus cash, and everything at Belden is in his name—he's worked you, Burton—worked you hard. You are simply left out in the cold."

Burton went down to tell Agnes of his hard luck. But she had not returned from her visit. Next day the papers announced her marriage at Guthrie to Ben Powell.

For two months, day and night, Burton fought the murder instinct and got the best of it. When it passed he still hated Powell, but no longer wanted to hurt him physically. And for Agnes he cared not at all. He was glad Powell had her.

The worst of a wreck is not the shock of the smash-up but the feeling which may follow, that there was nothing to wreck, after all. Burton felt that. He had not loved Agnes; she had not loved him. There was no such thing as love—women were wholly mercenary and deceitful and cruel. Powell had never been honest. There was no honesty. And Burton himself was just what he had always been—an idiotic, trusting fool. Only he had been blind before, believing everything; now he believed nothing.

He had saved out of the wreck twelve hundred dollars with which to finish paying the mortgage. He did not pay it. Instead, he had Lysinger foreclose it, and a friend bid it in and retransfer it to Burton. Then he went to Joplin to look for a job.

■

ORE was down again—down to forty-five dollars a ton this time. Seven out of eight of all the mines were shut down—among them the Lucky Dog, for which Burton had worked before.

It was hot and the white dust was on the road as he tramped from derrick to derrick out on that flat upheaved field of mines which stretched for miles round the town.

"Sorry"—the manager of the Western knew Burton and shook his head regretfully—"but I haven't any sort of position to offer you."

"I've got to work, Ramsey," said Burton with a desperate sort of urgency. "Give me some sort of job."

Ramsey looked at him closely, saw the deadened look in his face, and wondered how easily he would be insulted.

"Our tub hooker was killed yesterday ——" He hesitated.

"I'll take his job," said Burton quickly. "When do I start to work?"

"At six in the morning," said Ramsey, and shook his head as Burton stalked away back to town.

Burton was there at ten minutes of six, dressed for work.

The tub hooker stands at the bottom of the shaft. The hoist man shoots down an empty tub. The tub hooker slips the hook from the handle, hooks it over the handle of a tub of ore, and signals; the hoist man lifts it five or six feet, and stops for a second; the tub hooker steadies it, signals again, and it shoots up toward the little speck of light two hundred feet above.

The tub hooker stoops, shoves the empty tub onto a little dummy track, reaches for a tub of ore, which the human "mule" has pulled up close, and draws it forward. And by the time he straightens and steps to one side the empty tub drops down again.

He is dressed from head to foot in rubber, for the water that oozes from the walls of the two hundred feet of shaft comes down forever like a pouring rain—and it is cold. The job is perhaps the most dangerous in the mine. If the hoist rope breaks, or the tub catches on the wall of the shaft and upsets, the tub hooker is directly under the eight hundred pounds of falling rock.

From six in the morning until seven at night Burton was a tub hooker. He went directly to his boarding house from the mine, and after his late supper read for an hour; then he went to bed. For six months he worked, talking to nobody except when necessary, going nowhere. Not even Lysinger could thaw him out.

About five o'clock one afternoon Burton, in the ten seconds' wait for the descending tub, straightened and stepped back out of the drenching rain and shook the cold water from his half-numb hands.

He heard voices—one of them a girl's—and saw lights approaching. A sneer twisted the corner of his mouth. It was some of those "ahing" and "ohing" sightseers who thrilled at their own bravery in coming down into the mines to stare at these poor dumb devils who dug and shoveled and blasted in the dark.

As he started the next tub he glared out of the corner of his eye. They had come up; there were only two—the ground boss and a young woman.

"Burton," said the ground boss when the empty tub came down, "let it rest a minute. Here is a young woman who wants to meet you."

He turned toward them—a grim, sardonic set to his features—and looked clear over the girl's head.

"She is a reporter for the paper," said the ground boss, to whom all papers were merely "the paper," "and wants to ask you something."

"Well?" His eyes were fixed on a light, where the drillers worked a hundred yards away.

"I represent the Herald, Mr. Burton." The tone was singularly clear, but decidedly unaggressive. "Mr. Emory told me there was no man in the district who knew mining and smeltering so thoroughly as you do. I'm working on rather a big story and want my information accurate. I wonder if it would be possible for me to arrange an interview with you?"

Burton's eyes detached themselves from the distant light and came down to her. She was a smallish girl, slender, and with dark hair and appealing brown eyes. She was looking up at him almost timidly from under her brows.

"Yes," he said, speaking in his old tone of friendliness without knowing it. "I can talk to you at any time after my day is over."

"Would you mind taking dinner with me at the Connor this evening? Then we could have plenty of time."

"She is fishing for a dinner," he told himself sardonically. "I'll fool her. . . . Yes, I'll take dinner with you—I can be there at eight."

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Burton," said the reporter, and turned away toward the exit shaft at the other side of the mine.

"Well, I'll be blasted!" said the tub hooker as he signaled the hoist man to go ahead. "Funny how many ways they try to work a fellow."

And yet the look in those brown eyes, timidly under the clear brows, made him feel ashamed of the reflection.

Burton enjoyed that dinner even more than he knew. He told her a great deal about mines and mining, in which she showed an intense and intelligent interest. Her questions went right to the heart of every matter.

"I have a friend," she said—"a Mr. Salisbury—who lost nearly everything he had in the Southern Star Mine—just south of the Wyconda. Struck rich ore; but it cost so much to keep the water out they had to shut down—even when the prices were up to sixty. I guess it is a good deal of a gamble. Nothing sure about it, I suppose, but smelting."

His face reddened. His teeth set. He gripped his fork so tightly the tines struck his glass of water and shook some of it on the cloth.

"That is the biggest gamble of all," he said—"if you have a damned partner!"

He let her pay for the dinner. He was ashamed of it, but wanted to see if she would. She gave him her hand at parting—a cool, firm hand.

"I appreciate your help a great deal, Mr. Burton."

"And I appreciate the dinner," he replied.

"Men usually do, don't they?" she laughed.

"Oh, Miss Russell," he called after her, "if you think I can give you other information at any time I'll be glad to do it. Maybe you would take dinner with me next Sunday evening?"

"I would, indeed," she said heartily, and hurried away to her paper.

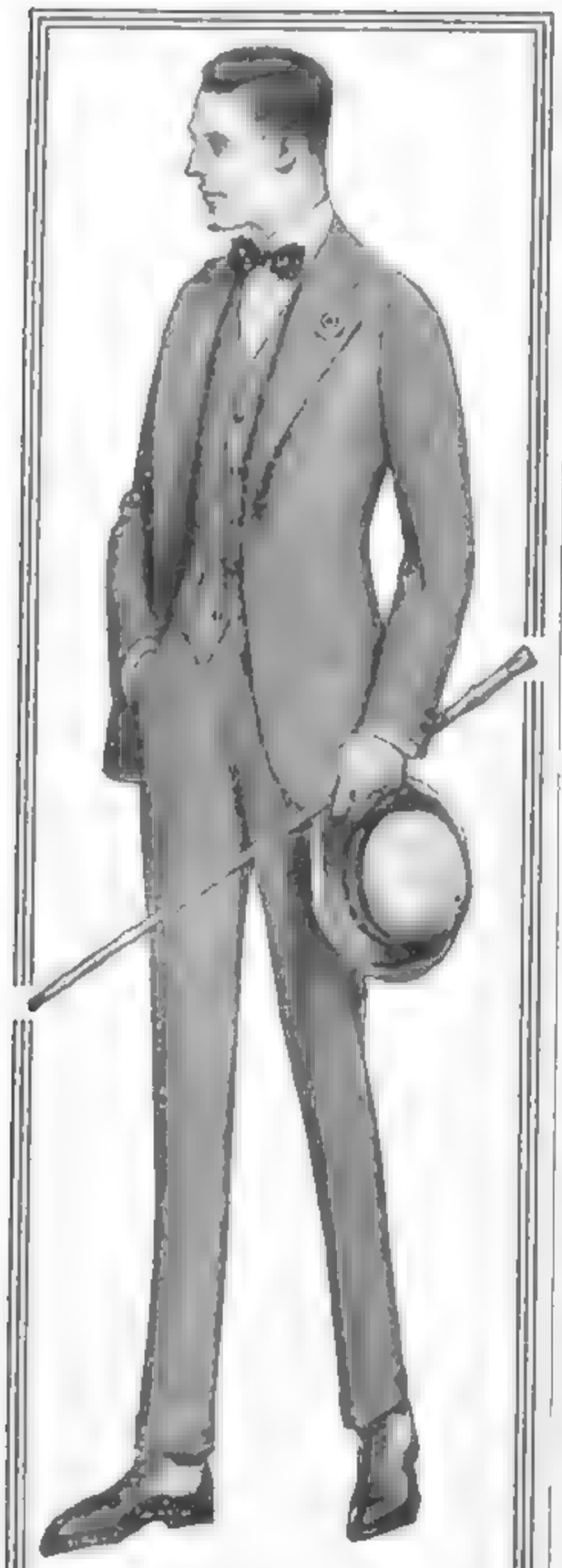
■

DURING his tub-hooking days, and particularly when alone at night, Burton did more thinking than he had ever done in his life. When Flora Russell, the reporter, came into the circle of his consciousness he began to explore his mind, to classify his thoughts. He found a lot of bitterness stored up within him, much of it against women. But he began to discriminate. They were not all alike, after all. This alert, dark-haired, brown-eyed newspaper girl was alive in every nerve, and was quick and entertaining. She saw every phase of life in her daily rounds; but she was not a bit bitter—she was in love with life.

And she actually liked to visit with Burton. This could not possibly be any spurious friendliness. No stretch of bitter imagination could attribute a mercenary motive to one's interest in a tub hooker.

A little at a time Burton began to return to an interest in people—occasionally to see his old friend, Lysinger.

"She is Fishing for a Dinner," He Told Himself. . . . "Yes, I'll Take Dinner With You"



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The discriminating process went on, and he began to see that he was more of a fool to count Powell the whole world of men, and Agnes all of womankind, than he was to have trusted them in the first place.

"Did Salisbury ever make anything on that mine south of the Wyconda?"

Burton was taking dinner at the hotel with Lysinger.

"No. Struck a rich vein of ore, but it cost too much to mine it. There was too much water."

"Did his lease lapse?"

"No," answered Lysinger. "Of course I could have forfeited it any time that they stopped work for over two weeks; but I have kept it extended."

"You still hold the original lease, then?"

"Yes."

"What royalty do you pay the owner of the land?"

"Eight per cent."

"And what royalty do you get from Salisbury on the sublease?"

"Twelve per cent."

"I understand Salisbury has a partner," remarked Burton casually.

"Yes; a smelter owner at Belden has taken a half interest and is putting some money into it. I think they are going to try some new pumping devices."

"Will they make it?"

Lysinger shook his head.

"They can't operate that mine profitably under a hundred dollars a ton for zinc—and that is a long way to go from fifty-four."

"What is your original lease worth on that forty?"

"Nothing," smiled Lysinger; "and I'll take five hundred dollars for it."

"I'll take it," said Burton. "But don't let Salisbury & Company know."

"All right," said Lysinger. "I hate to rob you. But if you want it you can have it; and to ease my conscience I'll throw in the lease on the adjoining forty, which has never been prospected."

In April ore had gone up a little—and so had Burton. He was no longer a tub hooker, but top boss at five dollars a day. He was sufficiently recovered from his stinging failure to go back to Coalfield to see his smelter. He had not been back since it closed.

As he waited at the corner on Sunday morning for the Coalfield Interurban, Miss Russell, the reporter, passing on the other side of the street, gave him an airy "Good morning!"

He called to her and crossed the street.

"Did you ever go through a smelter?"

"No," she replied; "but I've wanted to. Those at Coalfield closed the same week I came."

"I'm going up to look through one of them. I'd be glad to take you through if you want to go."

"Going!" she said promptly, and dismissed whatever other errand she had in mind.

The girl talked little during the thirty-mile ride. She sat next the window and her eyes were on the prairie, now green with tender young grass and wheat and starred with wild flowers. Her eyes were full of a misty sort of brightness and from time to time she drew deep, satisfied breaths.

"It is a good world"—she turned to him and smiled—"a sweet old world; and best in spring."

The smelter—he did not tell her it belonged to him—looked forlorn and cold, even on the warm spring day; fires all out and the iron rusting, and things assuming, as they so quickly can, the dilapidated air of desertion. But she was very curious and very interested in it all.

"There were three here when the Belden gas wells were struck," he explained; "but since then the other two have been dismantled—or, rather, scrapped. Part of the machinery was moved to other places and part sold for old iron. The owner merely holds onto this because he liked it while it was hot and alive."

She glanced up at him from under her brows and made a shrewd guess, but asked no questions.

VII

BURTON had gone over to the west derrick. It was noon and a hot, dusty day of late summer. The mountains of white tailings glared in the August sun. The "lazy dance" of heat was on the white roads that led to town.

Collins, the superintendent, returning from luncheon, was running his car ten miles an hour faster than usual.

"Say, Burton," he called as he shut off the engine, "war's broke out!"

The whole district was excited. Just what effect a war in Europe would have on Joplin lead and zinc no one could guess, but they knew it would have some effect, and most operators believed it would increase prices. But few of them expected a big increase.

Sixty per cent zinc ore was selling that day round fifty-four. The war might make it go to sixty, or possibly sixty-five. That would mean prosperity for the district.

Burton thought it over all the afternoon as he worked. That night he got out a dozen books, pamphlets and reports about the mines of the world and munition supplies of the nations. He figured until midnight. Then he called Lysinger out of bed at the Connor Hotel.

"Lysinger," he said, "I've got two hundred and twenty-seven dollars more. Early in the morning I want you to invest it in the best new mining venture you know."

"Think the war is going to boom things?" Lysinger asked.

"I know so," answered Burton, and hung up the phone and went to bed.

Next morning Lysinger met Burton as he went to work.

"I've already dropped your two-twenty-seven. Grubstaked a fellow who is sinking a shaft just west of the Lucky Dog. It's about one chance in four he strikes. But I bought a third interest with your money."

"Good!" said Burton.

"And"—Lysinger smiled—"I'm acting on your tip—I'm going the limit. I believe you know what you are talking about."

"Thanks," said Burton. "Are Salisbury and that other fellow doing anything with the Southern Star?"

"Yes; they have been working along for months. Have installed some mighty expensive machinery. Think they have been putting in what the partner earns from his smelter interests. If ore does go up they will be in luck. The mines that are ready will reap a fortune."

Burton shut his teeth hard and the look that had almost left his face came back as he walked rapidly away.

Midwinter, and the whole mining district was at a fever heat. Burton had been right. Zinc and lead had climbed—slowly at first, and then five, ten and fifteen dollars at a jump. The fifth of January ore reached the hundred-dollar mark.

All the mining towns were wild. Every mine was running day and night; and here and there—everywhere—they drilled frantically in new fields for new mines. More than twenty thousand miners dropped down the shafts every day to drill and blast from the face of the walls the light specked zinc-bearing rock—to load into tubs, to send up to the crusher, and run into the cars that were sent hurrying off to the Belden smelters. The war buyers bought only the spelter—the smelted zinc. And the buyers did not come to the mines at all, but to the smelters. The three at Belden were working to capacity and two others were being frantically built.

Saturday night Burton could not stay in. The excitement penetrated even to his remote room. He put on a big overcoat and went down on the street. The miners had been paid off and thronged the streets of the little city; the saloons, the pool halls, the picture shows, the ten-cent stores—everything was open and filled to the doors. The sidewalks were almost blocked by the moving throngs.

"Why, hello!"

He glanced down. Miss Russell was at his side, looking up at him from under her slender brows, her brown eyes fairly snapping with the excitement.

"Oh, isn't this splendid! Isn't this life!"

They walked together, watching the shifting crowd—the crude hill-billy, drawn from the remote hills by the lure of high wages; the khakied operators and mining engineers, with business air or college look; the women of every shade—all in a ferment of prosperity. For not only was every man at work but wages had gone from a dollar and seventy-five cents to three dollars and a half a day. And they were spending it like thoroughbreds.

"You know somebody is getting rich every hour!" she said excitedly. "One man who put only five hundred dollars in a mine a month ago sold his interest to-day for three hundred thousand."

"Yes," assented Burton. "A man may become a millionaire overnight—and be broke by breakfast."

(Continued on Page 32)

Get This Big Truth

BENT bones, corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, flat foot, etc., are caused by the pinching pressure of narrow, pointed shoes. Relief or freedom from all these foot ailments comes with Educator Shoes.

Put your whole family into them—there's an Educator for each.

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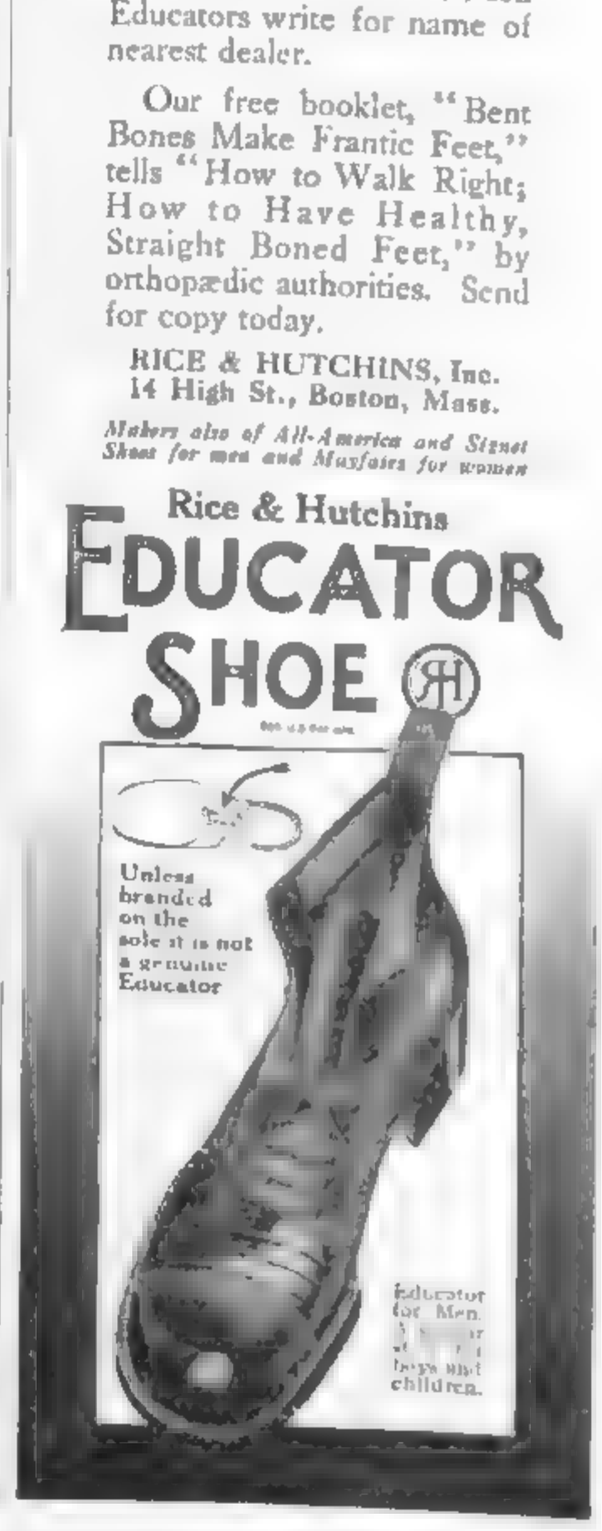

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HERE are three of the most popular Stetsons of the year. Ready now—so you can make your selection before Easter. They are especially interesting to you men who realize that the *best part of a good appearance is a good hat.*

Note the snappy effects—typically Stetson.

Two dressy models from the Stetson Soft hats:—the *"Lawnton,"* the *"Mystic."*

And one, the *"Fifth Avenue,"* from the trim Stetson *Comfort* Derbies.

By way of news, *the Derby is being much favored this Spring*—for the Stetson *comfort feature* has made the Stetson Stiff Hat as comfortable as a soft hat—no "conforming," no "breaking-in."

The windows of the representative hatters of your community have a good showing of all the Spring Stetsons.

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THEY were experts in underwear—men whose business success depended on their business judgment. They bought the

Hatch
ONE-Button
UNION SUIT

from us for the same reasons that hundreds of thousands of people bought and are buying this garment from them:

—because One master button does what a dozen failed to do,

—because that One button smoothly closes the chest opening of this perfectly fashioned garment,

—because this new design in underwear, this *natural* idea, is carried out by workmanship worthy of the fabrics used and of the idea behind this garment's design.

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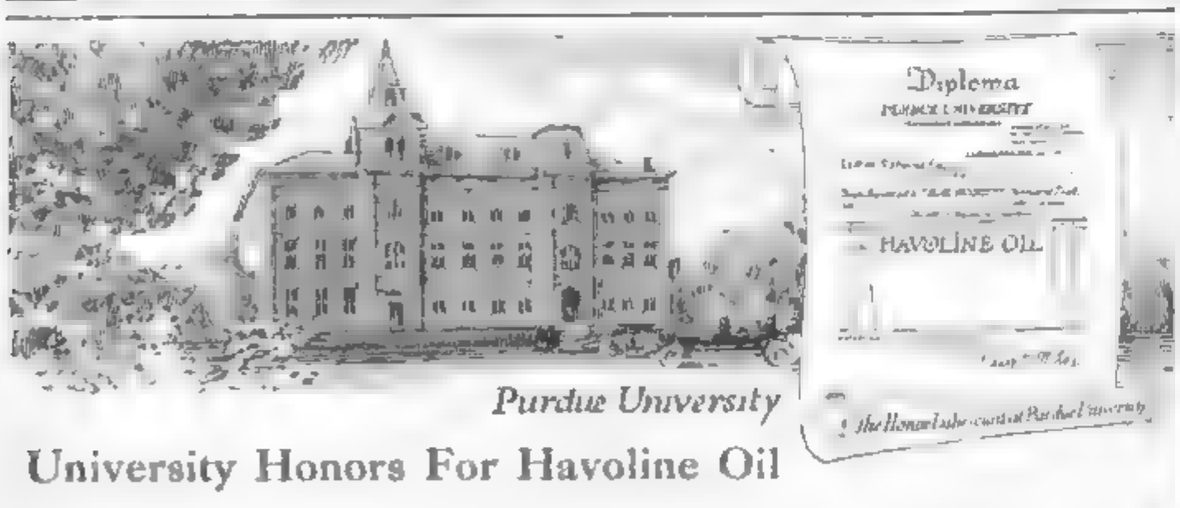

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Send for Booklet

[illegible] while at the [illegible] Havoline Oil and our Motor Booklet [illegible]

(Continued from Page 30

"I'm so glad for Mr. Salisbury!"

Burton felt a cooling sensation round his heart, as though it were being soaked in limewater. He felt, without explanation, miserable every time she mentioned Salisbury.

"He staked every dollar he had on that Southern Star Mine," she continued, "and then lost it, or thought he had. They shut down. But he found a partner who was making money fast. They have put in all the partner's money—spent over thirty thousand on machinery and in opening up the mine—and now they are to get their reward. Isn't it splendid, when a fellow tries so hard and holds on to his faith in a thing, to see him succeed!"

"Yes," he said briefly, and bade her good night at the corner.

He went to his room and took a paper from his trunk—a mining lease. He read it over carefully twice. Then he got up and kicked a chair so hard that he broke out two rungs. He could have forfeited this lease in June, July or August. In all three months they had shut down for over two weeks at a time.

The next evening Burton mingled with the crowd in the lobby of the Connor Hotel. There was no mining exchange, and the lobby of the big hotel was really the curbstone market for the whole district. Operators, promoters and speculators from everywhere were there, all feverishly speculating or trying to.

A big fellow with a five-hundred-dollar fur overcoat and a diamond shirt stud as large as a grain of corn came in, and with him a spare, spectacled, fastidious, grammatical-looking man. Burton saw them—and felt the rush of blind rage he had forgotten so long. It was the first time he had seen Ben Powell since his treachery.

The two got chairs close together in a corner of the lobby, their faces toward the street. Powell looked prosperous and vastly important.

Burton worked his way through the milling, noisy crowd until he stood behind the two men. There was too much excitement for any sort of caution. Everybody was babbling out his most secret schemes for wealth to anybody that would listen. The big man was asking about the Southern Star.

"Got everything ready," said Powell in his raspingly precise way. "The best of machinery installed, pits all open, and ore faces stripped. I've spent over forty thousand dollars putting that mine in shape. There is a six-foot vein of the richest sort of jack. It is better than a gold mine.

"We have been taking out ore only three days—it runs sixty-two per cent zinc—and practically not a trace of sulphur or iron. I put a hundred men to work yesterday. We are going to make cartridges while the guns shoot."

He looked up at the big man with his dry, acquisitive eye.

"What'll you take?" asked the big man.

"I won't take a cent less than five hundred thousand for my interests," said Powell.

"You are no blood relative to a hog, are you?" laughed the big man. "And I suppose you intend to make a million more off your smelter. They say you are skinning the operators an inch below the hide."

Powell gave a dry, satisfied laugh.

"Make hay while the sun shines. I don't know what I'll make. Make all I can. But I've known some men in the smelter business who didn't make anything."

He chuckled reminiscently, and Burton's muscles knotted in his arms until they almost cracked.

Powell reached over and tapped the big man's knee confidentially:

"Five hundred thousand might seem like a big price—but, the way I have it fixed, my interest practically controls the whole thing. You can force Salisbury to sell to you on your own terms."

Burton moved away. It was not safe for him and the little grammatical man to stand within reach of each other.

VIII

JANUARY tenth the thermometer went to two below zero. In five cities in three states householders got shiveringly out of bed to find houses hopelessly cold, pipes frozen, and the gas stoves unable to get up enough heat to warm the coffee water. Five cities that had boasted twenty-five-cent natural gas swore as they shivered. Suffering, colds, pneumonia would follow. Thousands of houses were fitted only with gas furnaces and gas stoves—no heat, no food; no possible relief in sight.

Then hundreds of citizens rose up and demanded to know what was to be done about it. Committees speedily formed and lawyers were hired. Four days later, as Burton picked up the Morning Globe at the breakfast table, he saw a headline that made him spring up with such force as almost to upset the table:

"United States District Judge Grants Injunction Against Prairie Gas Company. Forbids Them to Furnish Gas for any Sort of Manufacturing Purposes Until Pressure for Heat and Lights Complies With Franchises."

That day all the Belden smelters would close!

Burton looked at his watch. By going down three steps at a jump he caught the 7:55 Interurban for Coalfield. An hour and ten minutes later he had four automobiles rushing in every direction for men—his old-time employees.

By noon fifty men were at work round the smelter; at three there were seventy-five; by six, a hundred, most of them prepared to work all night. Already smoke rose from the tall stacks; already the furnaces had begun to glow. And there was the rattle of switching and unloading cars as load after load of coal was run down from the mines.

Fear reigned in Joplin—Webb City—Galena. The whole district was in a panic. The gas injunction had asphyxiated a thousand get-rich-quick hopes. Bankruptcy swift and sure yelped at the heels of five hundred promoters and operators. Most of the fabulous fortunes made so far were yet on paper—all in the profits they were going to make.

Most operators had put back every dollar they had made, in machinery and increased output of their mines. An operator counted a millionaire really had to chase the pay roll every Saturday. He had to sell ore Thursday or Friday to meet his Saturday bills.

There was only one place to sell ore, and that was to the smelters. And the smelters were closed—probably for weeks, perhaps permanently; at least while the winter lasted. By spring, by the time the other smelters were built, the district would be strewn with financial wrecks—and perhaps the war would be over and the high prices gone. A thousand men that day knew what it meant to feel rich in the morning and scared that night at a weekly laundry bill.

And then messenger boys began to speed here and there on wheels, doorbells to ring, names to be shouted in hotel lobbies. All the leading operators got a yellow slip:

"Will pay ninety dollars for first-grade jack delivered to-morrow at my smelter.
"ELDON BURTON."

It was ten dollars under yesterday's price, but a long shot over bankruptcy; and they slept and dreamed again of what they were going to make.

Burton got enough jack the following day for a start. Most of the operators felt that if there was a smelter running they could hold on a few days for better prices. But the second day those who had to have money that week began to rush in ore and Burton cut the price to eighty-five dollars. He had to do it to keep from being swamped. Meantime spelter had gone up a cent a pound and Burton was clearing sixty dollars a ton on every ton he smelted.

The fires glowed in every furnace. The roaster seethed and smoked with its idling ore gradually drifting through. The crusher growled and gritted its teeth. The whole smelter was alive.

Burton made the rounds of his furnaces; stood before the tiers of condensers that projected from the retorts; watched the blaze come from them—white, then red, and then purple as the zinc began to distill. The whole scene stirred him like a thunderous epic. It was alive! It was distilling hard mineral taken from the earth, sending it into vapor, to be turned to liquid and then cooled into bars of solid zinc. And it was making him over twenty-five hundred dollars a day. Why, even if the gas was released in two weeks—in one week—he would be on the road to fortune again. And he would buy a long way ahead. As fast as he got money he would fill his yards with ore—at eighty-five or eighty or seventy-five dollars a ton. Then, when competition

came back, he could go on for months and still make money.

It was riches! It was living again! Miss Russell must see it. Why, she'd thrill at it! He called a boy and dispatched a telegram to her.

Still glowing, fervent and intense almost as his smelter, he went to the office to answer some telegrams asking quotations on spelter. He stopped in the doorway. Seated on the squeaky stool, opening his mail, was—Ben Powell!

Powell looked over his shoulder—a little doubtfully and attempted an air of friendliness.

"Good work, B.!" he nodded. "You got things going in first-rate shape. I'm glad you took hold so speedily."

Burton stood and stared. He felt a knot in his throat so big and hard it choked off his breath. He could not speak. He moved toward the desk and managed to say in an unexcited tone:

"What are you doing here?"

"Why," said Powell with injured surprise, "taking up my end of it, of course! You see," he grinned maliciously, "I still own a half interest here."

"No, you don't!" Burton spoke with a hint of vehemence.

"Oh, yes, I do"—easily. "We never dissolved partnership. It is half mine, and you might as well make the best of it. You are easy as ever, Burton."

Burton went to his desk and took from a drawer a newspaper notice and pushed it under Powell's face. It was the legal notice of sale under foreclosure of the mortgage.

"Lysinger foreclosed the mortgage," Burton said. "Thompson bid it in and resold it to me—at cost. You are out!"

Powell's self-assurance evaporated; the muscles of his face collapsed, letting his lean jaw sag; his little acquisitive eyes grew worried and dogged.

"I'll look into it," he said. "If you are right I'll manage for you on a salary. You know, Burton, you can't trust yourself."

Burton no longer was afraid to risk himself within reach of the little viper. With a big, powerful hand he gripped him by the back of the neck and shovingly marched him to the edge of the smelter grounds, and with one tremendous, swinging kick lifted him high in the air and landed him in a snowbank.

The reporter girl came on the next interurban. She followed Burton round the smelter, saying little, her face alight with tremendous excitement.

"Isn't it splendid!" she said, looking up at him as they stood facing one of the glowing furnaces. "Doesn't it stir you to think how the world is bound up together; that events half round the world have lighted your fires, and your fires may help to decide events for the world? And you—you are doing it!"

She looked up at him from her brown eyes; and his heart leaped and ran—and pounded and pounded.

Friday evening, just before Burton went to supper, his bookkeeper found him in the crusher room.

"An urgent telephone call," he said.

Burton went to the office.

"Hello! Hello! Yes, this is Burton."

"This is Salisbury." Burton stiffened at the reply. "What can you give us for ten cars first-grade ore—delivered to-morrow?"

"Full up!" was the quick, sharp reply. "Can't take it at any price."

Burton hung up the receiver with a grim smile.

IX

SATURDAY night Burton ran down to Joplin to take dinner with Lysinger and discuss things.

"Salisbury couldn't meet his pay roll to-day," remarked Lysinger. "He'll probably have to shut down until they get some financial backing."

"Financial backing is hard to get right now, I imagine," remarked Burton coolly. "Every operator who can beg or borrow a week's wages is piling up his ore. Eighty dollars does not seem good to them after a hundred!"

"No," grinned Lysinger—"and you are not the most popular man in Joplin right now. But, all the same, every mother's son of them would do the same thing if they had the chance."

"Sure!" grinned Burton. "And I simply have to do it, anyway, or be overrun. As it is, I'm saving from bankruptcy the fellows who must sell; and there is big money in eighty-dollar ore."

Lysinger nodded.

"Also in spelter at —— Honest to goodness, Burton, how much are you making? It makes my head ache to figure your profits."

The cold continued; and, in spite of frantic efforts of attorneys for the smelters and mine owners, the Federal judge refused to dissolve the injunction against the gas company.

Burton was clearing over four thousand dollars a day and investing it in eighty-dollar ore. He had faith in future prices and his yards were being piled high with first-grade jack.

On Thursday he had a telephone message from Miss Russell.

"Can you possibly come down and take dinner with me this evening?" she asked. "I've something awfully important to talk over."

"Indeed I can!" said Burton gayly. "And I can also afford to pay for the dinner."

"Oh, very well," she laughed. "I'll let you."

The girl was troubled during that dinner—and it troubled Burton. They had a seat in a corner out of range of the other diners. But he utterly failed to rally her spirits.

When the coffee came she sat in a brown study, tapping at the cloth with the tips of her fingers, her chin resting on her left hand.

"Mr. Burton," her tone was hesitant and a deep color came into her face, "I hate to be—meddlesome, but I want to ask you something: I wonder just why you have refused to buy ore from Mr. Salisbury?" She looked up at him, her brown eyes puzzled and troubled.

"I did not buy from the Southern Star Mine," he said stiffly, "because I happened not to need their ore."

"You need not answer if you do not wish," she said, hurt; "but if you do answer, be honest with me, Mr. Burton."

He flushed a little at that.

"You see," she continued, "it's—it's awfully hard on Mr. Salisbury. He's tried so hard! Twice he has almost had a fortune. And then something happened. They have had to close down entirely. Everybody is frantically trying to borrow money to tide them over. His partner's smelter is closed down and probably will never be worth anything again. So they are desperate. They can't run without funds—and they have to sell ore to get money."

She glanced up at him again and saw his eyes fixed on her intently—almost painfully.

"Go on," he said.

"Well, you see, Mr. Salisbury is engaged to be married—they were going to be so happy. He had just bought a house—and now everything is being spoiled again. They have gone in debt so much—the company has—they will fail in less than a month unless they can sell ore."

Burton nodded. His face was whiter than she had ever seen it. He bit his under lip and said, with something like a sneer in his tone:

"I see. The girl was about to marry a rich man—but if he fails she can't marry him. How natural!"

The reporter girl flushed.

"I don't think that is fair. She is not marrying him for his money; but, of course, how much nicer it will be if he can succeed with his mine!"

For five minutes he frowned and looked fixedly over her head, his face hard and bitter.

"Miss Russell," he said, rather formally, "you have been mighty decent to me. I'm going to tell you why I won't buy the Southern Star ore."

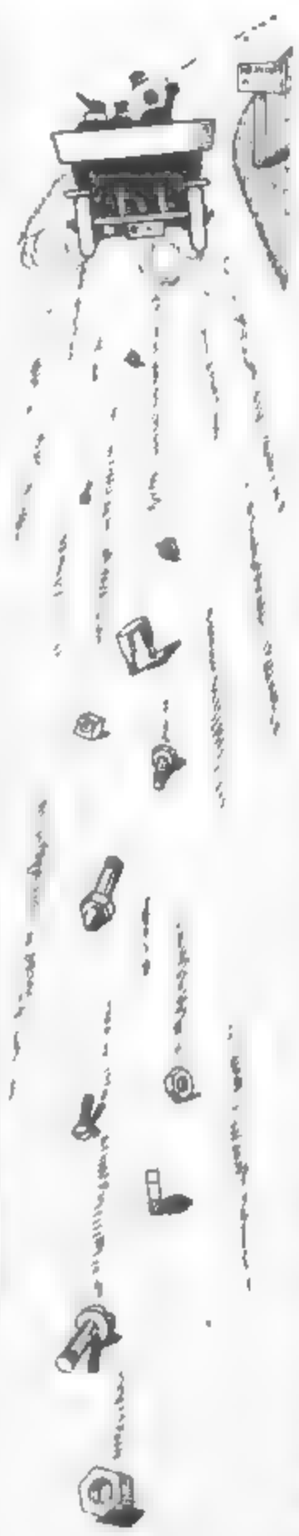
And he told her the story of Powell and the fluffy-haired girl. Told it all—forcibly—scathingly; told her of Powell's return and of the kick he gave him.

"Now"—his fingers were clenched on the edge of the table, his jaw vised—"do you blame me?"

She looked long at him, straight and frank. He could not quite read her eyes, but they were not condemning.

"No," she nodded slowly; "I don't blame you. Not a bit. Some people can only be taught a sense of justice and fairness by being ground in the mills of the gods; and you are a good man to turn the wheel. But"—she sighed and looked down at the coffee, now cold—"it is hard on Salisbury—and the girl!"

As Burton looked out of the car window when he returned to the smelter, out on the snow, with the glittering starlight on



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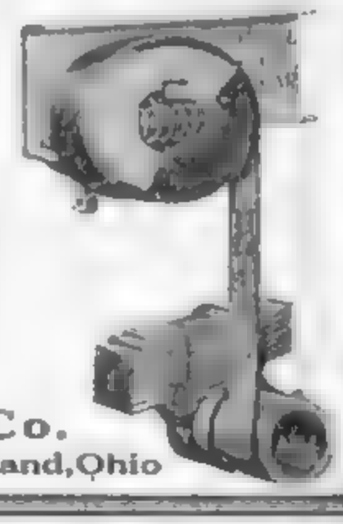

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COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

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makes us feel in its music every personal, individual, intimate degree of musical expression because it itself is sensitive to the subtlest desire of whoever plays it.

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One gallon of DEVOE Lead and Zinc Paint will cover 25 pairs of full-size blinds."

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A washable, flat-finish oil paint for walls, ceilings and woodwork. Dries with a [illegible] Ideal [illegible] Made in [illegible] tints, also black and white

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Cleans and restores all varnished [illegible] Does not leave a tacky surface to catch dust

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and other suggestions that will help you to beautify your home. Write your name and address in the margin and mail to us to-day.

it, his heart was very heavy—not with remorse, but with regret. He drew a long, deep, aching breath.

"She is the girl!"

■

TEN days more, and the cold still held. The Federal judge was immovable in his contention that heat and food for the citizens of five cities were of more importance than zinc for the shells of the Allies. And, worse still, the news leaked out that the flow at the gas wells was rapidly diminishing. The Belden smelters might never reopen.

Companies were speedily formed and rush work was started in building three new smelters at Coalfield. But a smelter is not built in a day. So Burton still remained master of the field.

The day he cut the price of ore to seventy dollars a ton—in spite of a two-cent rise in spelter—the mine operators' association exploded. There had been a boiling undercurrent of wrath against the smelter owner for some time. The operators appointed a committee—a big committee of twenty—to wait on Mr. Burton—to appeal to him, to reason with him, and finally to threaten him. It was utterly unfair, they decided, that a man who happened to have the power should cut down a hundred operators, and trim the rest.

Burton was not in a very soft mood when they came to him. He had not been back to Joplin since the evening Flora Russell had pleaded with him to be merciful to Salisbury. Calling up his old wrong, or perhaps her interest in the other man, had not left him in a mild humor. The old bitterness had set his teeth and glinted his eye again, and he had gone in for deeper and deeper slices of the profits. He would get his from the world while the world was at his mercy. He was clearing from five to seven thousand dollars a day and investing it all in good zinc ore at seventy dollars a ton which under normal conditions would have brought one hundred and twenty.

The committee of twenty had chosen as their spokesman a man who could speak—which is usually unwise. He harangued Burton for half an hour on the great havoc his prices were making in the mining field. All of them were boiling mad under the skin and some of it bubbled out in his speech. Before he was done he had said some pretty hard things about the smelter owner.

Burton had listened politely—smiling at times in perfect good humor. He was not moved at all. He was enjoying it more than anything that had ever happened. When the spokesman was done he said:

"Gentleman, the situation is not of my making. I merely happen to be in luck this time. If I had wickedly shut off the gas at Belden, or had blown up my competitors merely to bleed you, I should be guilty. But here it is: I have a smelter. I am running it to capacity twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. I can handle only so much ore. When I get more than I can buy I simply cut the price. Why should I pay you a hundred dollars for ore when operators are begging me to buy it at seventy? I have no disposition to hurt you or your profits, but I am really running this smelter in the interest of Burton."

They were fidgeting and getting red in the face, and half a dozen were waiting to interrupt.

"And then"—he smiled at them sardonically—"a year ago you were glad to sell ore at sixty dollars a ton, and could make good money at it. Has it occurred to you that you are unfair to the warring nations to let them buy it of you at one hundred dollars a ton when it is really worth only sixty? Aren't you taking advantage most enthusiastically of their situation—exactly as I am taking advantage of yours?"

That logic was too sound to appeal. The meeting grew stormy. A red-faced, belligerent operator of the cowboy type pushed up in front of Burton and shook his fist in his face.

"Now, look here, if you ain't disposed to play fair, then we'll use other methods! We are authorized to tell you that the whole operators' association is pledged to smash you, world without end, if you don't put back the price of ore. We have entered into an agreement that, as soon as these other smelters start, you shall not have one car of ore at any price. We'll put you on the toboggan if it costs us a million dollars!"

"Gentlemen"—Burton's cold blue eyes looked the men over with indifference—"I now have enough jack—bought at eighty dollars a ton—in my yards to keep me busy six months. After that"—he grinned maliciously—"I'll be able to buy up your mines and dig my own ore. Good morning! Price of sixty per cent jack for to-morrow's delivery is sixty-five dollars."

After the committee left, Burton called up Lysinger and asked him to arrange a meeting of Salisbury and Powell at the Connor that evening. Burton went down at eight and engaged a room at the hotel.

"When they come," he told Lysinger, "send them up to Room Fifty-eight. Don't tell them who wants them."

The look in Powell's acquisitive eyes—now furtive from dodging creditors—when the door opened to his knock was salve enough to heal many wounds in Burton's spirits. The little grammatical man hesitated, moistened his lips and backed precipitately from the door.

"Come in!" said Burton pleasantly.

They entered. Salisbury was a clean, active man, and Burton would have liked him if he could have forgotten Flora Russell's interest in him—which he could not.

"Sit down."

He motioned Powell to a big leather chair that almost swallowed him up—made him feel thinner and more shrinking than he was. Burton waited a moment until they had begun to look at each other furtively and endeavor to fathom his object in calling them up.

"Gentlemen"—he walked to the end of the room, his head bent reflectively, and took from his pocket a printed document—"I own the original lease on the Southern Star Mine."

During a pause Powell's breath came and went like a wheezy bellows.

"As you have been closed down for over two weeks—your sublease is forfeited. I shall take over the mine."

Salisbury went pale and looked at Burton appealingly. He was a frank, open fellow. He started to explain why they were closed—could not sell ore or borrow money. But Burton's eyes—those blue, trusting eyes, so easily fooled by anybody—were on Powell, who opened and shut his thin, bookkeeping fingers like the gills of a fish drowning in air.

"Explanations are useless. You at least understand! Good evening!"

He turned his back on them and they shuffled out—two bankrupts.

Burton felt fine, glorious—almost. It was sweet revenge, with scarcely a speck of bitter. At last he had given Powell what he deserved—for that he had no compunction. It was the sort of thing a court would have meted out to him. But Salisbury?

The mine as it stood was worth nearly a million. It had cost him five hundred. The other mine, which he had grubstaked for two hundred and twenty-seven dollars, was paying him four thousand a month. He still had the lease on the forty south of the Southern Star.

He took the midnight interurban back to Coalfield. The winter stars glinted high and cold in the sky. He was on the way to be a millionaire. From a tub hooker to a millionaire in less than two years! He could have all sorts of fine houses. There he was again, back to Salisbury—and the girl.

If he could forget Flora Russell he could forget Salisbury and be happy. But the stars, the snow, the tang of the winter night—everything suggested the girl with the brown eyes; the girl who had pleaded with him for her lover. Neither of them were to blame for Powell.

Grimly, remorselessly, Burton made money that week. He rushed men to the reopening of the Southern Star; he bought an adjoining mine. He would have ore enough almost to keep his own smelter busy, even if there was a boycott.

On Saturday at dusk he stood in the glare of the smelter lights, watching the men draw off the zinc. He heard an exclamation, he fancied, of wonder and surprise at his side—and looked down at the empty space where Flora Russell had stood that other evening. He went to the office and got her on the telephone.

"Will you take dinner with me once more, at the Connor?"

"Why, of course," she said, her tone puzzled. "At what time?"

"At eight o'clock." He jumped into his machine and went to the hotel to dress.

XI

BURTON did not know what he was going to say to Flora Russell; did not know why he was to torture himself by an hour in her presence—only he must see her.

(Concluded on Page 37)

$350 AND A FORD MAKES THIS GUARANTEED ONE TON TRUCK

Businesses using Smith Form-a-Trucks

Bakers
Boiler Makers
Breweries
Caterers
Cleaners
Coal Dealers
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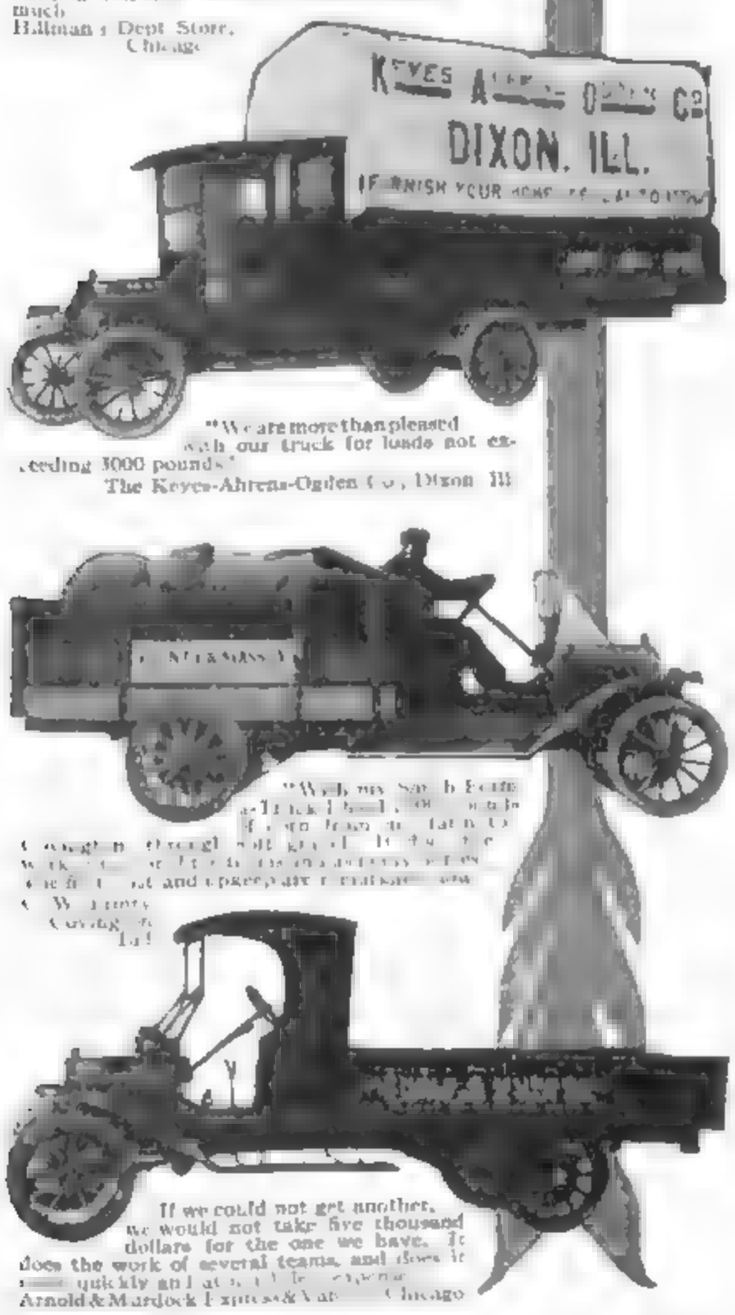
Department Stores
Express & Van Co's
Farmers
Fire Departments
Florists
Furniture Dealers
Grocers
Hospitals
Hotels & Bus Lines
Laundries
Lumber Dealers
Machinery Mfrs.
Oil Tank Deliveries
Paint Dealers
Packers
Paper Dealers
Plumbers
Steam Fitters
Undertakers
Warehouses and numerous others


"We find it equal in carrying capacity and efficiency to any other one-ton truck which we have in use, each of which cost us twice as much
Hillman's Dept. Store, Chicago
DIXON, ILL.
"We are more than pleased with our truck for loads not exceeding 3000 pounds"
The Keyes-Ahrens-Ogden Co., Dixon, Ill
"If we could not get another, we would not take five thousand dollars for the one we have. It does the work of several teams, and does it quickly and at a
Arnold & Murdock Express & Van Co., Chicago

"World's Lowest Hauling Cost"

Think of it—a guaranteed one-ton truck—built of the best procurable materials—a truck of proven dependability—at less than half the usual cost.

For three years—in practically every line of business—from California to the Atlantic—the Smith Form-a-Truck has demonstrated its unfailing performance, its wonderful durability, its comparative freedom from repair expense, and its marvelous low cost of operation and upkeep.

We do not know of a single other truck that even remotely approaches the record smashing performance of the Smith Form-a-Truck or enjoys such universal endorsement of owners.

In the Smith Form-a-Truck we have added to the unparalleled dependability, matchless economy and wonderful durability of the Ford, an almost everlasting attachment that carries 90% of the load. This attachment has 4-inch channel steel frame, real truck wheels, solid rear Firestone tires, chain drive, 125-inch wheel-base, Timken roller bearings, special heavy steel axle and springs and accommodates standard 9-foot roomy body. The wonderful time tested Ford rear axle becomes the jackshaft without a change or additional penny of expense.

The attachment is all ready for use—telescopes on to any Ford—new or old—fits perfectly, bolts securely and reinforces the entire frame. No skillful workmanship required—two men can do the job in a few hours.

We challenge the world to duplicate this truck for performance and economy. We know, and are prepared to prove, that it gives the lowest hauling cost on earth.

12 to 15 miles of speed under full load—12 to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline—ridiculously low upkeep expense—and twice the work of four teams at half the cost.

$7,000,000 Already Sold

Most of them were sold in the last 90 days. This is the best answer to what a Smith Form-a-Truck has **done** and will **do**. The biggest corporations and the keenest and most exacting buyers are our best customers. They buy because the Smith Form-a-Truck offers wonderful value. We never could have built our tremendous business, in so short a time, if we did not give the best for the money.

Immediate Deliveries

We have the material for and are building 50,000 of these trucks for 1916. This material isn't simply contracted for—**we've got it!** Therefore we **absolutely guarantee immediate deliveries** now and continuously throughout the year. Our big 2-acre plant is working day and night—and there will be no let-up. Your truck will be delivered on the date promised.

Put it up to us—self interest demands that you investigate Tell us your hauling problems, and our transportation engineering department will give you valuable information and common sense advice, without any obligation upon your part. If your hauling is costing you too much you want to know it.

Sending the coupon will bring you this full information—also a copy of our descriptive booklet "It Solves Your Delivery Problem." Write today—Don't put it off.

Exclusive Dealers Wanted

The big money making opportunity is within your easy reach [illegible] all we ask is quick investigation. Our national advertising is flooding us with inquiries from the livest kind of prospects right in your own territory. All inquiries will be referred to you as our exclusive agent

Come and see us—send a postal—write, wire or phone—get this [illegible] If you're a live wire, you'll take the first train to Chicago

Act at Once!

SMITH Form-a-Truck COMPANY

918 Adams Express Building, Chicago, Ill.

CUT THIS OUT—MAIL TODAY

SMITH FORM-A-TRUCK CO., S E P 4 8
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Gentlemen:—If you can prove to me that your Smith Form-a-Truck is the lowest transportation in the world, I am interested, so send me quick your "It Solves Your Delivery Problem." No obligation on my part

My business is _____ I can use _____ trucks.

Name _____

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"How Do you keep your hands so beautifully soft and white?"

"Why, I use Lemon Juice. It seems to be made for the skin."

"*Miriam* first told *me* about it.

"Someone *she* knew always washed her hands with four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice in the basin of water.

"For chapping and sunburn she applied the juice mixed with glycerine in equal proportions.

"I simply took her word for it, and tried it—and as Florence Shirley would say, 'It just perfectly worked like a charm.'

"So now I use one part lemon juice, with four parts rose water added, for the complexion also. That helps in removing freckles.

"And I use a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cup of warm water to soften the cuticle before manicuring. Oh, I couldn't do without *lemon* juice!

"But be sure to get Sunkist lemons. They're the *juiciest* and best.

"You'll know them by their clean, bright, waxy color—and by their tissue wrappers which are stamped 'Sunkist.' All good dealers everywhere sell them."

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Co-operative—Non-profit
Eastern Headquarters, Dept. B-32, 139 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Sunkist
California's Selected
Practically Seedless
Lemons

(Concluded from Page 34)

He had not had a happy week of it. The taste of his triumph was not pleasant. He was not blaming himself for anything, but somehow the thought of it did not bring any exuberant pleasure. A man is pretty sure to be miserable when he keeps telling himself over and over that what he has done was all right—the only sensible thing to do. It indicates an uneasy conscience and an alert subconscience that does not believe what he is saying.

The first half of the dinner was a rather silent affair. The girl had tried several times, but the talk went stale almost before it was started.

Burton watched her a good deal, wondering. She wore something unusually pretty—he never knew what. Her hair was done quite girlishly, and it fitted the tinge of natural red in her cheeks and her very brown eyes. He knew that all the time she was talking about other things she was thinking about him, and he wished she would not. He felt that her thoughts were not complimentary; that she did not approve of what he had done to his enemies. But somehow there was more trouble than condemnation in those eyes.

"Well, I got Powell at last."

He had to get at her thoughts. That thing had been between them all the evening, blocking every pleasurable exchange of good fellowship.

"And Salisbury," she added, looking down at her dessert.

The tinge in her cheeks became a flush. He moved his chair ever so slightly.

"Too bad about Salisbury!" He attempted a cynical tone. "But it is the way of the world. He got caught in bad company. Remember the fable of Old Dog Tray?"

"Yes," she said, still not looking up; "but I imagine the man who killed Old Dog Tray wasn't very comfortable over it when he learned that Tray was an innocent dog."

For a moment his mind was busy gathering grievances to feed his bitterness. That she was defending another man and accusing him helped the bitterness.

"It is all the same anyway. Dog eat dog—every man for himself. Trust none and let every fellow look out when you have the whip hand."

Her brown eyes came up slowly, almost slyly, and looked full at his face. His jaws were shut hard, the wrinkles deep between his eyes, the left corner of his mouth lifted. Slowly, illuminatingly, a smile broke on her face, grew warm and warmer, and then flashed into a dancing laugh.

"You can't do it, Mr. Burton! Why try?"

"Can't do what?" he asked stiffly, adding a miff to his bitterness.

"Be a cynical, heartless man; hating most of the world and doubting the rest. You can't manage it at all. You simply are not made that way. Your soul"—she paused, her eyes lowered to the cloth—"is generous all the way through, and just as full of faith as—as the prairie was of flowers that day we went to Coalfield."

He felt a dull, slow heat burning under his skin.

"I'm glad I smashed Powell. I think I did right," he said doggedly.

She nodded.

"So do I. Powell deserved just what he got, and I am rather strong on people having what they deserve. Mercy is wasted on the unmerciful. But"—and the smile came back and her eyes lifted to his—"is it quite fair to try to solve the whole human problem with Powell as the greatest common divisor?"

He laughed for the first time during the evening. The idea of Powell being the common divisor of a problem on a slate was amusing.

He was preoccupied, making little marks on the cloth with his fork.

"You know"—she spoke with a little quiver of feeling—"you said that girl would not marry Salisbury if he lost his money."

"Of course she wouldn't!" He tried to get back his cynicism.

The color in her cheeks deepened and deepened, her brown eyes glowed with the thrill of a big emotion.

"She did! Married him the next day after you closed him out—secretly. Kept on with her work—and he got a job as tub hooker."

For a moment a flame of heat—stormy, roaring heat, like the flames in his own furnaces—passed over him. It was a tumult of rage, loss, hopelessness. Then the blood left the surface. His skin felt cold and clammy. A great crowding was in his chest and a freezing sensation, as though salt water were poured round his heart.

Not much of a psychologist was Burton. He only felt—not knowing why. For five minutes he did not meet her eyes—five anxious, dramatic minutes for her. What was going on in him she did not know; neither did he. But she knew better than he that it was the crucial battle of his life.

He was very pale, and his blue eyes sad when he looked up at her and smiled. The boyishness was gone; the taking things on accidental trust was gone; also, the bitterness, the unfaith.

He took some paper from his pocket, and a fountain pen. He spread the paper carefully on the table and wrote half a dozen lines. Without a word he passed it across the table to her.

"MR. SALISBURY:

"Your half interest in the lease of the Southern Star Mine is still in force. I want you to take charge of the mine on Monday—as my partner. ELDON BURTON."

As she did not speak or stir his eyes came round from the orchestra very cautiously until they touched her. She sat very, very still, the paper in her hands—two undisturbed tears trailing down over her cheeks.

"Give that to your husband," he said presently.

He was signaling for the waiter and did not see her start or the look in her face.

"Good night!" he said at the door of the hotel.

"No; let us walk a while. It is glorious out to-night."

He acquiesced without comment. He did not touch her arm even while crossing the street. He walked so that his shoulder did not so much as brush hers.

They had left the business part of town and were on one of the residence streets, where the scattering electric lights gave the winter stars a chance. The clean west wind struck them in the face—and hers was aglow.

Timidly a little hand crept under his arm. She walked closer at his side.

"I have a good deal of faith in men," she said reflectively. "I've seen them tried, and they generally show up pretty well—ultimately. But"—her voice smothered with emotion—"but what you did to-night was the finest thing I ever knew a man to do."

"Thank you."

He spoke it remotely, his soul as lonesome and detached as the North Star, at which he gazed.

"You ——" She paused again and somehow seemed almost to snuggle under his big shoulder. "When you asked me to give this to Mr. Salisbury you called him something. What was it?"

"Your husband," he said miserably.

A laugh, a little rippling, joyful laugh, which seemed to run on the winter stillness like the singing on the wires, startled him.

"You silly, silly boy!" she said, squeezing his arm. "How did you ever get it into your head that I was the girl who married Salisbury?"

"Aren't you?" He whirled as swiftly as he would from a signal in the mine. His face was close above hers. His breath came with a swirl. "Didn't you marry him?"

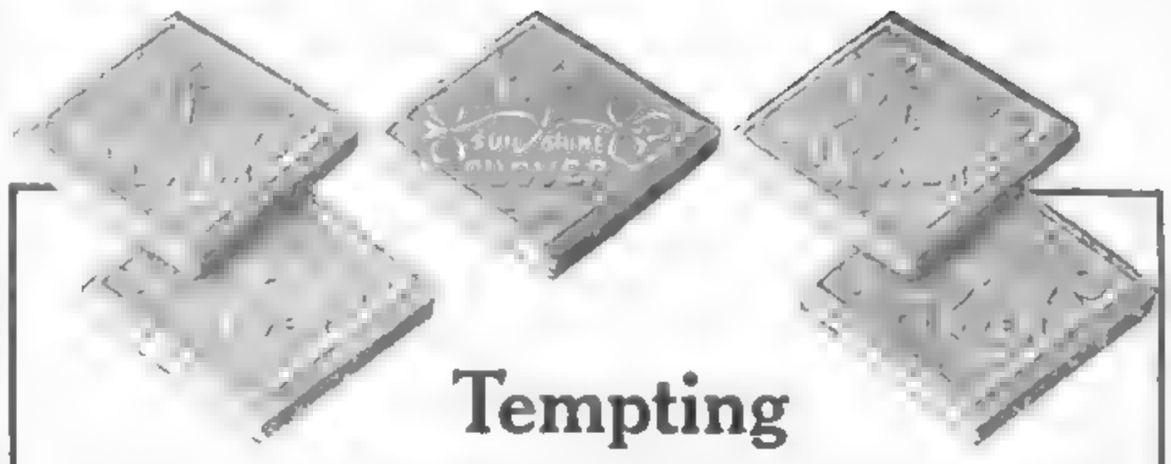
Again she laughed, and the laugh ran into an ecstasy of silence as her eyes evaded his and looked cautiously from star to star.

"Of course not! Why, fine as he is, I wouldn't have married him if he had been a millionaire!"

He put out his hands, one on each arm, and his fingers closed round them in a grip of tenderness. He drew her closer, looking down into her face, which glowed even in the winter night. But her eyes still looked past him at the stars—which she was not seeing.

"Then," he said shakily, "would you marry me—if I were a millionaire?"

"Yes—or a tub hooker!"



Tempting

Of course, *all* Sunshine Biscuits are tempting, whether it's Takhoma, the Sunshine Soda, or Clover Leaves—fragile wafers, enclosing a delightful spread of sweetened cream. Whatever your need for good biscuits—buy Sunshine Biscuits. No better biscuits baked—no variety so great.

The Sunshine Revelation Box, containing an appetizing variety of 14 popular Sunshine Biscuits, mailed for 10c (to pay mailing) and your dealer's name. Send for it.

In each package of Takhoma Biscuit, 5c, is a paper doll in colors. Other packages of Sunshine Biscuits contain pretty dresses for her. See list in Takhoma package.

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Bakers of

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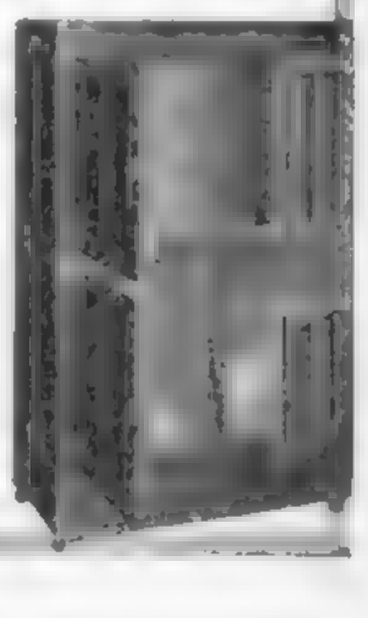
"Most Everybody Around Here Has One of Those Refrigerators"

The Bohn Syphon Refrigerator is distinctive. Even the children recognize it. Housekeepers accept it as standard because of its many years of proven efficiency. The Bohn Syphon System is being used by large buyers such as the Pullman Company, the great railroad systems, hotels, clubs, cafés, etc., as well as in the best homes.
This season it has new features which make it more valuable than ever before. For instance, the

Bohn One-Piece Seamless Porcelain Enamel Lining With Rounded Corners

The "Bohn" is the only refrigerator having a strictly one-piece lining which does away with joints, cracks, and square corners. This assures perfect cleanliness and long life. The "Bohn" is made in all the desirable sizes and affords inside or outside icing. It is sold by the best dealers in most cities and towns. If you can't locate the Bohn dealer, please write us giving your dealer's name. Book on "Home Refrigerators" free



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That's Motor Wheeling—the new route to pleasure and business—and the cost is trifling.

The Smith Motor Wheel attaches in five minutes to *any* bicycle and two easy pedal turns summon the power. Then your thumb-lever controls. The hardy motor will urge you on at any speed from four miles to twenty, and one gallon of gasoline yields up to 125 miles.

You go when and where you wish and you dress as you will, for there is no grease or dirt. Your first short ride reveals the pleasure secret which more than 10,000 already know and you will make that pleasure your own.

See your dealer today or write for book "Motor-Wheeling."

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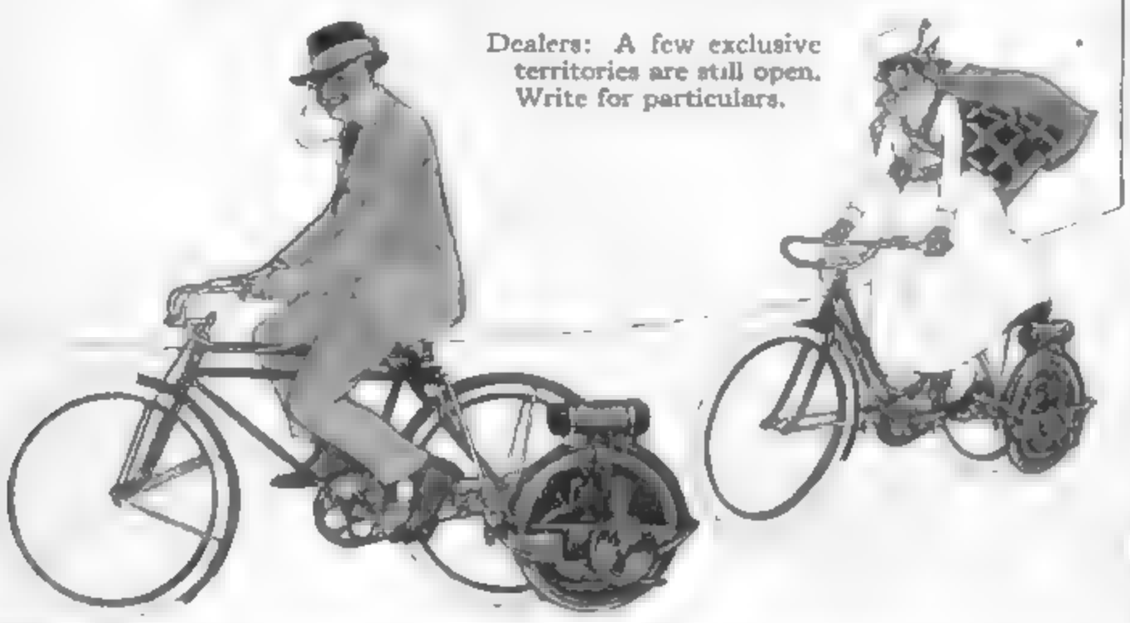
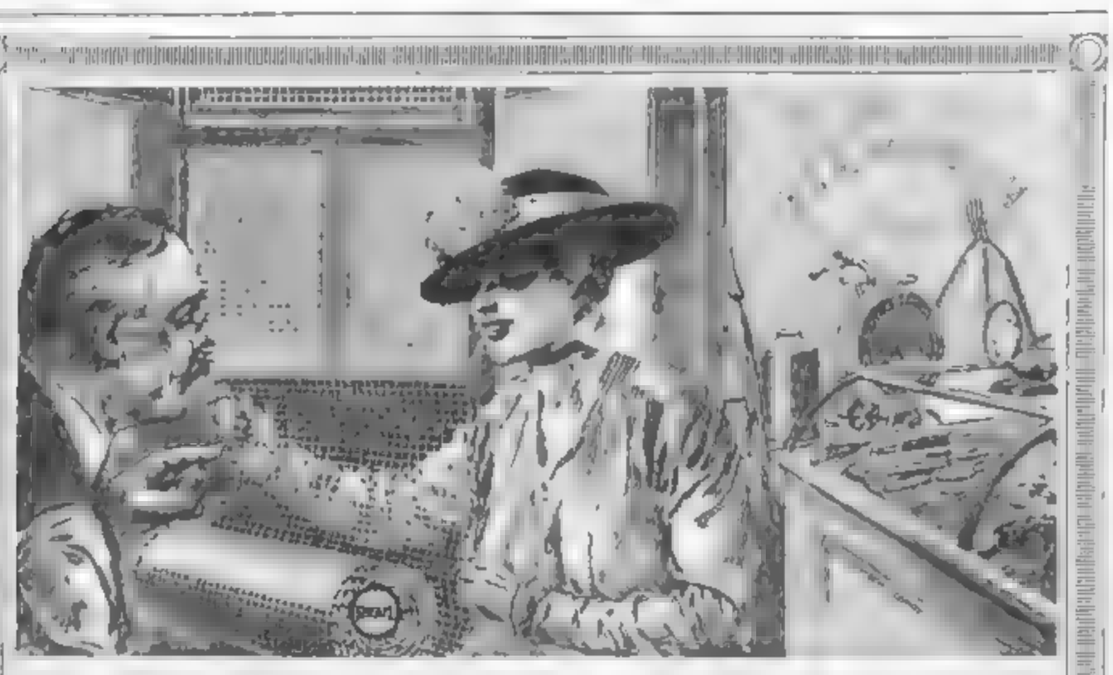
World's Largest Manufacturers of Automobile Parts

Dealers: A few exclusive territories are still open. Write for particulars.





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YOU'LL find genuine G. & B. PEARL Wire Cloth handled by the best hardware dealer in your vicinity. Ask him why he sells and recommends it for *permanently* screening doors, porches and windows. He will tell you that—

—genuine G. & B. PEARL Wire Cloth ends painting and repairing and replacing screens—once up it is there to stay. Rust, not wear, ruins screens—and PEARL is rust-proof. The metallic coating which gives PEARL its wonderful durability is a secret process of that Company which is one reason why imitations don't wear anywhere near as well as the genuine article. The meshes are smooth and clean—offer least resistance to the vision and become less visible the longer used. Cost of G. & B. PEARL is far below the value it offers in wear and appearance. The one choice of the householder who wants 100% service from his screens is this wire cloth.

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No bag, sag or bulge to a G. & B. PEARL Screen. The cloth holds up, looks as well and protects as efficiently after years of wear as it does the first day. There are PEARL Screens on your town. Talk to the owners. You don't have to take our word or that of our dealer. Users gladly tell of their experience. The time you spend investigating will pay big dividends in money and trouble saved.

Every roll of G. & B. PEARL has two copper wires in the selvage and a Round Tag bearing our name. Insist on the genuine. Call on the hardware dealer in your vicinity who sells PEARL or write us for his name, samples and particulars.

The Best Hardware Dealer in Your City Sells "PEARL"

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co.

(Established 1818)

Dept. M, 277 Broadway, New York. Dept. M, 385 Dearborn St., Chicago
Georgetown, Conn. Wireton, Ill. Kansas City, Mo.

FREE Samples and Booklet
Address our nearest office

KITCHEN-DOOR DELIVERIES

(Concluded from Page 18)

a year. The loss from this form of leakage under the old individual system was far greater than this—undoubtedly several times this amount.

When this system was started the twenty-two charter shareholders were using seventy-six delivery rigs. Now the work is done with twenty wagons and twenty-two horses. One of the most interesting features of the Ann Arbor Merchants' Delivery Company is the fact that it is building an increasing business in distributing goods to the merchants as well as to their customers. Jobbers having occasion to send regular shipments of package goods to the merchants find this a cheap and convenient way of handling their trade. A wholesaler of candies, for example, makes a regular weekly delivery to some twenty merchants. By using the merchants' own system the whole lot is shipped to the central station, opened, and then the allotment to each merchant is delivered in the course of routine calls at the stores. This costs the candy jobber only ten cents a delivery, or about two dollars for a week's shipment. The fact that this kind of business can be done with scarcely any additional expense makes it desirable for the company, while it saves the jobbers a large percentage of local distribution expense.

Superintendent L. C. Rhoades has been successful in developing private-errand deliveries into a very respectable volume of traffic, in the neighborhood of about fifteen hundred dollars a year. All these orders come in over the telephone and involve a wide range of errands—anything from picking up a basket of clothes at the washerwoman's home to delivering a package of jelly and canned fruit at the hospital.

The use of delivery coupons has been found to be a great convenience at Ann Arbor. These coupons are in the form of tags and are paid for in cash by the merchants, who buy them in large quantities—several hundred at a time. In case of a C. O. D. delivery the tag is in the form of an envelope, into which the driver puts the money collected. These deliveries are increasing in volume; it is a light day when the company does not make two hundred of them, and as high as three hundred and forty-five C. O. D. transactions have been handled in a day. The fee for these deliveries is one-eighth of a cent more than for an ordinary delivery.

One of the useful things worked out in the long experience of this system is the definition of a delivery. A grocery delivery has finally been defined as less than one hundred pounds of goods contained in not more than three boxes or baskets for delivery at one time to one customer. A butcher delivery is fixed at less than fifty pounds.

The Ann Arbor Plan

Under the Ann Arbor plan the responsibility of routing the goods is put up to the merchant, who is furnished with a route book from which to mark the tags. In the central station is a long platform on a level with the floors of the delivery wagons, which are backed up to each side of it as they bring in the goods from the stores—each wagon at the spot indicated by its route number. The shifting of the goods across this platform and into the proper wagons is done with astonishing quickness and ease. All the tags are reclaimed by the drivers as the deliveries are made and are held at the central station office as evidence of delivery. Of course each tag bears the name of the merchant for whom the delivery was made.

The grocer who is a shareholder in the delivery company pays three and three-eighths cents a delivery and the nonshareholding grocer four and one-eighth, while outside merchants in other lines of trade pay five cents for an ordinary delivery and ten for a special. The fee for a meat delivery for a member is two and three-eighths cents, while an outside butcher pays three and one-eighth.

The possibilities of a consolidated merchants' delivery in the small town of a few thousand inhabitants are, of course, decidedly important, because of the very large number of towns of that size in the United States. This plan has been thoroughly tried out in many small towns and villages, but it is doubtful whether a more typical test can be found than that given the system in Marengo, Illinois, a thriving town of two thousand inhabitants occupying a territory about a mile and a half square. Here a consolidated merchants' delivery system has been in operation for ten years, and neither the merchants nor their customers could be induced to return to the old practice of deliveries by each individual storekeeper.

Four grocery stores and two meat markets are the only direct supporters of the system, which is operated by two drivers and two wagons. The wagons are of the modern type, having separate compartments for oil and gasoline. They make four deliveries a day—eight o'clock and ten in the forenoon, and two and four in the afternoon. The only criticism made of the system by any merchant is that some of the stores sometimes delay the wagons a little and prevent them from starting on schedule time.

The only distinctive point of difference between this system and that suited to towns and cities of a considerably larger size is the fact that no central station for the redistribution and routing of merchandise is necessary. This, of course, implies a large proportionate saving of expense and avoidance of investment. Just how large a town may be successfully served without a central station is a problem that is to some extent determined by the situation of the stores and other local conditions. There seems to be a reasonable basis for the belief that a town of three thousand or four thousand inhabitants, and possibly of five thousand, may be successfully served without a central station, provided the stores are comparatively near together.

Possibilities of the System

On the score of the economies obtainable under this system in a country town one of the Marengo storekeepers has this to say:

"If I were to maintain an individual service for my customers equal in efficiency to that which they now receive it would certainly cost me three times what I am now paying. Besides it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for any merchant to make his own deliveries as regularly and as dependably as the outside delivery company can make them."

Each merchant pays for his delivery service in strict proportion to the volume of his deliveries. Drivers are not permitted to solicit business or to collect bills for merchants. The delivery company is held strictly accountable for breakage and loss of articles intrusted to it for delivery, and the merchants hold a reasonable deposit of cash to cover claims of this character. There is apparently no reason why a fair amount of subsidiary business from merchants in other lines and from private individuals may not be secured by the consolidated delivery company in the small town as well as in the larger one. It is evident, however, that the possibilities of additional income from sources of this kind have not been thus far so industriously developed by the consolidated merchants' delivery of the smaller towns as they have in towns and cities of ten thousand inhabitants or more.

The extent to which the principle of consolidated deliveries may be applied in the cities and villages of the United States is suggested by the fact that, according to the last census report, there are 1172 cities of 2500 to 5000 inhabitants; 629 cities with a population of 5000 to 10,000; 372 cities containing 10,000 to 25,000 inhabitants, and 11,784 incorporated towns of less than 2500 inhabitants. In round numbers, then, there are 14,000 incorporated towns and cities in this country in which a consolidated delivery system, if sensibly organized and administered, would be safely practicable and would probably work out a decided economy for the merchants in those places.

This statement would seem to carry the inference that a plan of this kind is not feasible in a city of more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants. That inference is not intended. The limit of twenty-five thousand inhabitants is taken only because that corresponds to the population of the community in which the delivery system described in this article has been tried out. There is no reason to believe that it might not be found just as practicable in a city of thirty thousand, forty thousand or even fifty thousand inhabitants.

Delights the whole family

When *you* eliminate down to the Haynes "Light Six," because of its wonderful combination of great power, flexibility and economy of upkeep

—you can be sure that every member of the family will approve your selection from his or her points of preference.

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Pleases mother,—there's a graceful sweep to the body that makes the first glance one of approval. It is richly upholstered, and has those small comforts and luxuries so dear to the woman's heart.

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History is repeating. More people will want the Haynes "Light Six" this spring and summer than can get them. But placing your order now will insure delivery at an early date. Get in touch with your dealer at once.

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Catalog with full details of all Haynes models, "Light Six" and "Light Twelve," free on request.

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Model 36—Three-Passenger "So-Sha-Belle" Roadster	1485
Model 37—Seven-Passenger Touring Car	1585

HAYNES "LIGHT TWELVE" PRICES

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Model 41—Seven-Passenger Touring Car	1985

All Prices F. O. B. Kokomo

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*Formerly Truffault Hartford.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Firefly's Light

WHAT boy has not stood on some meadow in the dusk and watched the fireflies pass, an innumerable caravan of mystic beings lighted by fairy candles, always burning yet never burned out? What boy has not asked his mother why the firefly's candle never is warm? has not asked his father what makes the firefly's light? And what father or mother ever could answer these questions? In actual truth no one ever was able to answer them before the month of June of the year 1915. The statement is believed to be correct—that the answers are now for the first time offered in public print.

The firefly itself has interested wise men time out of mind. There is, regarding its several species, an extensive literature in more than one language. The firefly is of widely distributed and varying species. In the tropics children play with them, and the women of South America use strings of the cucujo—one species of the firefly—as hair ornaments. Science itself has hesitated as to the actual use of the firefly's spark. One man thinks it is given as a defense against enemies; another thinks it is used as an attraction by the female for the opposite sex. That evidently is the animating idea of the cucujo-decorated dames and demoiselles of South America.

There is also in South America a large beetle that is called the railroad beetle because it has a red light at each end and a green light alongside. But no railroad man ever yet has been able to determine how it keeps its switch lights burning. The firefly's method of illumination always has been a secret process, one of Nature's trade secrets. A learned professor of Princeton—where professors and presidents grow extremely wise—has long tried to solve the mystery and has failed. Thomas A. Edison called attention to this form of illumination—himself being something of a sharp in the lighting business—but admitted that he could not make light so cheaply as the firefly, though he declared that some day man must learn its secret and employ it profitably.

All scientists agree that this strange light is the most economical ever known on land or sea. It is produced without heat and with no loss in the chemical rays. Any boy knows that he can touch his finger to the spark of a firefly and not be burned; though he does not know that it is one of the curious and interesting facts of science, which for ages has remained a mystery.

It was in November of 1915, while on a duck-shooting trip on the St. Marys River, below the Sault, that there was brought to my notice the first success in this search which has so long baffled the wise men of this and other lands. Let me hasten to say that this was not my own discovery. And since in the circumstances it is necessary to mention names, let me add at once that the actual and original discoverer of the source of the firefly's light is, so far as may be determined, ex-Governor Chase S. Osborn, of Michigan. It was he who was my companion on the hunt aforesaid.

Learning Nature's Secrets

Be it said that Governor Osborn himself is naturalist, sportsman, outdoor man and traveler *par excellence*. He is the only man of my acquaintance who ever killed three African lions with a shotgun. It is said of him, no doubt truthfully, that he is the most widely traveled man in the world to-day. He has the reputation of being one of the most successful prospectors for iron ore the world has ever known; he made his fortune out of his ability to go into wild countries and fend for himself while looking for iron. Naturally, therefore, he is naturalist, student and observer, an eager questioner of Nature's mysteries.

Now Governor Osborn and I in the month of November were on a duck marsh one very stormy evening, our stations being about four miles below his hunting lodge on the shore of the great St. Marys River. A storm came up and we found ourselves in for the blackest evening either of us had ever seen on any marsh.

My companion and I were shooting a mile or so apart. As dusk approached and the storm increased I pulled up my own decoys and started for the little fire I saw he had lighted on the shore. My boatman and I picked up a dozen or so of his decoys that had blown from their moorings. It was wild work; but at last we joined him at the side of his fire on the beach.

We were four miles from home and a nasty sea was rolling, one that would swamp any little duck punt carrying two men. Joe thought he could make it back to the house alone, crawling along shore, and thus bring back the big Mackinaw boat, which would ride any sea. We agreed to this; but meantime Governor Osborn and I also were to crawl along the shore to a certain point about half way home, where we were to meet the Mackinaw.

It was rather sloppy work in the duck boat wherever we came before the force of the wind. It now was night. The whole shore line had changed in contour. On ahead, perhaps half a mile, at length we saw a long point jutting out from shore.

"We can take our choice," said my companion—"either run outside into the sea or go ashore on yonder point. If we try that we shall probably be wrecked on a reef of rocks that runs out some distance there."

The matter being left to me, I concluded it might be better to be wrecked on the rocks than to be wrecked in the middle of the river. Whereupon, in due course, we were wrecked—but fortunately in water so shallow that we managed to wade ashore with some difficulty, dragging our boat after us.

Governor Osborn's Story

So much preliminary to the discovery of the source of the light of the firefly. Once ashore, Governor Osborn passed on round the point, with the purpose of making another fire, which Joe could see when he came back for us with the big boat. I followed, somewhat burdened with duffle.

As I passed along the wet and slippery rocks of the narrow beach I saw, burning in the middle of the moist surroundings—for now rain was falling—a tiny spark, like the end of a match, glowing brightly on the wet ground—burning steadily and not going out. As it was late for fireflies we both knew this was a piece of phosphorescent wood, or fox fire, as it is called.

The tiny flame burned there so comfortably in surroundings which made it very difficult to kindle a fire by any artificial process that I paused, with a swift sense of wonder, to look at it as I passed. The white, wan little lamp in the dark seemed like a triumph in life, like a success over obstacles. Governor Osborn and I talked of it for some time as we sat about our new fire which presently we managed to construct. Then he asked me whether I knew what made the light of the firefly.

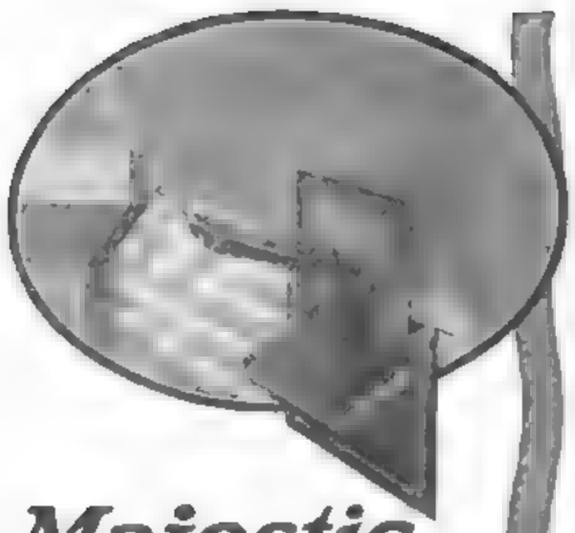
"No," said I; "nor anyone else, so far as I know."

He smiled then.

"Every man," said he, "is, I presume, in search of some sort of distinction for himself. I don't know that I have done much in that line; but perhaps I have made one discovery of considerable scientific interest—indeed, of scientific importance, all things considered. By chance we have blundered on that very subject, and I can answer for you to-night a question which before last June I could not have answered—a question which all the scientific men of the world have been unable to answer before this year."

And there, sitting on a wet log in the wet night, he went on to tell me this story, which, I may repeat, is thought to be the first printed explanation of the firefly's light.

"All my life," said Governor Osborn, "I have, as you know, been a student of the out-of-doors. I have traveled in wildernesses a great deal and have been obliged to learn the habit of investigation. The light of the firefly always was a curious thing to me; I always wondered over it. This summer I discovered, as I take it, the mystery of the firefly. I did this independently. It is reported to me that a French scientist has fallen on much the same line of thought. I regard his conclusions as confirmation of my own discovery.



Majestic Coal Chute

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Keeps the careless coal man from marring the sides of your house. Saves your lawn, walk, flowers and shrubs from being ruined by coal dust and stray lumps every time you get a load of coal. Nothing disfigures a house so quickly as the window ledge soiled with coal dust.

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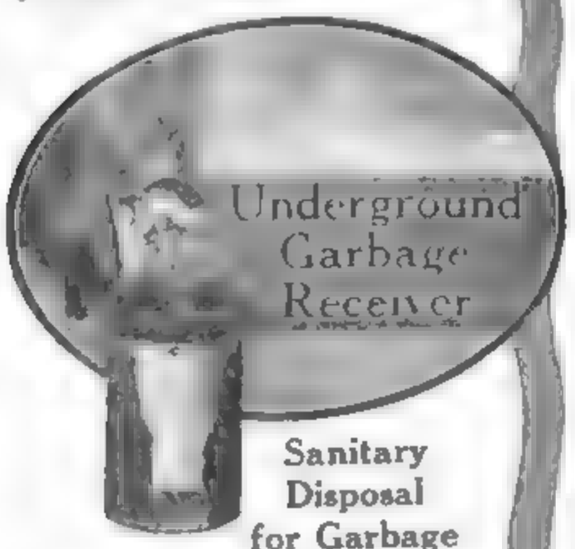
The Majestic Coal Chute is a cellar window as well. When not in use for coal, the [illegible] door serves as a window [illegible] light to the basement. [illegible] from the inside it is [illegible] It excludes dampness and will [illegible] the building. It has a heavy steel [illegible] iron door frame and boiler plate [illegible] When open, the hopper comes out [illegible] catching all the coal without [illegible] spattering. Can be installed in [illegible] already built home. Thousands in use. They are endorsed and recommended by Architects and Builders.



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The Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver will protect your family's health and save you many steps.

You can bury the Majestic Can close to your kitchen door where it is handy—but never unsightly. It is rain and frost proof and emits no disagreeable odors.

It minimizes the fly nuisance and, with your garbage safely hidden, dogs or cats cannot upset it and litter the yard.

It is always closed, opens and shuts with the foot and lies flat when not in use. Can easily lifts out for emptying. Average size $5.00. Larger size a trifle more.

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"You perhaps do not know how much scientists have been interested in this matter of the firefly's spark. Langley and Very carried on a series of experiments comparing the light of this insect with that of the sun. They superimposed the respective spectra and found that the spectrum of the sun, with equal luminosity, extends farther toward both the violet end and the red end of the spectrum.

"On the other hand, the light of the firefly is more intense in the green rays than is sunlight. Hence, both the heat, or red rays, and the chemical, or blue rays, practically are absent from the spectrum of the firefly. That explains the absolute economy of this light.

"The best electric light of to-day has an efficiency of only fifteen per cent. The firefly's light is one hundred per cent efficient! It has no loss. If not perpetual motion, it seems perpetual light, and at no cost. But how can that be, since always we are told that action is equal to reaction, that light and heat work together in definite ratio, and that nothing can exist without a cause, without expenditure of energy?"

"But what I saw round the point, Governor," said I, "was not a firefly. It was simply the end of a phosphorescent bit of decayed wood."

"Precisely!" said my friend with emphasis. "That is it exactly. You have no idea how closely those two trails cross, though by mere accident. In brief, the firefly and the fox fire are the same!

"This question of heatless light is no new thing in Nature, of course. There are luminous fishes; there is a luminous mushroom—the one known as *Agaricus*. Some scientists say there are luminous cells in the human body. But there has been endless speculation as to the source of the light of fireflies. Lang, Emery and Wielowiejsky thought it came from combustion of oxygen in the minute capillaries of tracheæ that supply the luminous organ of the firefly; but these men were wrong. It is not the product of combustion at all, because some of the larvæ are luminous; yet certainly there is no trachea in the egg and only a rudimentary one in the larva."

The Efficient Firefly

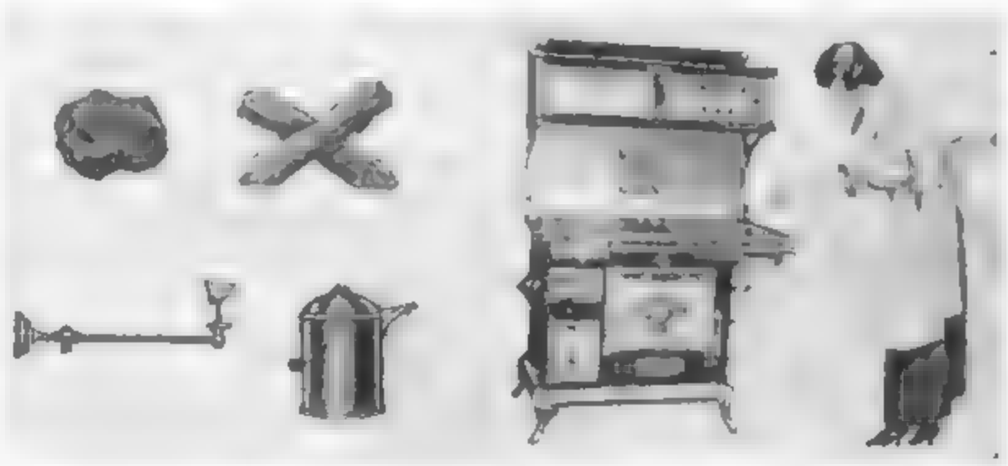
"Watasè, another investigator, figured that the photogenic material is a product of metabolism in the cell; that the process of its formation is identical with that known as secretion. He declares that there may be secretion without the existence of a special gland; that the fundamental process may be carried out by a single isolated cell just as well as by thousands of cells constituting a gland. Very well; but the mystery remains just as before. No biologist has ever found an organ of any size in the firefly that has for its function the secretion of its light.

"Now a French biologist, Goureau by name, has proved that the firefly deposits its eggs in decaying wood, where they remain for five years. I do not know whether we may call his or my own the original discovery of the light of the firefly—rather, I prefer to call each complementary of the other and the two constituting a perfect theory. Goureau deduces nothing from his discovery; he simply says that fireflies do this, but he does not say why.

"Yet another Frenchman, Dubois, says that he considers the firefly's light to be due to two substances—luciferase and luciferin. He proves to his own satisfaction that luciferase is an enzyme, which he has found in the form of minute granules in the thorax of the firefly. He asserts, it seems to me without much evidence, that luciferin exists in the blood and becomes luminous only when it is carried into the luminous organ of the firefly; but he does not discover the mechanics of this operation. Indeed, there is no such thing as mechanics about it.

"We may mark Dubois off the slate as not independently successful in his search for the source of the light of the firefly. Goureau is more useful to us. We should, indeed, remember them both and in connection—we must remember Goureau discovered that firefly eggs are deposited in decaying wood for five years, and we must remember that Dubois discovered enzymes in the thorax of the firefly. Now then for what I think I may justly call my own discovery.

"Last June, on a very dark and humid night, I broke open a decaying log, twelve feet long and a foot in diameter, on Duck Island, here in the St. Marys River. One



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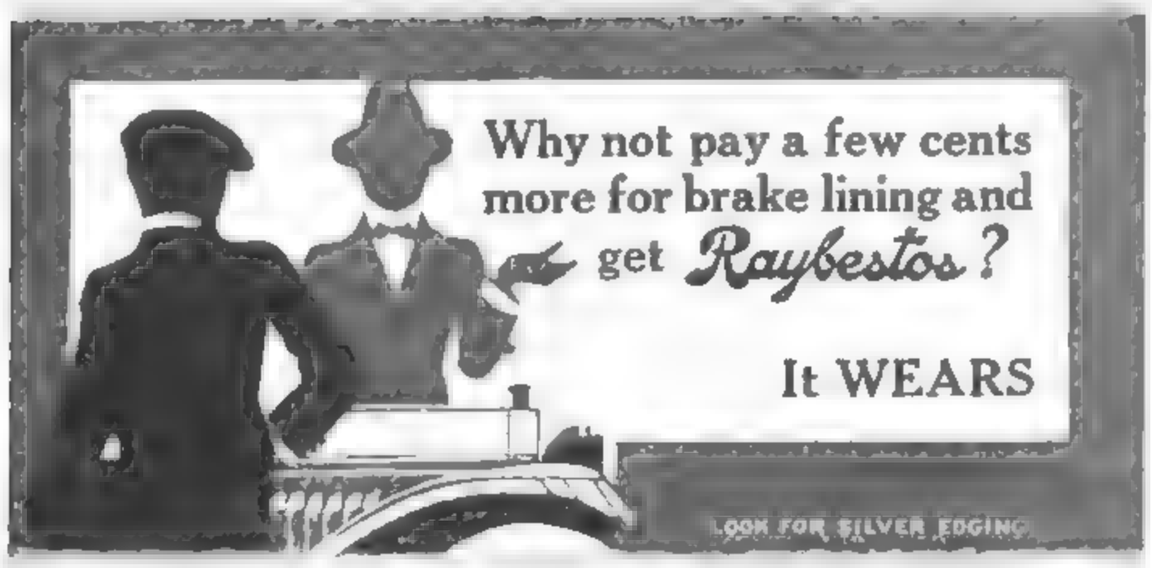

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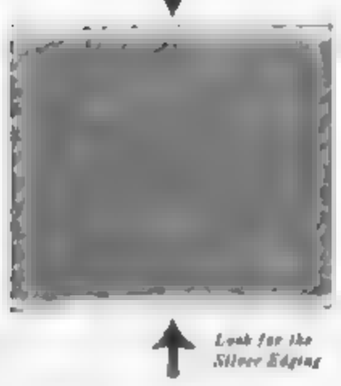
For brake lining **WEAR**—Raybestos.



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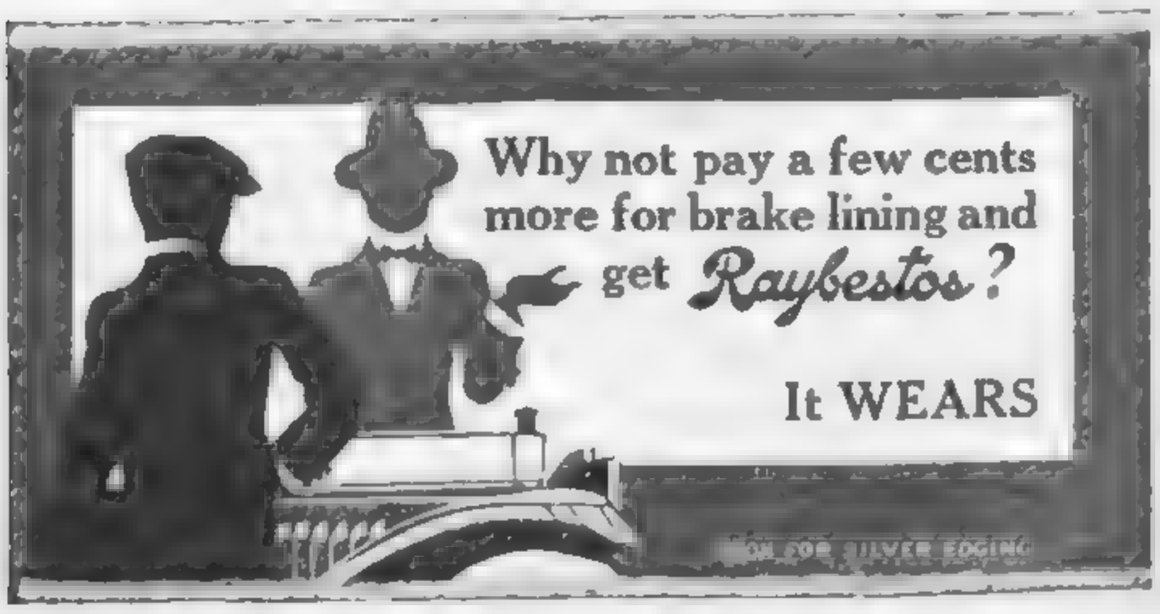

end of the log was unbrokenly incandescent with that illuminant commonly called fox fire. The other end of the log, for five or six feet, seemed to contain myriads of minute luminous particles, which appeared in the moonless darkness as miniature stars. On more careful observation these stars were found to be firefly larvæ.

"At once I concluded that the purpose of the firefly in depositing its eggs in the decaying wood—to remain there five years, as discovered by Goureau—was to enable the process of catalysis to reach the point of perfection where the light caused by it might be transferred to the firefly."

By this time, though it was a very cold night, I was sweating hard in my attempt to follow the rapid diction of my companion at the other end of the wet log.

"My dear Governor," I said to him, "is there such a thing as a dictionary at the camp?"

"Sure!" said he. "You will find it behind the door, with the gun grease."

I later did so, and therein discovered the following definitions of one or two words that cannot well be left out of the story:

"Catalysis: 1. Dissolution, destruction, degeneration, decay. 2. A decomposition and new combination, supposed by Berzelius and other chemists to be produced among the proximate and elemental principles of one or more compounds, by virtue of the mere presence of a substance or substances which do not of themselves enter into the reaction. It is at present believed that bodies which cause catalysis do in some way take part in the chemical reactions involved, though they are in the course of it always brought back to their original condition.

"Enzyme: Any of the unorganized ferments, such as diastase, maltin, pepsin, trypsin, and so on, which exist in seeds," and so on.

Finding Light in a Log

Of course, as I did not get to the dictionary for a couple of hours, my perspiration remained unabated; but I told the gentleman on the other end of the wet log to go ahead and I would do the best I could in the dark. So he continued:

"Phosphorescence in wood is caused by catalysis. Catalysis is the work of the enzyme. Enzymes have been discovered in the firefly by Dubois. The enzyme is the agent of transference of the phosphorescent light of the wood to the firefly.

"Many of the functions of enzymes are known. Their limitation is not known. No one knows just how the enzyme performs its functions or how many it has. It is known to be a catalytic agent, causing dissolution, degeneration, decay, though remaining unchanged itself. The contact process of making sulphuric acid is the work of enzymes. The transformation of starch into sugar in the human body is the work of enzymes. The distribution in the human system of monosaccharides, which have been created by the enzymes, is their work. They are everywhere in life, both in the vegetable and animal world. It may even be that they are the source of life itself. The discovery of the enzyme has solved many scientific mysteries.

"In the end of the log that I burst open, where there were no firefly larvæ, the phosphorescence was complete. In the end of the log where the larvæ were deposited there was no phosphorescence except in the larvæ, indicating the absorption of it by them.

"A certain number of the enzymes that have been at work in the catalytic process of producing phosphorescence in the wood transfer themselves to the firefly and keep up the work as long as the firefly has life and there is material. A definite mass of enzymes produces a definite but very, very large amount of transformation, as is proved by the contact process of making sulphuric acid and in other practical directions.

"Enzymes are already so useful in chemical engineering that it would seem to be entirely possible to inoculate ligneous substances, wood and peat, with them and produce the light of the firefly for economical human use. Nature's processes in this realm are very slow. It will be for inventive man to hasten them and harness them, as has been so often done in other channels. The raw material for enzymic light is waste material, and the great percentage of cost would be the expense of the process, whatever that might be.

"At present, phosphorescence in wood requires months and years to create. The enzyme, which is the catalytic agent producing the necessary conditions of ligneous decay and transformation, is not present in great enough numbers. An additional supply of enzymes would do the work in days where months are now consumed."

Far off, a mile or more down the river, a speck of light now appeared, moving fitfully, like a firefly in the gloom. Joe was coming with the Mackinaw. The wind was screaming over the trees that lined the point back of which we huddled over our own bivouac fire—a fire which carried heat but which meant much waste.

We sat for a time silent, looking at the little spark of light out on the wild river. In a purely whimsical way there came to my mind the old family doctor's explanation of another mystery of the boyhood soul: Whence came the new baby they showed to us? They told us the doctor found it in a hollow log. Maybe! Maybe!

It is not a mad world, my masters, but a strange, kindly, interesting and generous world, this of the out-of-doors. It holds many secrets for us only to interest us; but at the last it yields them up if only one shall seek sufficiently and always with much patience.

The Feats of Enzymes

And how saith the poet—that there are sermons in stones? See what one outdoor man at least found in a hollow log! Was it life itself? In any case I felt there had been a certain symposium when at length we scattered the embers of our fire on the beach and took ship in the big Mackinaw for our tempestuous voyage home.

Governor Osborn later cautioned me not to accord to him any position of vaunting in this matter of his own chance discovery.

"You will remember," said he, "that in the case of Watt's 'discovery' of steam it was not a discovery at all, but simply a correlation of facts that he made. The same is true of the development of the locomotive by Stephenson; it may be said to be true of almost every discovery that is made. One man discovers one thing, one another; and finally somebody discovers the missing link, the key. Then the facts are correlated and the conclusion is satisfactory.

"My idea is at least new and I think it is indisputable. Those to whom I have submitted it are as firm in their conviction as I myself am.

"The remarkable fact that Goureau has proved—that the fireflies lay their eggs in wood, where they remain five years—must mean something. The other disconnected fact that Dubois has discovered enzymes in the firefly is, to me, wonderful. That these things and others bearing on the subject have not been connected is not surprising, because the enzyme itself is of very recent discovery.

"The result of my observations satisfies me that firefly light is catalytic. Enzymes are the catalytic agents. They perform the most wonderful feats in all the realm of life. It is not more remarkable that they should create the phosphorescence in wood, as it is agreed by scientists they do, than that they should transfer it to the firefly.

"Nor is this function more remarkable than the work they do in the human body, which is by no means confined to the transformation of starch into sugar, and so on. If they can be used in making sulphuric acid it ought not to be impossible for them to be used in producing great volumes of the light they create in so small a way in the firefly.

"To come back again to the practical side, wherever ligneous material of waste character or otherwise exists, it could be used in producing commercial light. This idea is not farther fetched than the wireless telephone or many other of the wonderful things that have been done."

So the scientists worked in their laboratories, with their microscopes and test tubes, for years and years, studious, bespectacled, grave and gray and pale. And meantime it was left for a red-blooded outdoor man to open a hollow log by accident with his ax and find out more in a minute than they had learned in a lifetime.

It would be easy to point a moral. Perhaps even the tale could be adorned. As for myself, I forgot the dictionary. I could remember standing, as a boy, on a meadow, watching the fireflies pass—an innumerable caravan. Was it not thus with you, brother, one time in your life?

MY COUNTRY TISH OF THEE—

(Continued from Page 22)

"Crazy!" he groaned to himself. "In the hands of lunatics! Oh, my goodness!" Again these were not exactly his words.

Having bound him tightly, hand and foot, and taken a revolver from his pocket, Tish straightened herself.

"Now we'll gag him, Lizzie," she said. "We have other things to do to-night than to stand here and converse." Then she turned to the man and told him a deliberate lie. I am sorry to record this. But a tendency to avoid the straight and narrow issues of truth when facing a crisis is one of Tish's weaknesses, the only flaw in an otherwise strong and perfect character.

"We are going to leave you here," she said. "But one of our number, fully armed, will be near by. A sound from you, or any endeavor to call for succor, will end sadly for you. A word to the wise. Now, Lizzie, take that bandanna off his neck and tie it over his mouth."

Tish stood, looking down at him, and her very silhouette was scornful.

"Think, my friend," she said, "of the ignominy of your position! Is any moving picture worth it? Is the pleasure of seeing yourself on the screen any reward for such a shameful position as yours now is? No. A thousand times no."

He made a choking sound in his throat and writhed helplessly. And so we left him, a hopeless and miserable figure, to ponder on his sins.

"That's one," said Tish briskly. "There are only three left. Come, Aggie," she said cheerfully—"to work! We have made a good beginning."

It is with modesty that I approach that night's events, remembering always that Tish's was the brain which conceived and carried out the affair. We were but her loyal and eager assistants. It is for this reason that I thought, and still think, that the money should have been divided so as to give Tish the lion's share. But she, dear, magnanimous soul, refused even to hear of such a course, and insisted that we share it equally.

Of that, however, more anon.

We next proceeded to capture their horses and to tie them up. We regretted the necessity for this, since the unfortunate animals had traveled far and were doubtless hungry. It went to my heart to drag them from their fragrant pasture and to tie them to trees. But, as Tish said, "Necessity knows no law," not even kindness. So we tied them up. Not, however, until we had moved them far from the trail.

Tish stopped then, and stared across the cañon to the enemy's camp fire.

"No quarter, remember," she said. "And bring your weapons."

We grasped our wooden revolvers and, with Tish leading, started for the camp. Unluckily there was a stream between us, and it was necessary to ford it. It shows Tish's true generalship that, instead of removing her shoes and stockings, as Aggie and I were about to do, she suggested getting our horses and riding across. This we did, and alighted on the other side dry-shod.

It was, on consulting my watch, nine o'clock and very dark. A few drops of rain began to fall also, and the distant camp fire was burning low. Tish gave us each a little blackberry cordial, for fear of dampness, and took some herself. The mild glow which followed was very comforting.

It was Tish, naturally, who went forward to reconnoiter. She returned in an hour, to report that the three men were lying round the fire, two asleep and one leaning on his elbow with a revolver handy. She did not see Mr. Oliver, and it was possible that it was he we had tied to the tree. The girl, she said, was sitting on a log, with her chin propped in her hands.

"She looks rather low-spirited," Tish said. "I expect she liked the first young man better than she thought she did. I intend to give her a piece of my mind as soon as I get a chance. This playing hot and cold isn't maidenly, to say the least."

We now moved slowly forward, after tying our horses. Toward the last, following Tish's example, we went on our hands and knees, and I was thankful then for no skirts. It is wonderful the freedom a man has. I was never one to approve of Doctor Mary Walker, but I'm not so sure she isn't a wise woman and the rest of us fools. I haven't put on a skirt braid since that time without begrudging it.

Well, as I have stated, we advanced, and at last we were in full sight of the camp. I must say I'd have thought they'd have a tent. We expected something better, I suppose, because of the articles in the papers about movie people having their own limousines, and all that. But there they were, open to the wrath of the heavens, and deserving it, if I do say so.

The girl was still sitting, as Tish had described her. Only now she was crying. My heart was downright sore for her. It is no comfort, having made a wrong choice, to know that it is one's own fault.

Having now reached the zone of firelight Tish gave the signal, and we rose and pointed our revolvers at them. Then Tish stepped forward and said:

"Hands up!"

I shall never forget the expression on the man's face.

He shouted something, but he threw up his hands also, with his eyes popping out of his head. The others scrambled to their feet, but he warned them.

"Careful, boys!" he yelled. "They've got the drop on us." Just then his eyes fell on Aggie, and he screeched:

"Two women and a Turk, by ——." The blank is mine.

"Lizzie," said Tish sternly, as all of them, including the girl, held their hands up, "just give me your weapon and go over them."

"Go over them?" I said, not understanding

"Search them," said Tish. "Take everything out of their pockets. And don't move," she ordered them sternly. "One motion, and I fire. Go on, Lizzie."

Now I have never searched a man's pockets, and the idea was repugnant to me. I am a woman of delicate instincts. But Tish's face was stern. I did as commanded, therefore, the total result being:

Four revolvers.
Two large knives.
One small knife.
One bunch of keys.
One plug of chewing tobacco.
Four cartridge belts.
Two old pipes.
Mr. Ostermaier's cigar case, which I recognized at once, being the one we had presented to him.
Mrs. Ostermaier's wedding ring and gold bracelet, which her sister gave her on her last birthday.
A diamond solitaire, unknown, as Mrs. Ostermaier never owned one, preferring instead earrings as more showy.
And a considerable sum of money, which I kept but did not count.
There were other small articles, of no value.

"Is that all the loot you secured during the infamous scene on Piegan Pass?" Tish demanded. "You need not hide anything from us. We know the facts, and the whole story will soon be public."

"That's all, lady," whined one of the men. "Except a few boxes of lunch, and that's gone. Lady, lemme take my hands down. I've got a stiff shoulder, and I ——"

"Keep them up," Tish snapped. "Aggie, see that they keep them up."

Until that time we had been too occupied to observe the girl, who merely stood and watched in a disdainful sort of way. But now Tish turned and eyed her sternly.

"Search her, Lizzie," she commanded.

"Search me!" the girl exclaimed indignantly. "Certainly not!"

"Lizzie," said Tish in her sternest manner, "go over that girl. Look in her riding boots. I haven't come across Mrs. Ostermaier's earrings yet."

At that the girl changed color and backed off.

"It's an outrage," she said. "Surely I have suffered enough."

"Not as much," Tish observed, "as you are going to suffer. Go over her, Lizzie."

While I searched her Tish was lecturing her.

"You come from a good home, I understand," she said, "and you ought to know better. Not content with breaking an honest heart, you join a moving-picture outfit and frighten a prominent divine—for Mr. Ostermaier is well known—into what may be an illness. You cannot deny," she accused her, "that it was you who coaxed them to the pass. At least you needn't. We heard you."

(Continued on Page 46)

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Would you like a better neighborhood? Set the example. A good neighborhood is a collection of good homes. Do *your* duty, first. Paint your house—plant grass and flowers—and watch the "neighborhood improvement spirit" spread. The paint that insures both beauty and proper protection is

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Last November—a HUNDRED Studebakers went "4 times'round the earth in 48 hours"—the most convincing STOCK car test that America has ever seen.

To the man who is going to buy a car, the significance of this Studebaker Reliability Run can not be overestimated for the simple reason that this was a test not of a car especially prepared on a race course—but of a STOCK car, the kind of car YOU get on the very roads YOU use.

From towns scattered all over the country, a HUNDRED Studebakers were started off on the task of making 1,000 miles each in 48 hours. Weather and roads everywhere were far below normal even for November. You have only to glance at the photographs here to appreciate the roads and the weather that they met.

Yet over such roads, the 100 cars averaged 1,078 miles in 36 hours and 36 minutes. Over such roads they raced along at an average speed of 27½ miles. Over such roads they averaged nearly 12 miles to the gallon of gasoline. Over such roads, with 4 to 7 passengers, they distanced many of the country's crack "Limiteds." Over such roads, they ran along without one car experiencing the slightest mechanical troubles.

Over the ROADS of America, the very roads that Studebaker owners use, Studebaker has overwhelmingly proved its POWER, its flexibility, its stamina, and speed and economy. Over the roads of America, Studebaker has proved its unfailing reliability and its undeniable superiority of mechanical design.

Four Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$875
Roadster, 3-passenger	850
Landau-Roadster, 3-passenger	1150

Six Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$1085
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Panel Delivery Car	$875
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Open Express, complete	$1200
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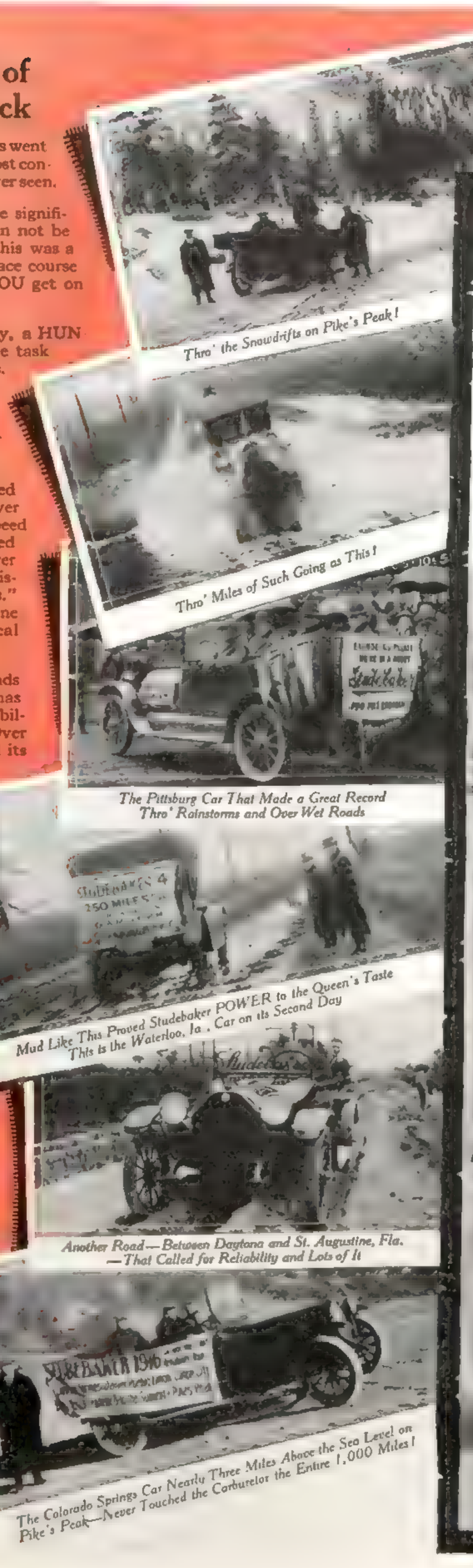

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Mud Like This Proved Studebaker POWER to the Queen's Taste This is the Waterloo, Ia., Car on its Second Day

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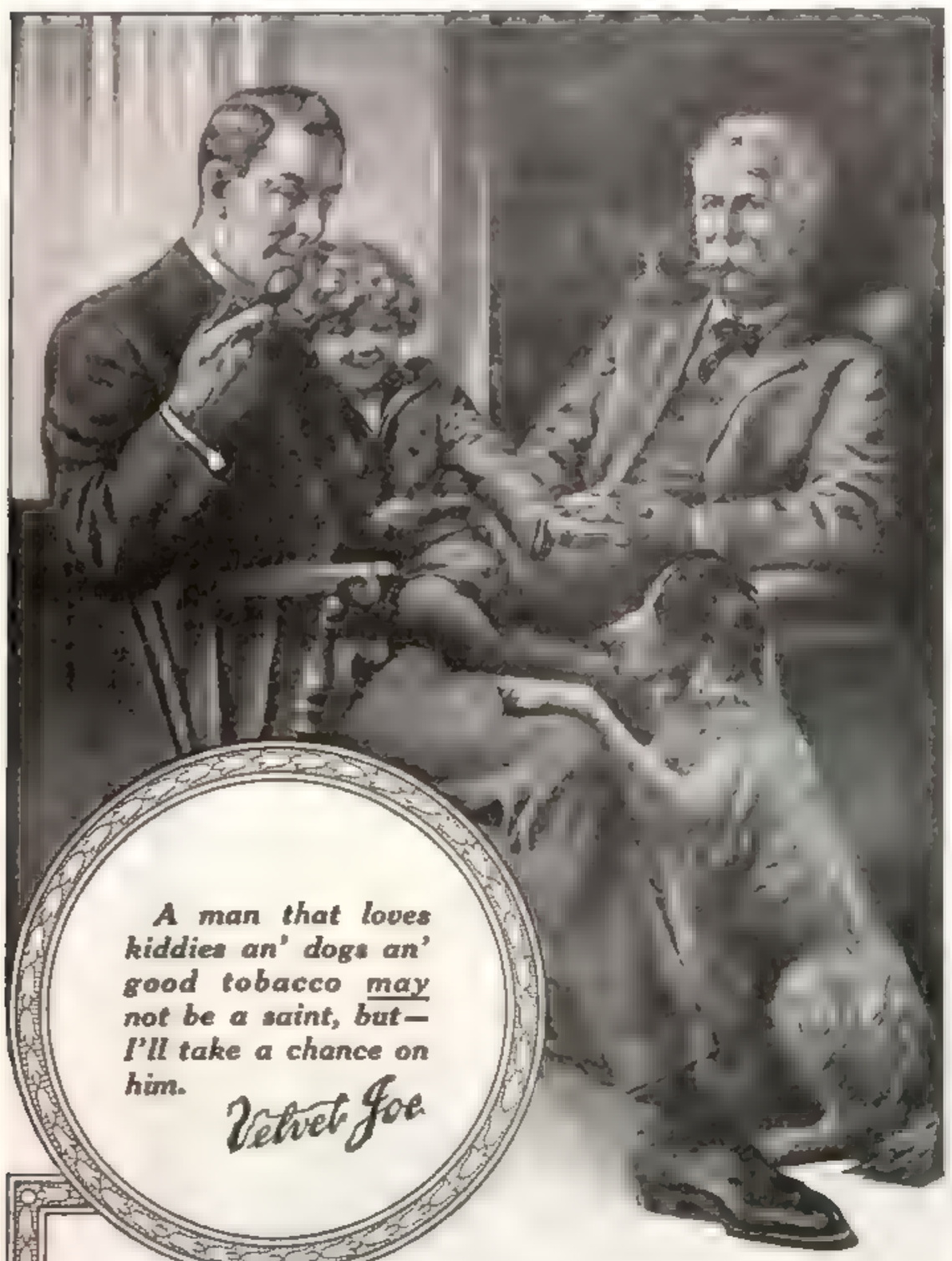

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That may be largely a matter of opinion, but how does this strike *you?*

A cool, slow-burning tobacco. A tobacco mild enough to be smoked pipeful after pipeful, yet not "tastelessly" mild. A tobacco smooth and *mellow.*

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Kentucky tobacco reaches its full, mellow maturity only after two years' ageing.

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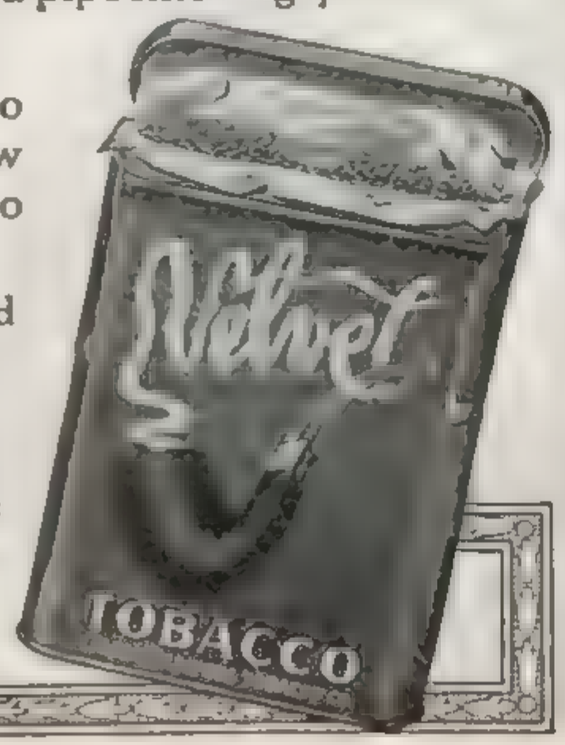

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags

One Pound Glass Humidors

(Continued from Page 43)

"How was I to know ——" the girl began sullenly. But at that moment I found Mrs. Ostermaier's chamois bag thrust into her riding boot, and she suddenly went pale.

Tish held it up before her accusingly.

"I dare say you will not deny this," she exclaimed, and took Mrs. Ostermaier's earrings out of it. The men muttered, but Aggie was equal to the occasion.

"Silence!" she said, and pointed the revolver at each in turn.

The girl started to speak. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"I could explain," she said, "but I won't. If you think I stole those hideous earrings you're welcome to."

"Of course not," said Tish sarcastically. "No doubt she gave them to you—although I never knew her to give anything away before."

The girl stood still, thinking. Suddenly she said:

"There's another one, you know. Another man."

"We have him. He will give no further trouble," Tish observed grimly. "I think we have you all, except your Mr. Oliver."

"He is not my Mr. Oliver," said the girl. "I never want to see him again. I—I hate him."

"You haven't got much mind or you couldn't change it so quickly."

She looked sulky again, and said she'd thank us for the ring, which was hers and she could prove it. But Tish sternly refused.

"It's my private opinion," she observed, "that it is Mrs. Ostermaier's, and she has not worn it openly because of the congregation talking quite considerably about her earrings, and not caring for jewelry on the minister's wife. That's what I think."

Shortly after that we heard a horse loping along the road. It came nearer, and then left the trail and came toward the fire. Tish picked up one of the extra revolvers and pointed it. It was Mr. Oliver!

"Throw up your hands!" Tish called. And he did it. He turned a sort of blue color, too, when he saw us, and all the men with their hands up. But he looked relieved when he saw the girl.

"Thank heaven!" he said. "The way I've been riding this country ——"

"You rode hard enough away from the pass," she replied coldly.

We took a revolver away from him and lined him up with the others. All the time he was paying little attention to us and none at all to the other men. But he was pleading with the girl.

"Honestly," he said, "I thought I could do better for everybody by doing what I did. How did I know," he pleaded, "that you were going to do such a crazy thing as this?"

But she only stared at him as if she hated the very ground he stood on.

"It's a pity," Tish observed, "that you haven't got your camera along. This would make a very nice picture. But I dare say you could hardly turn the crank with your hands in the air."

We searched him carefully, but he had only a gold watch and some money. On the chance, however, that the watch was Mr. Ostermaier's, although unlikely, we took it.

I must say he was very disagreeable, referring to us as highwaymen and using uncomplimentary language. But, as Tish observed, we might as well be thorough while we were about it.

For the nonce we had forgotten the other man. But now I noticed that the pseudo-bandits wore a watchful and not unhopeful air. And suddenly one of them whistled—a thin, shrill note that had, as Tish later remarked, great penetrative power without being noisy.

"That's enough of that," she said. "Aggie, take another of these guns and point them both at these gentlemen. If they whistle again, shoot. As to the other man, he will not reply, nor will he come to your assistance. He is gagged and tied, and into the bargain may become at any time the victim of wild beasts."

The moment she had said it Tish realized that it was but too true, and she grew thoughtful. Aggie, too, was far from comfortable. She said later that she was uncertain what to do. Tish had said to fire if they whistled again. The question in her mind was, had it been said purely for effect or did Tish mean it? After all, the men were not real bandits, she reflected, although guilty of theft, even if only for advertising purposes. She was greatly disturbed, and as agitation always causes a return of her hay fever, she began to sneeze violently.

Until then the men had been quiet, if furious. But now they fell into abject terror, imploring Tish, whom they easily recognized as the leader, to take the revolvers from her.

But Tish only said: "No fatalities, Aggie, please. Point at an arm or a leg until the spasm subsides."

Her tone was quite gentle.

Heretofore this has been a plain narrative, dull, I fear, in many places. But I come now to a not unexciting incident—which for a time placed Tish and myself in an unpleasant position.

I refer to the escape of the man we had tied.

We held a brief discussion as to what to do with our prisoners until morning, a discussion which Tish solved with her usual celerity by cutting from the saddles which lay round the fire a number of those leather thongs with which such saddles are adorned and which are used in case of necessity to strap various articles to the aforesaid saddles.

With these thongs we tied them, not uncomfortably, but firmly, their hands behind them and their feet fastened together. Then, as the night grew cold, Tish suggested that we shove them near the fire, which we did.

The young lady, however, offered a more difficult problem. We compromised by giving her her freedom, but arranging for one of our number to keep her covered with a revolver.

"You needn't be so thoughtful," she said angrily, and with a total lack of appreciation of Tish's considerate attitude. "I'd rather be tied, especially if the Moslem with the hay fever is going to hold the gun."

It was at that moment that we heard a whistle from across the stream, and each of the prostrate men raised his head eagerly. Before Tish could interfere one of them had whistled three times sharply, probably a danger signal.

Without a word Tish turned and ran toward the stream, calling to me to follow her.

"Tish!" I heard Aggie's agonized tone. "Lizzie! Come back. Don't leave me here alone. I ——"

Here she evidently clutched the revolver involuntarily, for there was a sharp report, and a bullet struck a tree near us. Tish paused and turned.

"Point that thing up into the air, Aggie," she called back. "And stay there. I hold you responsible."

I heard Aggie give a low moan, but she said nothing, and we kept on.

The moon had now come up, flooding the valley with silver radiance. We found our horses at once, and Tish leaped into the saddle. Being heavier and also out of breath from having stumbled over a log, I was somewhat slower.

Tish was therefore in advance of me when we started, and it was she who caught sight of him first.

"He's got a horse, Lizzie," she called back to me. "We can get him, I think. Remember, he is unarmed."

Fortunately he had made for the trail, which was here wider than ordinary and gleamed white in the moonlight. We had, however, lost some time in fording the stream, and we had but the one glimpse of him as the trail curved.

Tish lashed her horse to a lope, and mine followed without urging. I had, unfortunately, lost a stirrup early in the chase, and was compelled, being unable to recover it, to drop the lines and clutch the saddle.

Twice Tish fired into the air. She explained afterward that she did this for the moral effect on the fugitive, but as each time it caused my horse to jump and almost unseat me, at last I begged her to desist.

We struck at last into a straight piece of trail, ending in a wall of granite, and up this the trail climbed in a switchback. Tish turned to me.

"We have him now," she said. "When he starts up there he is as much gone as a fly on the wall. As a matter of fact," she said as calmly as though we had been taking an afternoon stroll, "his taking this trail shows that he is a novice and no real highwayman. Otherwise he would have turned off into the woods."

At that moment the fugitive's horse emerged into the moonlight and Tish smiled grimly.

"I see why now," she exclaimed. "The idiot has happened on Mona Lisa, who must have returned and followed us. And no pack horse can be made to leave the

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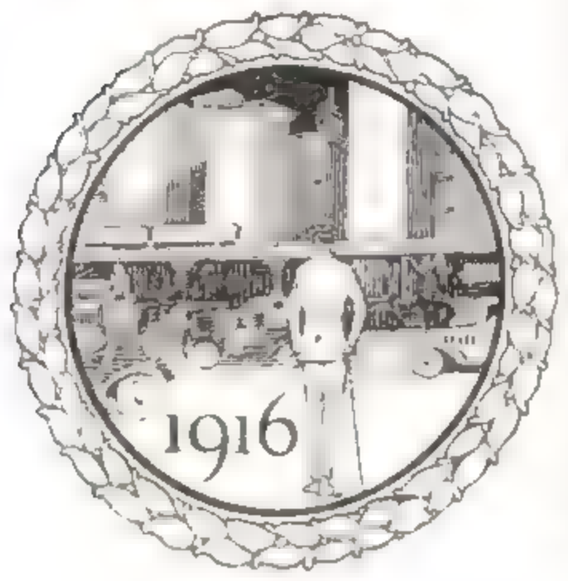


trail unless by means of a hornet. Look, he's trying to pull her off and she won't go."

It was true, as we now perceived. He saw his danger, but too late. Mona Lisa, probably still disagreeable after her experience with the hornets, held straight for the cliff.

The moon shone full on it, and when he was only thirty feet up its face Tish fired again, and the fugitive stopped.

"Come down," said Tish quietly.

He said a great many things which, like his earlier language, I do not care to repeat. But after a second shot he began to descend slowly.

Tish, however, approached him warily, having given her revolver to me.

"He might try to get it from me, Lizzie," she observed. "Keep it pointed in our direction, but not at us. I'm going to tie him again."

This she proceeded to do, tying his hands behind him and fastening his belt also to the horn of the saddle, but leaving his feet free. All this was done to the accompaniment of bitter vituperation. She pretended to ignore this, but it made an impression evidently, for at last she replied.

"You have no one to blame but yourself," she said. "You deserve your present humiliating position, and you know it. I've made up my mind to take you all in and expose your cruel scheme, and I intend to do it. I'm nothing if I am not thorough," she finished.

He made no reply to this, and, in fact, he made only one speech on the way back, and that, I am happy to say, was without profanity.

"It isn't being taken in that I mind so much," he said pathetically. "It's all in the game, and I can stand up as well under trouble as anyone. It's being led in by a crowd of women that makes it painful."

I have neglected to say that Tish was leading Mona Lisa, while I followed with the revolver.

It was not far from dawn when we reached the camp again. Aggie was as we had left her, but in the light of the dying fire she looked older and much worn. As a matter of fact, it was some weeks before she looked like her old self.

The girl was sitting where we had left her, and sulkier than ever. She had turned her back to Mr. Oliver, and Aggie said afterward that the way they had quarreled had been something terrible.

Aggie said she had tried to make conversation with the girl, and had, indeed, told her of Mr. Wiggins and her own blasted life. But she had remained singularly unresponsive.

The return of our new prisoner was greeted by the other men with brutal rage, except Mr. Oliver, who merely glanced at him and then went back to his staring at the fire. It appeared that they had been counting on him to get assistance, and his capture destroyed their last hope. Indeed, their language grew so unpleasant that at last Tish hammered sharply on a rock with the handle of her revolver.

"Please remember," she said, "that you are in the presence of ladies!"

They jeered at her, but she handled the situation with her usual generalship.

"Lizzie," she said calmly, "get the tin basin that is hanging to my saddle, and fill it with the water from that snowbank. On the occasion of any more unseemly language, pour it over the offender without mercy."

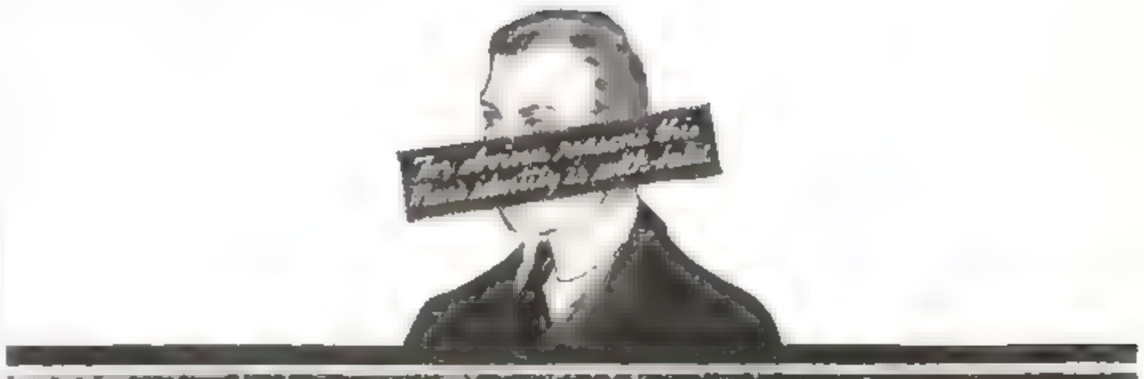
It became necessary to do it, I regret to state. They had not yet learned that Tish always carries out her threats. It was the one who we felt was the leader who offended, and I did as I had been requested to. But Aggie, ever tender-hearted, feared that it would give the man a severe cold, and got Tish's permission to pour a little blackberry cordial down his throat.

Far from this kindness having a salubrious effect, it had the contrary. They all fell to bad language again, and, realizing that they wished the cordial, and our supply being limited, we were compelled to abandon the treatment.

It had been an uncomfortable night, and I confess to a feeling of relief when "the rift of dawn" broke the early skies.

We were, Tish calculated, some forty miles from breakfast, and Aggie's diet for some days had been light at the best, even the mountain-lion broth having been more stimulating than staying. We therefore investigated the camp, and found behind a large stone some flour, baking powder and bacon.

(Continued on Page 50)



"'Power of Will' Was My Guide"

THREE years ago I was making $1500 a year and working day and night. Today I make a thousand dollars a week and have time for other things as well. To the lessons in the book 'Power of Will' more than any other thing do I owe this sudden rise."

These are the exact words of an owner of "Power of Will." His name is not published for obvious reasons, but will be gladly given in confidence on request to anyone who sends for this book.

As remarkable as is his experience it might also be called typical of what this wonderful course in Will Training is doing for thousands of men and women in every walk of life who are using "Power of Will" as the stepping stone to greater accomplishment.

Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking
The Four Factors on which it Depends
How to develop analytical power
How to think "all around" any subject
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration
How to acquire the Power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis
How to acquire the skul of Creative Writing
How to guard against errors in Thought
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power
How to develop Reasoning power
How to Handle the Mind in Creative Thinking
The secret of Building Mind Power
How the Will is made to act
How to test your Will
How a Strong Will is Master of Body
What creates Human Power

What Users Say

"I have read only one fourth of the book and [illegible]"

It is truly a precious jewel of thought, so [illegible]

I consider the work worth its weight in Radium to all who would get an [illegible]
Charlton [illegible]
Canada

"I prize it very highly Am satisfied that it is the [illegible]
March, No. Dakota

What is "Will Power"?

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of obtaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without [illegible]. The biggest ideas have no value without Will Power to "get them over." Yet the Will [illegible] can be trained into wonderful power just like [illegible] and by the very same method, by intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our wills—because we continually bow to circumstance, we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

"Power of Will"

by FRANK CHANNING HADDOCK, Ph. D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce, is the first thorough course in Will Power ever conceived. It is the result of over 20 years of research and study. Yet you will find every page in the 28 lessons written so simply that anyone can understand them and put the principles, methods and rules into practice at once with noticeable results right from the very start.

How Others Have Benefited

It would take a book as thick as this publication to carry a full account of the amazing results secured by users of "Power of Will"—here, however, are just a few extracts from voluntary letters of owners telling what the book has meant to them:

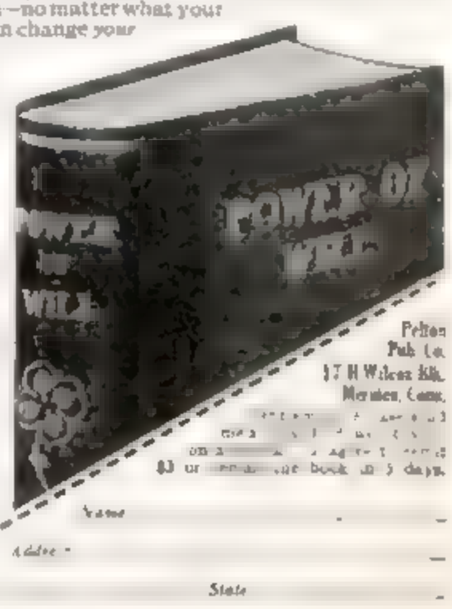
"From what I have already seen, I believe I can get $300 to $30,000 worth of good out of it."—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent No. West. Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia. "'Will Power' is a compilation of mighty forces. My first [illegible] dollars is $900.00 [illegible] what [illegible] Will Power to [illegible] Cedar Rapids, Ia. [illegible] Grand Pre[illegible] Nebraska [illegible] Omaha, Neb. [illegible] two pages enabled me to get a [illegible] Dodge Wagon. I recommended 'Power of Will' to a young man and his salary [illegible] within a year—wouldn't take $3000 for my copy."—Wilson M. Taylor, Efficiency Expert, Willys-Overland Co.

Meant for You

There are over 100,000 people in all walks of life who own "Power of Will." Among them are such master men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager [illegible] Wells Fargo Express Company; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Gov. Ferris of Michigan; Gov. Capper of Kansas and [illegible] of equal prominence. Never before in the history of self help literature has there been such a record. And these owners regard it as a veritable text book. It has been instrumental in changing the entire lives of thousands—making them dominant personalities, self-confident and eager, in place of the fearful, unhappy, unsuccessful men and women they formerly were. No matter what your position—whether an errand boy or the president of a mighty corporation—no matter what your age, from 17 to 70, "Power of Will" can change your whole life—can make a new man of you just as it has for so many others. Whatever you want in life is yours—be it money, power, prestige or happiness, if you but master the wonderful system of will training taught in "Power of Will."

Send No Money!

Although "Power of Will" is a 400-page leather bound book containing more material than many $25 correspondence courses, the price is only $3. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon on the right, enclosing your business card, or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill in the coupon now, before you turn the page.



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Science vs. Guesswork

How "hit-or-miss" lubrication gave way to the scientific use of oils

1 gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"

1 gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

1 gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

Friction in any power plant—whether steel mill or automobile motor—is the worst enemy of economy and full power.

The practical need for something to reduce friction brought about the first use of lubricants.

First lubricating problems were simple. Practically any thick vegetable or animal grease would lubricate an axle correctly.

It was found that petroleum oil would yield a lubricating oil which had many marked advantages. Among other advantages, it was later found that crude petroleum would produce different types of lubricating oil.

Development in the manufacture of different grades and classes of lubricating oils came at a fortunate time. For mechanical arts developed rapidly. Types of machinery multiplied. Power and the transmission of power took on sharply different forms.

Unless the lubricating problems were properly met, mechanical development would fail in its aim. Only the properly lubricated engine or motor could yield the efficiency aimed at.

The Vacuum Oil Company were the first manufacturers of petroleum residual lubricants; and were the pioneers in the field of scientific lubrication and demonstration of power saving by the use of proper lubricants.

1 gallon Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

5 gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"

15 gallon drum of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

In the chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

***Electric Vehicles*—For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year around. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year around. Exception—for *winter lubrication* of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.**

MODEL OF CARS	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter
Abbott Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" " 8 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Auburn 4 cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" 6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Avery	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" Model 45-A Four	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Brisco	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" 8 cyl	A	A								
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cartercar			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	C	A	Arc
Chalmers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Model 17 4	A	Arc								
" Model 6-40	A	A								
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc				
Chase 4 cyl	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" water	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc				
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc			A	A	A	A		
Cole	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl	A	A	A	A						

MODEL OF CARS	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter
Commerce			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Detroit Electric			B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroit Six	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	
" 8 cyl										
Dodge	A	Arc	E	E						
Empire			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Enger	Arc	A		Arc		Arc				
Ford	E	A	E	A	E	A	B	A	B	A

MODEL OF CARS	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Grant	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 32 cyl	A	A								
Hudson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Super Six	A	A								
Hupp-Yeats	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jackson (4 cyl)			B	A	B	A	B	A		
" (water, 2 cycle)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (water, 4 cycle)	A	A								
Interstate			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jackson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A				
" (Chesterfield)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
King			A	Arc	A	A	A	E	A	E
" 8 cyl	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Kissel	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Kissel Kar	A		A	Arc	A	Arc	A		A	Arc
" Cord			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc		Arc	Arc
" Model 48	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Knox			A	Arc						
Kar	A	Arc	A	A	A	A				
Lexington	A	A	A	A	A	A	B	B	B	A

GARGOYLE

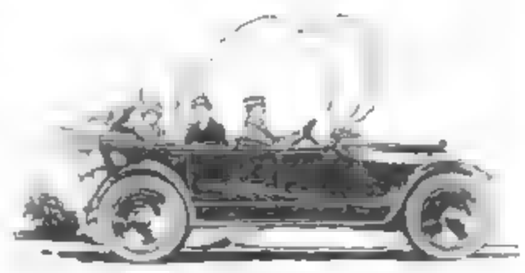
Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

This policy meant a clear differentiation between different types of power production and transmission.

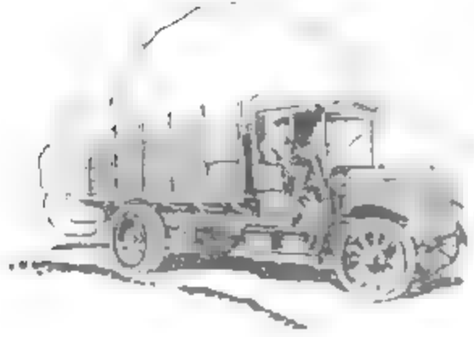
Today in engineering circles throughout the world the Vacuum Oil Company is known as an institution which first studies the mechanical problem and then supplies the lubricant which scientifically meets that problem.

In taking up automobile lubrication, the Vacuum Oil Company simply pursued its professional methods which were already well established in other fields of power production and transmission.



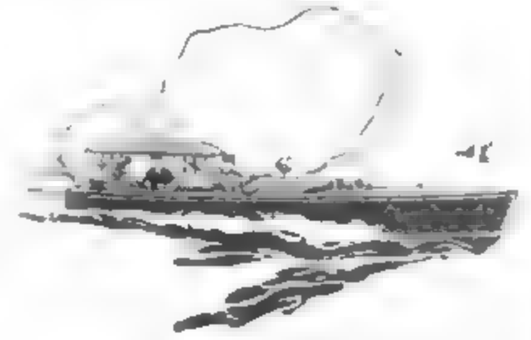
The Chart of Automobile Recommendations on these pages represents our professional advice.

In using the oil specified for your car, you will use oil whose correctness was determined by very thorough and careful engineering analysis of your motor. The oil specified combines *high quality* with *correct body*.



It makes for:

(1) Increased power—noticeable particularly on the hills.
(2) Reduced carbon deposit.
(3) Reduced gasoline consumption.
(4) Reduced oil consumption.
(5) Freedom from unnecessary repairs.



30 gallon drum of Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

If you use an oil which less correctly meets your motor conditions from a scientific standpoint, you are almost surely pouring trouble into your crank case.

And it should be borne in mind that the trouble-maker goes to the most remote parts of your engine—awkward points for the repair man to reach.

If your car is not listed in the Chart on these pages, a copy of our complete Lubricating Chart will be sent you on request.

1 barrel of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"

An Economical Demonstration

It will cost you probably less than $1.00 to fill your crank case with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. You can then watch the results for yourself.

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" **Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"**
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" **Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"**

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

55 gallon drum of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

1 barrel of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world

Domestic Branches: Detroit, Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Kan.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

MODEL OF CARS	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter
Knox (Model 35)[illegible]	A	A	A	A	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lozier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marion	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
[illegible]			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (32-72)	A	A								
Metz	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A					A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moline										
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Moon (4 cyl)			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
National	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A								
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	A								
Oldsmobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A								
" [illegible]	A	A	A	A						

MODEL OF CARS	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter
[illegible]			A	Arc	A	A	A	E	A	E
" 6-40	Arc	Arc	A	Arc						
" (6-36 & 38)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Pathfinder	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
" 12 cyl	A	A								
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc

MODEL OF CARS	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter
Pierce-Arrow Con't	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pullman	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Renault	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
S. G. V.			A	Arc	A	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E				
Scripps-Booth					B	A				
" (water)	A	Arc	E	E						
" ([illegible])	A	A								
Selden	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
"	B	A								
Stevens-Duryea			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
White	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A				
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.

HOOSIER

$12.75 to $51.00

according to design, equipment and your location. All freight prepaid.

When the meal's over you can put each thing back without walking to and fro, and leave your kitchen neat as a pin.

Hoosier's unrivaled convenience won the Gold Medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco

Kitchen Work Done —*and Hours to Spare*

While neighbors still plod around their kitchens to put away utensils and supplies after meals, women who own the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet are doing a score of delightful things elsewhere.

"My time is now my own," writes one enthusiastic woman.

Hoosier has places for 400 things. It has 40 labor-saving features. It lets you sit down at your work, with everything at fingers'-ends.

Hoosiers are made for large and small kitchens, for corners, for space under windows, against the wall or the center of the kitchen.

Home builders and architects nowadays are equipping thousands of houses and apartments with the Hoosier. It costs no more than built-in cupboards, saves space and delights the housewife.

Go see this newest Roll Door Model today. If you don't know the Hoosier store in your town, send us your name and we'll mail you our new book about Hoosiers with Mrs. Christine Frederick's valuable kitchen hints. *It's FREE.* Write today. (369)

THE HOOSIER MFG. CO., 164 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.
Branch: 1067 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

The New Nut Candy

Selected Virginia Peanuts roasted to a crisp, tasty brown—combined with Chocolate Candy of delicious flavor and consistency. You must try

Nut Tootsie Rolls

It is impossible to describe how good they really are.
Made clean—Kept clean—Wrapped dustproof.

A roll is divided into six parts for your convenience

Sold wherever Candy is sold.

THE STERN & SAALBERG CO., N. Y.

5¢ a Roll

(Continued from Page 47)

With this equipment and a frying pan or two we were able to make some very fair pancakes—or flapjacks, as they are called in the West.

Tish civilly invited the girl to eat with us, but she refused curtly, although, on turning once, I saw her eying us with famished eyes. I think, however, that on seeing us going about the homely task of getting breakfast she realized that we were not the desperate creatures she had fancied during the night, but three gentlewomen on a holiday—simple tourists, indeed.

"I wish," she said at last almost wistfully—"I wish that I could understand it all. I seem to be all mixed up. You don't suppose I want to be here, do you?"

But Tish was not in a mood to make concessions.

"As for what you want," she said, "how are we to know that? You are here, aren't you?—here as a result of your own coldheartedness. Had you remained true to the very estimable young man you jilted you would not now be in this position."

"Of course he would talk about it!" said the girl darkly.

"I am convinced," Tish went on, dexterously turning a pancake by a swift movement of the pan, "that sensational movies are responsible for much that is wrong with the country to-day. They set false standards. Perfectly pure-minded people see them and are filled with thoughts of crime."

Although she had ignored him steadily the girl turned now to Mr. Oliver.

"They don't believe anything I tell them. Why don't you explain?" she demanded.

"Explain!" he said in a furious voice. "Explain to three lunatics? What's the use?"

"You got me into this, you know."

"I did! I like that! What in the name of heaven induced you to ride off the way you did?"

Tish paused, with the frying pan in the air.

"Silence!" she commanded. "You are both only reaping what you have sowed. As far as quarreling goes, you can keep that until you are married, if you intend to be. I don't know but I'd advise it. It's a pity to spoil two houses."

But the girl said that she wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth, and he fell back to sulking again.

As Aggie observed later, he acted as if he had never cared for her, while Mr. Bell, on the contrary, could not help his face changing when he so much as mentioned her name.

We made some tea and ate a hearty breakfast, while the men watched us. And as we ate Tish held the moving-picture business up to contumely and scorn.

"Lady," said one of the prostrate men, "aren't you going to give us anything to eat?"

"People," Tish said, ignoring him, "who would ordinarily cringe at the sight of a wounded beetle sit through bloody murders and go home with the obsession of crime."

"I hope you won't take it amiss," said the man again, "if I say that, seeing it's our flour and bacon, you either ought to feed us or take it away and eat it where we can't see you."

"I take it," said Tish to the girl, pouring in more batter, "that you yourself would never have thought of highway robbery had you not been led to it by an overstimulated imagination."

"I wish," said the girl rudely, "that you wouldn't talk so much. I've got a headache."

When we had finished Tish indicated the frying pan and the batter.

"Perhaps," she said, "you would like to bake some cakes for these friends of yours. We have a long trip ahead of us."

But the girl replied heartlessly that she hoped they would starve to death, ignoring their pitiful glances. In the end it was our own tender-hearted Aggie who baked pancakes for them and, loosening their hands while I stood guard, saw that they had not only food but the gentle refreshment of fresh tea. Tish it was, however, who, not to be outdone in magnanimity, permitted them to go, one by one, to the stream to wash. Escape, without horses or weapons, was impossible, and they realized it.

By nine o'clock we were ready to return. And here a difficulty presented itself. There were six prisoners and only three of us. The men, fed now, were looking less subdued, although they pretended to obey Tish's commands with alacrity.

Aggie overheard a scrap of conversation, too, which seemed to indicate that they had not given up hope. Had Tish not set her heart on leading them into the great hotel at Many Glaciers, and there exposing them to the taunts of angry tourists, it would have been simpler for one of us to ride for assistance, leaving the others there.

In this emergency Tish, putting her hand into her pocket for her scissors to trim a hangnail, happened to come across the policeman's whistle.

"My gracious!" she said. "I forgot my promise to that young man!"

She immediately put it to her lips and blew three shrill blasts. To our surprise they were answered by a halloo, and a moment later the young gentleman himself appeared on the trail. He was no longer afoot but was mounted on a pinto pony, which we knew at once for Bill's.

He sat on his horse, staring as if he could not believe his eyes. Then he made his way across the stream toward us.

"Good heavens!" he said. "What in the name of ——" Here his eyes fell on the girl, and he stiffened.

"Jim!" cried the girl, and looked at him with what Aggie afterward characterized as a most touching expression. But he ignored her.

"Looks as though you folks have been pretty busy," he observed, glancing at our scowling captives. "I'm a trifle surprised. You don't mind my being rather breathless, do you?"

"My only regret," Tish said loftily, "is that we have not secured the Indians. They too should be taught a lesson. I am sure that the red man is noble until led away by civilized people who might know better."

It was at this point that Mr. Bell's eyes fell on Mr. Oliver, who with his hands tied behind him was crouching over the fire.

"Well!" he said. "So you're here too! But of course you would be." This he said bitterly.

"For the love of heaven, Bell," Mr. Oliver said, "tell those mad women that I'm not a bandit."

"We know that already," Tish observed.

"And untie my hands. My shoulders are about broken."

But Mr. Bell only looked at him coldly.

"I can't interfere with these ladies," he said. "They're friends of mine. If they think you are better tied, it's their business. They did it."

"At least," Mr. Oliver said savagely, "you can tell them who I am, can't you?"

"As to that," Mr. Bell returned, "I can only tell them what you say you are. You must remember that I know nothing about you. Helen knows much more than I do."

"Jim," cried the girl, "surely you are going to tell these women that we are not highway robbers. Tell them the truth. Tell them I am not a highway robber. Tell them that these men are not my accomplices, that I never saw them before."

"You must remember," he replied in an icy tone, "that I no longer know your friends. It is some days since you and I parted company. And you must admit that one of them is a friend of yours—as well as I can judge, a very close friend."

She was almost in tears, but she persisted.

"At least," she said, "you can tell them that I did not rob that woman on the pass. They are going to lead us in to Many Glaciers, and—— Jim, you won't let them, will you? I'll die of shame."

But he was totally unmoved. As Aggie said afterward, no one would have thought that, but a day or two before, he had been heartbroken because she was in love with someone else.

"As to that," he said, "it is questionable, according to Mrs. Ostermaier, that nothing was taken from you, and that as soon as the attack was over you basely deserted her and followed the bandits. A full description of you, which I was able to correct in one or two trifling details, is now in the hands of the park police."

She stared at him with fury in her eyes.

"I hope you will never speak to me again," she cried.

"You said that the last time I saw you, Helen. If you will think, you will remember that you addressed me first just now."

She stamped her foot.

"Of course," he said politely, "you can see my position. You maintain and possibly believe that these—er—acquaintances of yours"—he indicated the men—"are not members of the moving-picture outfit. Also that your being with them is of an accidental nature. But, on the other hand ——"

She put her fingers in her ears and turned her back to him.

"On the other hand," he went on calmly, "I have the word of these three respectable ladies that they are the outfit, or part of it, that they have just concluded a cruel hoax on unsuspecting tourists, and that they justly deserve to be led in as captives and exposed to the full ignominy of their position."

Here she faced him again, and this time she was quite pale.

"Ask those—those women where they found my engagement ring," she said. "One of those wretches took it from me. That ought to be proof enough that they are not from the moving-picture outfit."

Tish at once produced the ring and held it out to him. But he merely glanced at it and shook his head.

"All engagement rings look alike," he observed. "I cannot possibly say, Helen, but I think it is unlikely that it is the one I gave you, as you told me, you may recall, that you had thrown it into a crack in a glacier. It may, of course, be one you have recently acquired."

He glanced at Mr. Oliver, but the latter only shrugged his shoulders.

Well, she shed a few tears, but he was adamant, and helped us saddle the horses, ignoring her utterly. It was our opinion that he no longer cared for her, and that, having lost him, she now regretted it. I know that she watched him steadily when he was not looking her way. But he went round quite happily, whistling a bit of tune, and not at all like the surly individual we had at first thought him.

The ride back was without much incident. Our prisoners rode with their hands tied behind them, except the young lady.

"We might as well leave her unfastened," the young man said casually. "While I dare say she would make her escape if possible, and particularly if there was any chance of getting filmed while doing it, I will make myself personally responsible."

As a matter of fact she was exceedingly rude to all of us, and during our stop for luncheon, which was again bacon and pancakes, she made a dash for her horse. The young man saw her, however, in time, and brought her back. From that time on she was more civil, but I saw her looking at him now and then, and her eyes were positively terrified.

It was Aggie, at last, who put in a plea for her with him, drawing him aside to do so.

"I am sure," she said, "that she is really a nice girl, and has merely been led astray by the search for adventure. Naturally my friends, especially Miss Tish, have small sympathy with such a state of mind. But you are younger—and remember, you loved her once."

"Loved her once!" he replied. "Dear lady, I'm so crazy about her at this minute that I can hardly hold myself in."

"You are not acting much like it."

"The fact is," he replied, "I'm afraid to let myself go. And if she's learned a lesson I have too. I've been her doormat long enough. I tried it and it didn't work. She's caring more for me now, at this minute, than she has in eleven months. She needs a strong hand, and by George! I've got it—two of them, in fact."

We reached Many Glaciers late that afternoon, and Tish rode right up to the hotel. Our arrival created the most intense excitement, and Tish, although pleased, was rather surprised. It was not, however, until a large man elbowed his way through the crowd and took possession of the prisoners that we understood.

"I'll take them now," he said. "Well, George, how are you?"

This was to the leader, who merely muttered in reply.

"I'd like to leave them here for a short time," Tish stated. "They should be taught a severe lesson, and nothing stings like ridicule. After that you can turn them free, but I think they ought to be discharged."

"Turn them free!" he said in a tone of amazement. "Discharged! My dear madam, they will get fifteen years hard labor, I hope. And that's too good for them."

Then suddenly the crowd began to cheer. It was some time before Tish realized that they were cheering us. And even then, I shall have to confess, we did not understand until the young man explained to us.

"You see," he said, "I didn't like to say anything sooner, for fear of making you nervous. You'd done it all so well that I wanted you to finish it. You've been in the right church all along, but the wrong pew. Those fellows aren't movie actors, except Oliver, who will be freed now, and come after me with a gun, as like as not! They're real dyed-in-the wool desperadoes and there's a reward of five thousand dollars for capturing them."

Tish went rather white, but said nothing. Aggie, however, went into a paroxysm of sneezing, and did not revive until given aromatic ammonia to inhale.

"I was fooled at first too," the young man said. "We'd been expecting a holdup and when it came we thought it was the faked one. But the person"—he paused and looked round—"the person who had the real jolt was Helen. She followed them, since they didn't take her for ransom, as had been agreed in the plot.

"Then when she found her mistake they took her along, for fear she'd ride off and raise the alarm. All in all," he said reflectively, "it has been worth about a million dollars to me."

We went into the hotel, with the crowd following us, and the first thing we saw was Mrs. Ostermaier, sitting dejectedly by the fire. When she saw us she sprang to her feet and came to meet us.

"Oh, Miss Tish, Miss Tish!" she said. "What I have been through! Attacked on a lonely mountain top and robbed of everything. My reason is almost gone. And my earrings, my beautiful earrings!"

Tish said nothing, but, reaching into her reticule, which she had taken from the horn of her saddle, she drew out a number of things.

"Here," she said, "are your earrings. Here also is Mr. Ostermaier's cigar case, but empty. Here is some money too. I'll keep that, however, until I know how much you lost."

"Tish!" screeched Mrs. Ostermaier. "You found them!"

"Yes," Tish said somewhat wearily, "we found them. We found a number of things, Mrs. Ostermaier—four bandits, and two lovers, or rather three, but so no longer, and your things, and a reward of five thousand dollars, and an engagement ring. I think," she said, "that I'd like a hot bath and something to eat."

Mrs. Ostermaier was gloating over her earrings, but she looked up at Tish's tired and grimy face, at the mud encrusted on me from my accident the day before, on Aggie in her turban.

"Go and wash, all of you," she said kindly, "and I'll order some hot tea."

But Tish shook her head.

"Tea nothing!" she said firmly. "I want a broiled sirloin steak and potatoes. And"—she looked Mrs. Ostermaier full in the eye—"I am going to have a cocktail. I need it."

Late that evening Aggie came to Tish's room, where I was sitting with her. Tish was feeling entirely well, and more talkative than I can remember her in years. But the cocktail, which she felt, she said, in no other way, had gone to her legs.

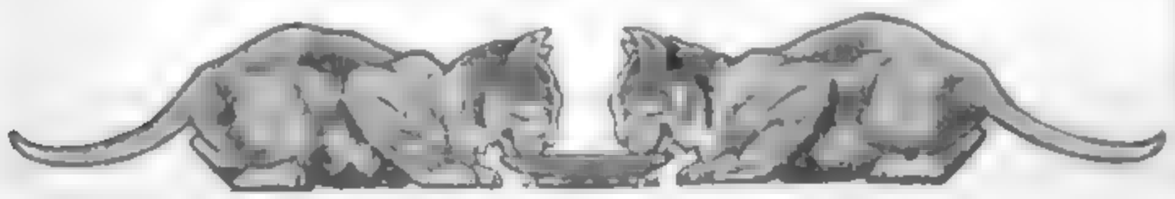
"It is not," she observed, "that I cannot walk. I can, perfectly well. But I am obliged to keep my eyes on my feet, and it might be noticed."

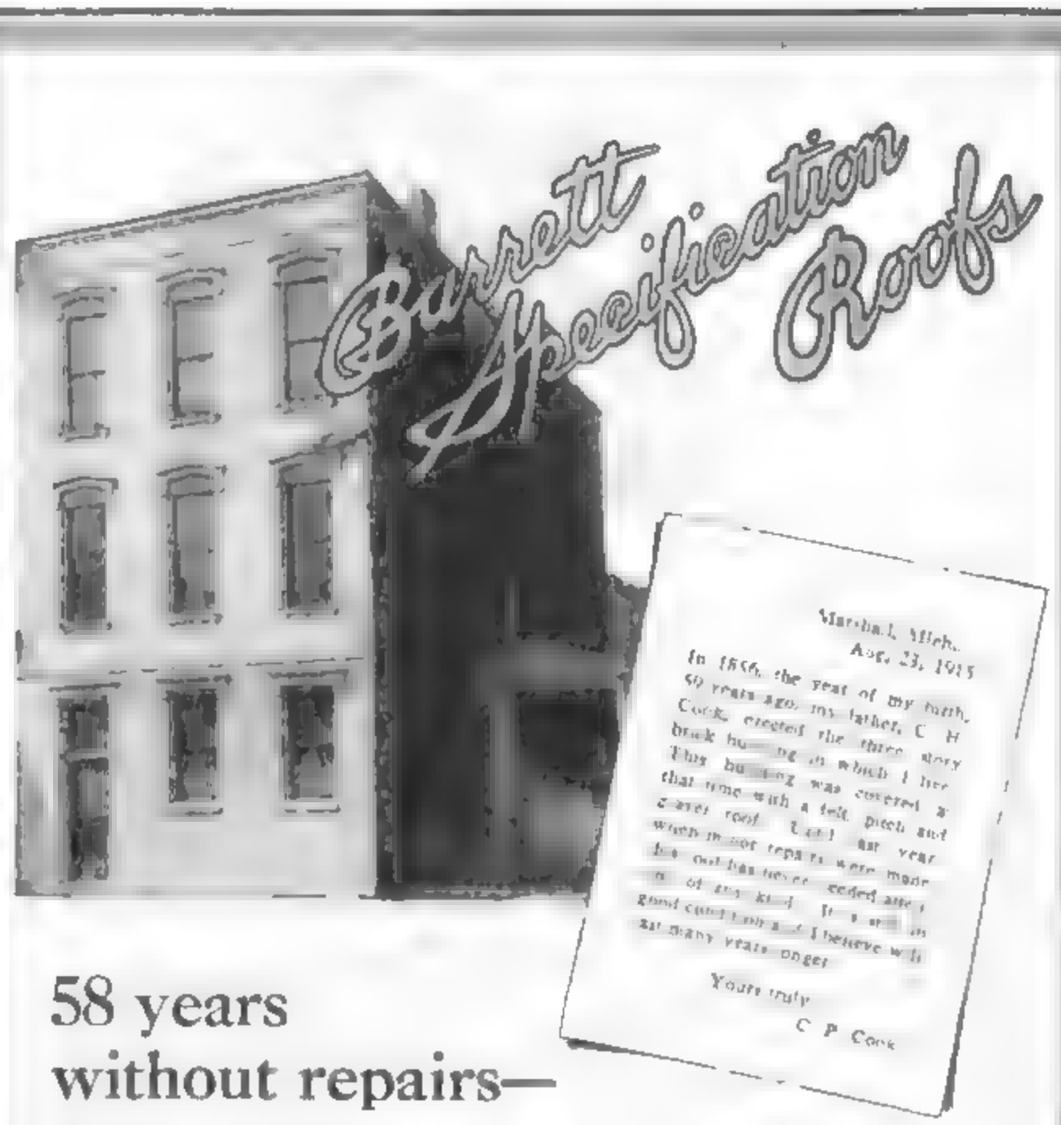
"I just came in," Aggie said, "to say that Helen and her lover have made it up. They are down by the lake now, and if you will look out you can see them."

I gave Tish an arm to the window, and the three of us stood and looked out. The moon was rising over the snow-capped peaks across the lake, and against its silver pathway the young people stood outlined. As we looked he stooped and kissed her. But it was a brief caress, as if he had just remembered the strong hand and being a doormat long enough.

Tish drew a long breath.

"What," she said, "is more beautiful than young love? It will be a comfort to remember that we brought them together. Let go of me now, Lizzie. If I keep my eye on the bedpost I think I can get back."





58 years without repairs—

HERE'S another record for roofs laid along the lines of The Barrett Specification.

Think of it, 58 years without repairs—a *small* roof, it is true, but a *big* record.

Barrett Specification Roofs will always last at least 20 years without a cent's worth of repairs—a statement that is surely conservative enough when cases like the above are considered.

Barrett Specification Roofs give longer service per dollar than any other kind. They take the base rate of insurance and are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

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As to big roofs, those that cover great manufacturing establishments, high office buildings, vast warehouses, etc.—they are almost always Barrett Specification Roofs. When an architect starts to figure roof-costs on large areas, he cannot escape the obvious economies of using the roofing which is lowest in price and costs exactly nothing to maintain!

A copy of The Barrett Specification will be sent free on request. Address our nearest office.

Special Note

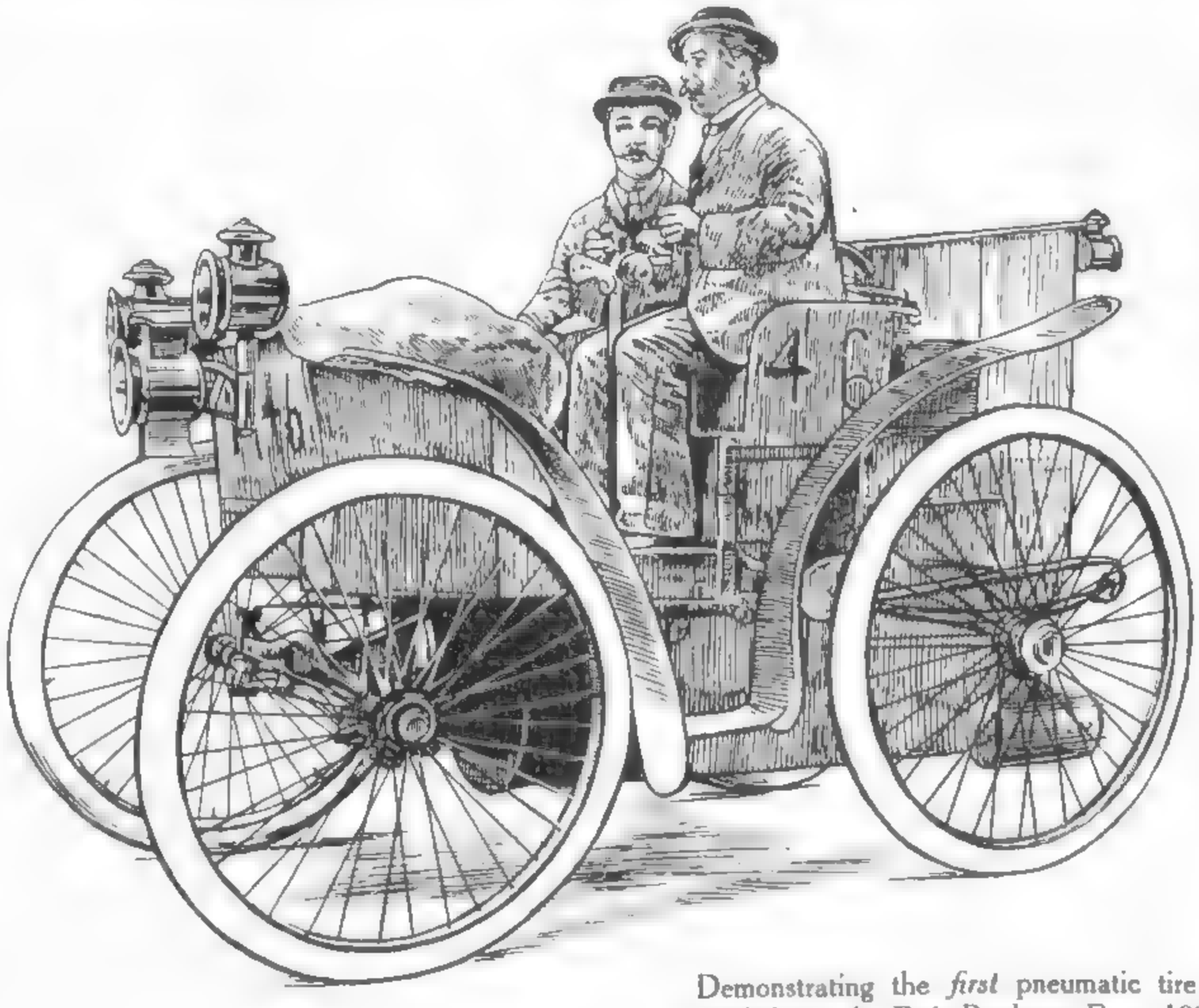
We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria
THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

ONE QUALITY ONLY-THE BEST



Demonstrating the *first* pneumatic tire—
Michelin in the Paris-Bordeaux Race, 1895.

MICHELIN

The Pioneer 21 Years Ago

THE world's *first* pneumatic automobile tire was made by Michelin 21 years ago. At that time Levassor (Panhard), Benz, De Dion—in fact all of the famous automobile pioneers—said that an air-filled tire made of cloth and rubber was a madman's fantasy.

None of these great men would give Michelin's revolutionary ideas a trial, so he built the crude car illustrated above, and on it triumphantly demonstrated the utility of his great conception.

This was in the historic Paris-Bordeaux Race of 1895.

The results of this far reaching conquest assured the future of the automobile, and laid the foundation for the world's tire industry.

This was the first step in tire-making—for the last step, see next page:

Michelin—Milltown—New Jersey

MICHELIN - FOUNDED - 1832

ONE QUALITY ONLY—THE BEST

Note the exceptional thickness of tread—ensuring maximum durability.

MICHELIN UNIVERSAL·TREAD—
The new tire everyone is talking about.

MICHELIN

Just as Far Ahead Today!

THE New *Michelin Universal Tread* casing combines the advantages of rubber non-skids of both the raised-tread and suction-tread types, and in addition, possesses the long life and resiliency that have always distinguished both Michelin round-treads and the world-famous Michelin racing-type flat-treads. The New *Michelin Universal Tread* has behind it Michelin's 84 years' experience in manufacturing rubber, and Michelin's 21 years' experience in making and selling pneumatic tires—both exclusive advantages that are at once the envy and the admiration of the tire world.

Just give this tire a trial
—that is all we ask.

The latest thing in radiator ornaments. Sold by dealers everywhere at an especially attractive price

NOTE TO DEALERS: **While we have thousands of loyal dealers throughout the country, we may not be adequately represented in *your* territory. Write for full information.**

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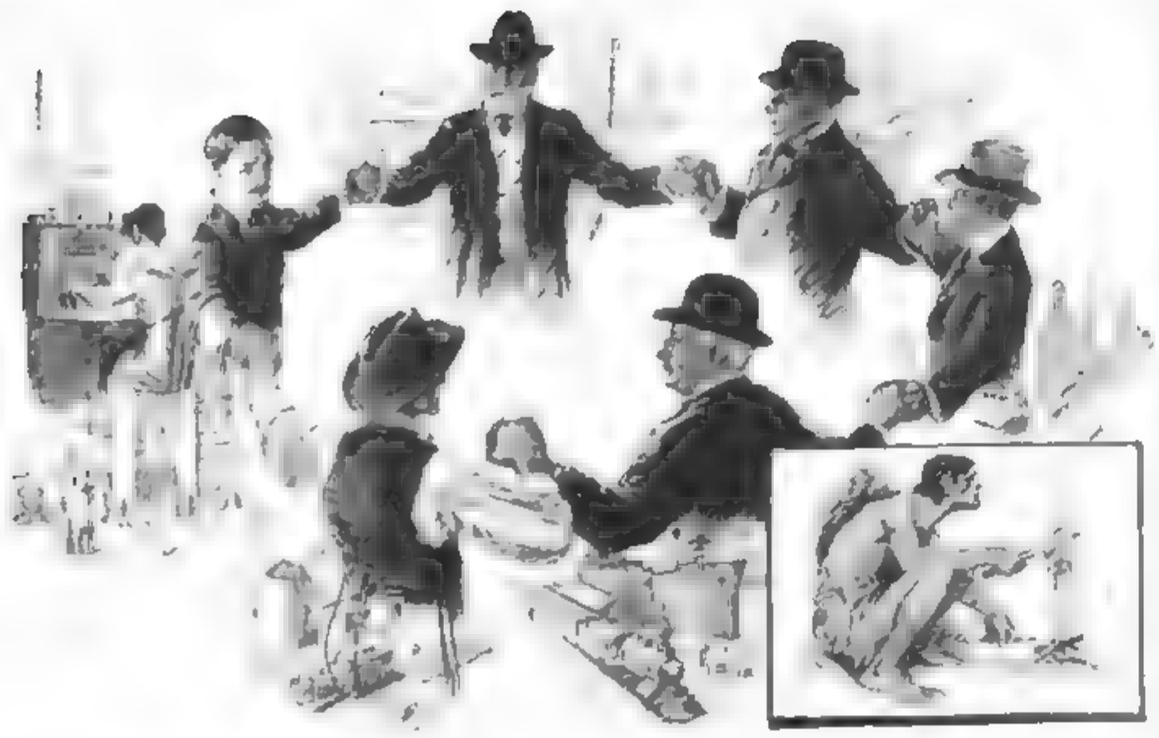
Canadian Headquarters—Michelin Tire Company of Canada, Ltd., 782 St. Catherine Street, West, Montreal

MICHELIN—FOUNDED—1832



Cave Life or Civilization

Civilized man is distinguished from the cave man by his habit of co-operation.

The cave man lived for and by himself; independent of others, but always in danger from natural laws.

To the extent that we assist one another, dividing up the tasks, we increase our capacity for production, and attain the advantages of civilization.

We may sometimes disregard our dependence on others. But suppose the farmer, for example, undertook to live strictly by his own efforts. He might eke out an existence, but it would not be a civilized existence nor would it satisfy him.

He needs better food and clothes and shelter and implements than he could provide unassisted. He requires a market for his surplus products, and the means of transportation and exchange.

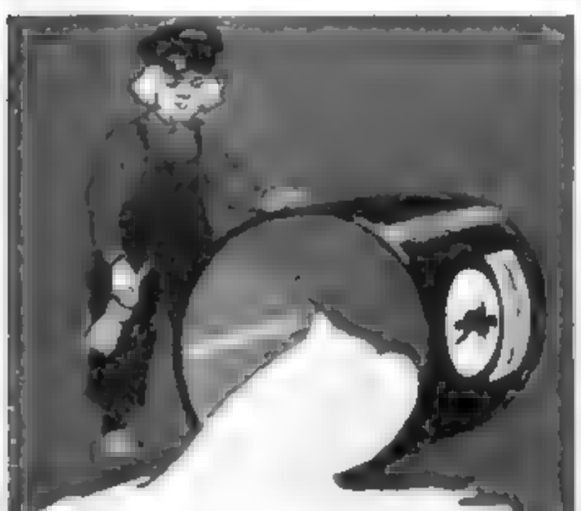
He should not forget who makes his clothes, his shoes, his tools, his vehicles and his tableware, or who mines his metals, or who provides his pepper and salt, his books and papers, or who furnishes the ready means of transportation and exchange whereby his myriad wants are supplied.

Neither should he forget that the more he assists others the more they can assist him.

Take the telephone specialists of the Bell System: the more efficient they are, the more effectively the farmer and every other human factor of civilization can provide for their own needs and comforts.

Or take our government, entrusted with the task of regulating, controlling and protecting a hundred million people. It is to the advantage of everyone that the government shall be so efficient in its special task that all of us may perform our duties under the most favorable conditions. Interdependence means civilized existence.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



Dutch Boy White Lead

is pure lead reduced to paste form—white but readily tinted—indispensable to good painting—a money saver to you

Ask for Paint Tips 125

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There is *only one* wall board made with a wood core—only one

Trade Mark Reg. No. [illegible]

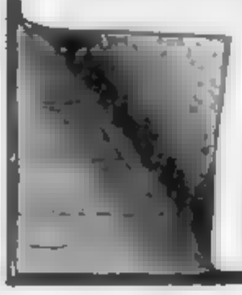
As a wall-lining for houses it has withstood earthquake shocks, held fires in check, resisted moisture, kept out cold in winter and heat in summer and stood the test of time (in many houses for over 14 years).

On steamships it is the only wall-lining outside of steel or wood panels that has stood the terrific strain of ocean travel.

In the manufacture of many articles it has proven the most satisfactory material.

Write for a sample and interesting booklet.

Sold by dealers in strips four feet by one to eighteen feet long.



The Compo-Board Co.
4303 Lyndale Ave. N.
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE MOVIE QUEEN

(Continued from Page 8)

The director agreed to my plan, and then I asked Agnes to go with me to see Vivian Vane in a different picture every night for a week. We made a systematic study of her technique and the psychology of her audiences. Mrs. Grandon was right. So I said to Agnes:

"If that's all there is to it, dearie, you have the figure, the tresses and the beautiful façade. Now let's see if you can give a correct imitation of sweet sixteen."

The scheme worked beautifully. The first picture was a success, and the second one better. Agnes soon dropped all imitations and began to exhibit her own sweet personality without any affectation. The rest was easy, and her future was assured by the manager of the studio, who offered her a contract.

It now became necessary to make known her identity, so we went together to the manager and told him the situation. He only smiled and called in his press agent.

"Jimmie," he said, "you can release that story of Judge Underhill's daughter making good in the pictures."

Agnes looked flabbergasted for a minute, but she managed to say: "Do you mean, Mr. Wendell, that you knew I was not May's sister?"

"Why, my dear child, I've known it for a month and have talked it all over with your father—he is strong for you. All that bothered him was your possible failure. The story in the paper will make him purr like a jew's-harp."

Agnes was so happy that she motorbused up to Santa Barbara over the week-end.

And such a story! I am glad Judge Underhill was capable of purring. It was a two-column feature with a three-column cut of Agnes. "Society Bud Makes Début in Film." The same old bunch of superlatives followed. I thought the display would seem a bit vulgar to the Underhills, but they were quite unperturbed. Mrs. Grandon says that the judicial mind is not necessarily immune from ordinary human vanities.

But this was not the usual press-agent palaver. Agnes had really arrived. In fact, in a very short time her pictures became wonderful sellers. As the demand increased her salary advanced, and within six months from the time we first went to the studio she was making a hundred and fifty dollars a week. Then she left us to go with another studio at two hundred and fifty dollars, and for a year or more she was first with one and then with another; but she finally came back where she started, with her first director, Harry Barlow. That was four years ago. Since then they have gone up the ladder together until Agnes is now one of the greatest favorites in America, with a salary of a thousand dollars a week—the kind of money the banks will take; and Harry Barlow is one of the big stockholders of the company. If Agnes had written this story she might have told you whether or not the business ladder was the only one she intends to climb with Harry Barlow. I don't know myself, but I am a monstrous good guesser.

Costly Productions and Big Salaries

Now that I have got us into the pictures and you have met a couple of movie queens I shall talk about the inmates of filmdom and their capers. A few observations, a lot of facts, and an occasional adventure suggest a literary omelette that would get a "not-passed" in B9 English. But this tale is not written for school-teachers; and, besides, that seems to me to be the only way to tell the things I feel most people want to know.

The first question usually hurled at us is this: "Are the advertised salaries and costs of production press-agent stuff?" Well, here is the truth as near as a woman can get it in such things. Big feature pictures cost from fifty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to produce, which, of course, is much more than most stage plays cost; but the earning capacities of a successful film are infinitely greater than the greatest of the legitimate dramas. In some cases one can estimate the cost of feature plays by dividing the press dope by three.

The amazing salary stories of the stars, however, are usually pretty true. There are several girls who earn one hundred thousand dollars a year; and one I know of has a contract of four thousand dollars a week for fifty-two weeks in the year—besides a large percentage of the profits. How, you ask, can producers pay such fabulous sums for the art of mere girls? It is because they earn it. The public demand for our work regulates the pay. A little simple figuring ought to convince anyone that this is true. Take a first-class theater that plays normally to a thousand a week and then put on a picture that draws two thousand a week. The manager knows instantly what the people want and he demands more of the popular stuff. If this happens in one theater, imagine the earning capacity of this particular star when it is realized that there are eighty thousand theaters in the United States alone. Heaven knows how many there are in the world—and this has become a world industry.

Our director-in-chief a while ago tried to sign up a certain man at five thousand dollars a week, and failed because this chap held out for a thousand dollars a day. It is only fair to say, however, that this man is exceptional. As a rule the men do not earn so much as the women. This difference in the drawing power of men and women is one of the strangest phenomena of the moving-picture business. On the legitimate stage great stars are famous irrespective of sex; but in the movies the girls are far more popular than the men. Agnes Underhill has a stupendous following of her own sex. In the great lines waiting outside the theaters where she is filming the women outnumber the men three to one. Most of her mail is from girls, and the older women send her all sorts of gifts, from Bibles to flannel nighties. They all want to mother her.

The Director and His Methods

This same sex preference is manifested in the newspapers. It is very hard to get the press to use pictures of the men actors; they invariably want girls, and as a result of this the directors have to face a very serious problem. Every drama does not demand a girl lead; yet, as they are much the best sellers, the studios are put to their wits' ends to meet this financial urge. Naturally they are in the game, first, as a business.

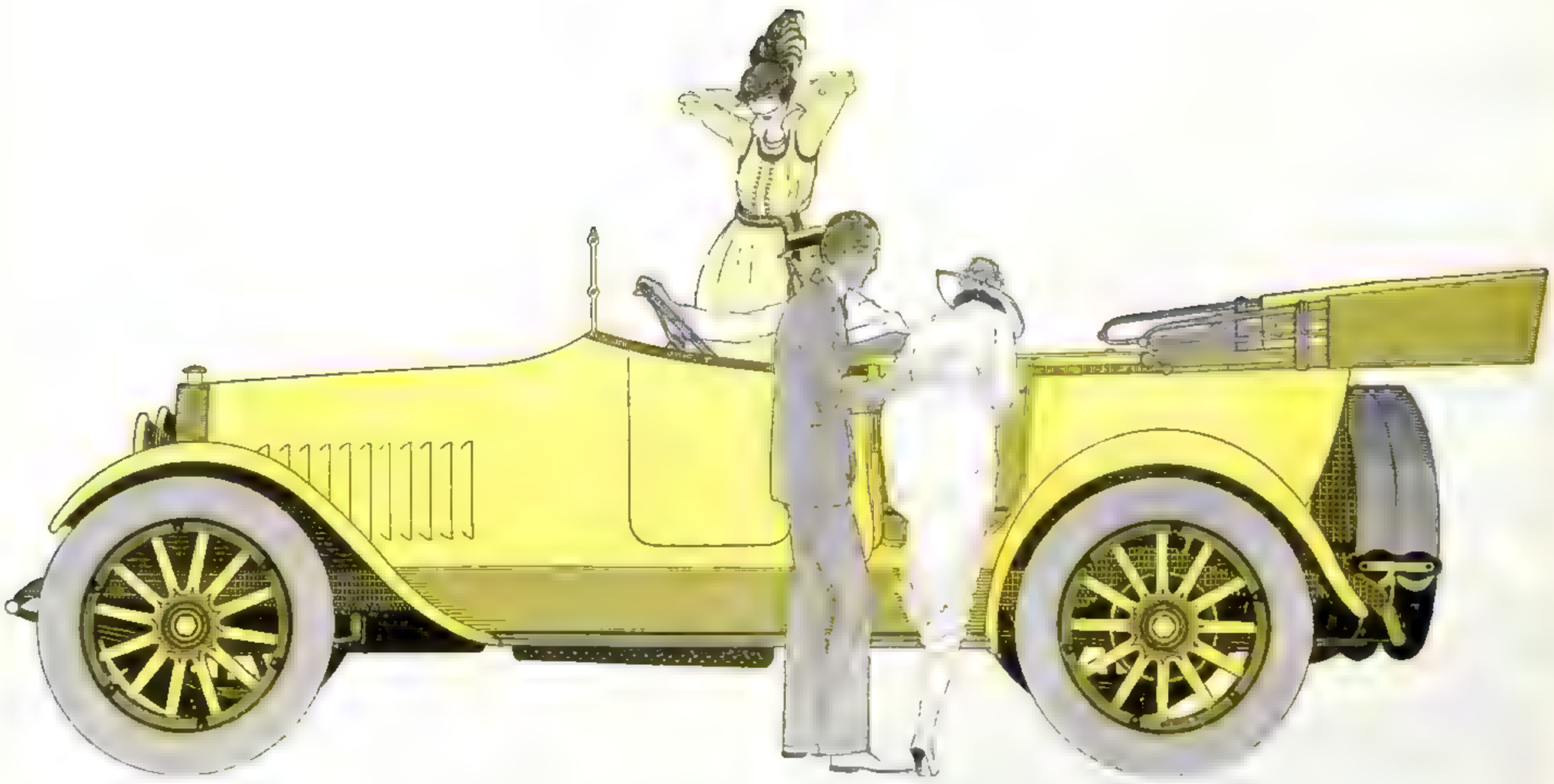
My own opinion is that the popularity of girls over men is largely the fault of the studios themselves. For some reason they have always believed that a hero should be beautiful, and they have played up these masculine dolls to the limit; whereas if they were discerning they would know that most women and all men despise a beautiful man.

The actors and their salaries gain the most publicity; but there is another element, and perhaps the greatest, in the success of the moving pictures, about which the world knows little—and that is the direction of the film. The director is a new sort of bird that so far seems to have been left uncatalogued. I shall attempt his analysis.

We find that there are two distinct types with opposite psychologies, and within each class there are some splendid artists and many duffers. Those who are familiar with the technique of the stage director know that he must of necessity have real actors to deal with, or his production will be bad, or at least very amateurish. He can direct the members of the cast in rehearsal only; when the real performance is given they are cast upon their own resources. But in film drama the actual performers, from first to last, can be directed from behind the camera. Each exit and entrance and every little movement in between can be ordered with the most minute precision.

This method accounts for the success of many an actor who had nothing to recommend him but an agreeable personality, and it has developed an entirely new psychology in dramatic art. The director who has it believes that he alone is the artist of the picture; to him his actors are merely pigments with which he paints his canvas. He prefers to work with plastic personalities who can do his bidding in the tiniest detail. His egocentric conception of his function forbids his letting his paints know his intention, for if his actors should know the story they might feel impelled to put their own interpretation on their parts, thus running counter to his. So in many cases such directors do not permit the cast to read the script. Often the actors go through a whole picture of many reels and haven't the slightest idea what it is all about. As scenes are never made in the

(Continued on Page 56)



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They have done this by means of a 3400 r. p. m. engine. They have attained it through magnificent engine speed.

3400 represents, so far as we know, the highest crankshaft speed ever developed for stock car use in America. Nearly everyone understands the "kick" that goes with speed.

All that power is, is might plus the speed with which it is delivered.

And to obtain a speed of 3400 revolutions per minute in this engine the Chalmers designers did these five things:

1—Used a heavy 2¼-inch crankshaft.

2—Balanced it to the weight of a hair in a special machine.

3—Lightened the reciprocating parts, particularly the piston rods.

4—Used aluminum pistons.

5—Obtained by ingenious methods a distribution of gas which absolutely guarantees dry gas to all cylinders, cylinders 1 and 6 getting the same amount and quality of gas as cylinders 3 and 4.

All told, they gave a new speed to the turn of the crankshaft, dissolved the last throb, and put a get-up-and-go into the car which has no superior in movement in any car of the day.

Yes, it gave 18 miles of wonderful, easy, sparkling flight.

But even more important than that, it put a liveliness there, a new spirit, a momentum that was immediate.

You need never look to see if you have your foot on the brake or the little button in this car. For she accelerates to the touch as instantaneously as electricity responds to the turn of a switch.

You feel that there is something more than machinery at your beck and call. You think the thing half human—so thoroughly does she understand your every wish.

Touring Car and Roadster, $1050 Detroit; $1475 in Canada;
Cabriolet, $1400 Detroit; $1900 in Canada.
Color options: Meteor blue, Orriford maroon with gold stripe.

Chalmers Motor Company Detroit, Michigan.

You could dip this house in water

SINCE *concrete, stucco, brick* and *masonry* walls are porous they absorb rain and moisture—unless dampproofed and protected

This constant absorption of moisture from storms and wet weather makes the walls crumble and decay. The rain-soaked walls cause damp, insanitary interiors. On cold days, the water in the pores freezes, producing innumerable cracks and disfiguring the appearance of the building.

Moreover, the rain and moisture drive soot and dirt into the pores, so that the walls become streaked, stained and unsightly

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This is a high-grade *liquid-cement coating*, furnished in a variety of soft-toned, artistic shades. It makes concrete, stucco or brick walls rainproof and weather-defying. It seals all the pores and fills the hair cracks with a preparation hard as flint and proof against moisture.

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Further information about Trus-Con Waterproofing Paste, *Concentrated*, or concerning any waterproofing problem, sent immediately on request.

Trus-Con Agatex

If your concrete floor is constantly dusting and crumbling, treat it with Trus-Con Agatex. Without changing the color or the appearance of the concrete, this preparation hardens and toughens the floor through and through. It is a colorless concentrated liquid which chemically transforms the dusty, crumbling cement to an impenetrable agate-like substance. Low in cost and easily applied with a long-handled brush. Makes the floor dustless and sanitary.

Ask for full information about Trus-Con Agatex

Trus-Con Por-Seal

A transparent, dampproof coating for application to stucco, concrete and masonry surfaces, above grade line. Renders surfaces repellent to moisture, and prevents absorption and penetration of moisture without in any way changing the natural appearance of the treated area. Trus-Con Por-Seal is an economical insurance against cracking and disintegration of stucco and concrete surfaces.

Full details regarding this colorless, dampproof coating sent on request

(Continued from Page 54)

sequence of their projection, it is easy to understand the difficulty of interpreting the action.

To illustrate the manner of this kind of directorship, I shall try to report a scene that I saw at the studio this morning. The stage was set, the cameras focused and properly angled, and the cast was ready. The director, sitting in an armchair, flanked by his assistants, called out: "All ready—camera!" Camera man begins cranking. "Now, Smith, enter slowly—look about—walk to desk—sit down—discover letter—'I wonder what this is'—open letter—as you read, register pain—now slowly raise the eyes—hold it a minute—now register pity—lower the head—hold it—now reach for the telephone—call number A1327—slowly and without excitement shake head, as though changing your mind—dissolve ——" This latter order to the camera man, who speeds up the machine so that the picture dissolves upon the screen.

To see an actor with a full set of brains—there are a few with such equipment—thus performing like a puppet is somewhat shocking, yet some of them have to do it. However, this type of director prefers to work with handsome marionettes who will gladly subordinate whatever minds they have to his, and if a director is a real artist he can often make the cast do very unusual acting. Not a few of the greatest film successes are only beautiful creatures with no ability at all except that of performing according to instructions. This is proven by their utter collapse when they chance to fall under the direction of an inferior artist.

It must not be inferred from this that directors of this kind are necessarily egotistical. Many of them believe that a picture should be the work of one man, and the undeniable success of many of their films fortifies them in the belief. The great danger from this kind of direction is that after a while all the manikins act alike. In other words, they interpret their parts just as the director would if he were acting.

The other type of director builds his picture coöperatively. He is likely to call his cast together, after having given them the script to read, to discuss the play, the character parts, and perhaps the psychology of the plot. He confers with the scenic artist, gives the technical director much latitude, and the actors great individual freedom in interpreting their rôles. A full stage rehearsal of the play in proper dramatic sequence is then ordered. In directing the scene just referred to, he would do it something like this:

"Now, Smith, this is the scene in which you come in and find the note from your daughter on your desk. You will recall that when you read it you are crushed, and your first impulse is to telephone her husband; but you haven't the spirit. Now let's try it."

Custard Pie Comedy

The scene is acted just as Smith thinks it should be done. Then the director:

"Now that was very good, but I think you should hold the telephone longer—your indecision didn't get over very well. Let's try it again."

It can be seen that it is essential that Smith should know how to act. In fact this director can work well only with trained actors. He usually directs stars from the legitimate stage, and when one of these positive personalities falls under the first type of director the picture is a failure—if it ever gets that far. It usually doesn't, however, for stars object to being told how to fold their hands.

Nevertheless, both kinds of directors are a success. One of the greatest in America is of the first type. His actors, though fairly well known in filmdom, are immeasurably less important than he. It is often said that the reason he turns over to other directors the great stage stars who come to his studio is that he refuses to share the headlines with them. I think, however, that he believes he can make better pictures by using plastic actors in this way than by permitting personalities to obtrude themselves upon his canvas. I might add that there are a few directors who follow both methods—the choice depending upon the materials with which they have to work.

The egocentric director is almost impossible in comedy, for that form of expression depends largely upon the comedian. Most people are familiar with the comedies in every one of which, year after year, the cut-ups do exactly the same stuff. They are the work of a director who employs a lot of fat and thin, long and short, and foolish-looking humans to pull his slapstick stuff. But no real comedian of the pictures could have the details of his comedy all arranged for him, because so much depends upon the exigencies of the moment. Unlike stage actors we cannot have absolute direction, especially when we are working in public places—on street corners, breaking into parades, or at automobile races. One of the famous comedians of the country canceled his contract a short time ago because he refused to offer his face to the impact of a custard pie. He did not know that custard pie was the favorite comedian at this studio.

In my own case I merely learn the situation, and all the comedy is my own—often thought out at the last minute. In rehearsing I simply walk through my part. Neither the directors nor the actors know exactly what I am to do until the camera begins.

And here is a curious thing: I often suffer the most excruciating stage fright during rehearsals and, indeed, I have sometimes had to abandon a scene temporarily because of it. But usually when I hear the camera click it is like a "shot in the arm," and I plunge in with the most abandoned joyousness.

They say every comedian wants to play Hamlet and every comédienne aspires to Rosalind, but I have wit enough to recognize my limitations—especially those of my nose. Also, I am made delightfully aware that feminine comedy is the rarest commodity on our market, and though I am not the romantic favorite that some of my sisters are my films sell so well that I beat nearly all of them to the pay envelope.

Unrealities of the Silent Drama

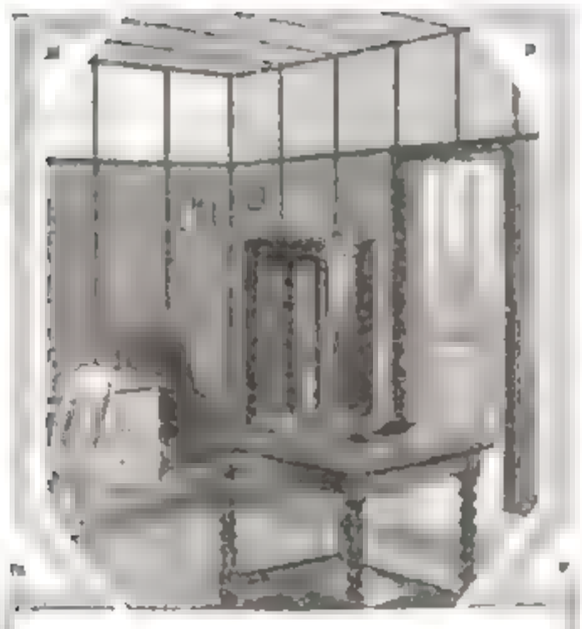
Spencer Grandon in some articles he wrote gave a pretty full catalogue of the curious symbols the "defandum" drama has evolved; but he overlooked several that no doubt the women have noticed. If a director wishes to register the fact that a woman does not respond to the unwelcome advances of a man say, in a ballroom, where Count Dubski is trying to pick up the banker's daughter—he tells her, first, to flash anger with her eyes, then turn on her heel, toss up her head and sail haughtily away. Now no man ever yet saw a woman behave thus. What they all do—this for the benefit of male directors—is simply not to see the man or notice him at all. Perhaps the reason some directors have never learned this little fact is because they are never snubbed.

What kind of married people do you suppose address each other in letters as "My dear Husband" and "Your loving Wife"? It probably would be shocking in the picture to have a wife write, "My dear Billy Boy," and sign it, "Devotedly, Mabel." Yet that's about the way the married people I know write letters. Think of any woman, especially some fine old dowager from the codfish set of Boston, winding up her letter, "Yours truly, Mrs. Peabody."

Another thing the girls want me to apologize for is our table manners. I assure you that, out of the pictures, none of us race through our meals with such atrocious speed as that dictated by directors. Neither do we all sit on the windward side of the table in order to gargle our soup more bragenly. Because there is so little action a dinner is difficult to stage, and we are taught to supply this defect by exaggerated grimaces and caveman manners. Some directors must think that our standards are determined at stand-up lunch counters.

Eating is one of the daily physiological functions, disgusting enough, and the only way to make it socially agreeable is to surround it with an elaborate ritual, called manners. Let anybody break one of the rules and make a noise eating soup, and everybody else within earshot is made quite ill. For this reason I have steadfastly refused in my comedy rôles to resort to any gastronomic acrobatics. I don't like it. Even rough comedy need not be coarse.

Another thing, why will they never allow us to act with our backs to the camera? Our directors seem to think that disgust or indignation can be shown only with the face; I saw a famous French actress filming in one of her own successful stage dramas, and in her best scene she was supposed to have her back to her audience—and such eloquence as her back revealed! But her director compelled her to perform fullface in the camera.



A New Way to Make Walls

The old way was to wait for mild weather and then send for the plasterers. Then the house was littered with broken laths, and plaster was tracked all over it.

But that was not all

Next came the paper-hangers, or painters, contributing their muss.

Plaster wall construction and repairing are expensive, both in materials and labor, and a nuisance from start to finish.

The new way is just to nail on

NEPONSET WALL BOARD
For Walls and Ceilings

It comes ready-finished in two styles: quartered oak and cream finish. It need not be painted, but it can be.

Only a Hammer and Saw Needed

No chips, shavings, plaster or dryins. Sheets are 32 and 48 in. wide and from 7 to 12 ft. long.

It is waterproof, and should you wish to paint it, the waterproofing makes a priming coat unnecessary.

It has a hundred uses at your home, office or factory.

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"Repairing and Building" FREE—send for it

There is one popular misconception that I wish to end forever—at least as far as it manifests itself in my profession—and that is that the female of the species is more temperamental than the male. This absurd notion came about through press-agent stories of grand-opera song birds, who are supposed to be the least dependable bipeds extant. But I could cite hundreds of examples to prove that the male has ten times the artistic temperament that we are supposed to possess.

Time and time again we have had scenes tied up because the director was off his oats. In a great big set, made recently, with more than two hundred people assembled, the big chief became temperamental and ordered in a piano, so that he could learn a new motif in the lame duck. Everybody joined in the dance and, though some of the joy was not quite refined, it was good fun. Such concessions as these to the director's artistic temperament must make pictures cost a lot more money than necessary. An ill-tempered director will sometimes pi a whole day's work and dismiss the cast because he "loses his buttons." Most of them, however, are supposed to turn out so many feet a week, so they cannot always indulge their masculine eccentricities.

To prove further my contention I must tell a story of a rooster, that happened not so long ago. But first it is necessary to inform Eastern readers that the idea of roosters crowing at sun-up is of purely local origin. In California they crow all the time, night and day. In fact, so persistent are they in their pæans that all sorts of ordinances are passed either to eliminate the roosters from the cities or else to compel their owners to attach mufflers.

It would seem easy, therefore, to get a rooster to crow in a picture. We tried it once, and for the purpose secured a great big black Minorca, that was famous among fowl for his Carusolike accomplishments. The scene was in a graveyard, and we had Mr. Chanticleer tethered to a hidden peg upon the mound of a Mr. Hickey. I was supposed to be asleep on a stone slab, like a recumbent queen in Westminster Abbey. As the cock crew I was to arise, wipe my eyes, and rush out of the cemetery in horrified abandon.

We got an early start—about 8 A. M.—and when everything was set I took to my granite couch and waited—and waited and waited. The director tried everything from food to fright, but that darned rooster just strutted up and down over the late Mr. Hickey and never piped a note.

I wish I could make this account as long as my mortuary vigil, and then perhaps you would understand why I feel so strongly on the subject.

Several times during the day the handsome thing preened himself and, after taking a fine long breath and tossing his head heavenward, went through the first motions of a call to arms—but that was all. His temperament always choked him back into silence.

At exactly 4:15 he looked over at my pained and haggard figure, lying as in death, and feeling that he had something to crow about uncorked a rough and raucous song that could be heard in Hollywood, making with it all the accompanying gestures. Since that day I have been laying for the rooster-minded men who get off that old bromidiocy about the temperamental ladies of the stage.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two autobiographical sketches confided to Mr. Wagner by a "Movie Queen."

Honors Divided

"A LARGE and intelligent crowd was present," dictated W. A. Phelon, baseball writer of the Cincinnati Times-Star and traveling with the Cincinnati Reds, to a telegraph operator at the Polo Grounds one day last summer.

"The Associated Press says the crowd is the smallest of the season," answered his office soon afterward. "What do you mean by saying it is large and intelligent?"

"Irvin S. Cobb and Maclyn Arbuckle are in the stand," replied Phelon. "They are large. I am intelligent."

The Little Imitators

A Valspar Story

WHEN their mother went to New York for a shopping afternoon, little Harold and Bertha S., of Great Neck, N. Y., got hold of some magazines and decided to play "advertisements."
On mother's return she found them in the amusing pose shown above—Harold in his father's top hat and coat and his sister dressed as a "grown-up"—and Harold *was pouring boiling water on the dining room table.*

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Mrs. S. writes:

"They were imitating your Valspar advertisement showing the man pouring water on a dining room table. It gave me a start at first until I remembered that my table [illegible] 'finished with Valspar,' so we mopped up the mess and it was all right.

"Incidentally the floor also flooded with hot water, did not escape damage, as that is *not* Valsparred.

"I thought this would interest you. It has taught us to use only Valspar wherever we need varnish. We are going to have the floors Valsparred next week."

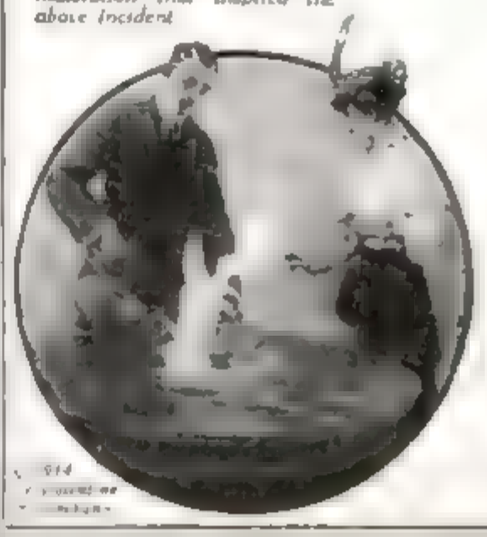
This interesting letter is a better advertisement than we could write ourselves. It points out that not only on furniture but on front doors, window sills, porch ceilings, all varnished woodwork and floors—the places where ordinary varnishes are ruined by water—Valspar remains bright and new, and will not turn white.

To clean Valsparred surfaces, you simply wash them with water—even hot soapy water. Wherever any varnishing is to be done around your home, be sure to use Valspar. If you wish to test it first, we will send on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing, sufficient Valspar to finish a small table or chair.

Valspar may be had from most good paint and varnish dealers. *You will know where to buy it by the posters in the dealers' windows.*

For your white work use
VALENTINE'S Val-Enamel
Starts White—Stays White
Ask Your Dealer

This is the well-known Valspar Illustration that inspired the above incident



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Automobiles on

Look for this emblem on dealers' windows.

You Can Now Get Your Favorite Car On Time Payments

This announces the next great step in the automobile business.

From now on you can get almost any car you want—on a monthly payment basis.

All you have to do is to purchase it on the Guaranty Plan of Time Payments.

The terms are easy and convenient.

You simply make the first payment on the delivery of the car. The balance in equal monthly payments. That's virtually all there is to it.

Any of the following cars can now be bought on the original Guaranty Plan of time payments:

Buick	**Franklin**	**Oakland**
Cadillac	**Hudson**	**Oldsmobile**
Chalmers	**Hupmobile**	**Overland**
Chandler	**Jeffery**	**Paige**
Chevrolet	**Kissell**	**Reo**
Dodge	**Maxwell**	**Studebaker**
Ford	**Mitchell**	**Willys-Knight**

No matter where you live, this plan is meant for you.

So if you are one of the tens of thousands who have just been patiently waiting for this announcement, here is your big chance.

See the dealer in your town who handles the car you want. If it is one of those listed above, tell him you want to buy it on the Guaranty Plan. He will understand and make all the arrangements immediately.

No longer is it necessary for you to take a big lump sum from your savings to pay for your car all at once.

The Guaranty Plan eliminates that.

No longer is it necessary for you to save and save until you have accumulated enough to buy a car.

The Guaranty Plan eliminates that.

No longer is it necessary for you and your family to be without the pleasure, benefits and advantages of a car.

The Guaranty Plan makes it possible for you to get your car *now*.

And the day you drive that car home, life will take on a new interest for every member of the family.

In a hundred ways every day your car will enable you to do things easily that are now a task.

There will be pleasant short trips on holidays and week-ends—and enjoyable long tours when vacation time comes.

You will lead a bigger life in a bigger world—*and the Guaranty Plan makes it possible for you to begin now.*

Cars are better than they ever were before—prices were never so low—upkeep was never so moderate.

Remember, any car on this list can now be yours on the new Guaranty (time payment) Plan. Make your first payment and drive home in your own car.

Get the car you want now—see the dealer today.

Or, if you would like to receive full particulars first, fill out this coupon and send it to us today, or write us a letter at once.

Car Buyers—Send Us This Coupon

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Cadillac —	Dodge —	Hupmobile —	Maxwell —	Paige
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I have checked (✓) the cars in the above list in which I am interested.

Please send me complete information about the Guaranty Plan as it is applied to the purchase of the cars I have checked.

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Time Payments

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The First Organized National Service to Help Dealers Sell Automobiles

Guaranty Securities Corporation is the first organization of its kind in the world.

Its purpose and service is to directly assist automobile dealers to sell and the public to buy motor cars.

It has no cars of its own to sell.

It has nothing but service to offer automobile dealers.

This service is absolutely free.

And there is virtually no added expense to the car buyer beyond ordinary six per cent. interest on the deferred payments.

For months we have been endeavoring to reach every dealer in the cars listed on opposite page, with the details of the Guaranty Plan.

Hundreds of dealers all over the country are already selling thousands of cars on the Guaranty Plan.

It is sound, secure and safe.

Any dealer (in cars listed on opposite page) who has not received full particulars, may have them promptly for the asking.

The Guaranty Plan enables dealers to sell their cars on time payments—one down payment followed by monthly installments until the car is paid for.

Guaranty Securities Corporation will finance for any dealer (in cars listed on opposite page) any number of sales he makes on this basis.

It makes no difference how large or how small your business is—we will handle it.

Whether you sell one car a week or a hundred cars a month is beside the point.

All you can sell on this liberal installment plan, we will finance for you as fast as the mails will carry the papers to us and our check back to you.

Every dealer knows the tremendous automobile market just waiting to buy cars on the time payment plan.

Every dealer knows that this market is and always has been practically unlimited.

Many dealers have tried to work out their own plans. But such a plan takes a lot of money or uses up a lot of bank credit and that in most cases has been the big stumbling block.

So we have worked out a plan for all dealers—large and small.

From now on, with the service of the Guaranty Securities Corporation, you will be able to sell as many cars as your factory can supply you with—on this new and practical Guaranty (time payment) Plan.

The Guaranty Plan has been worked out and is backed by a group of capitalists some of whom are among the largest in the country.

Its soundness is vouched for by many of the leading banking and financial institutions in America.

As to the standing of the Guaranty Securities Corporation, we refer you, by permission, to the following banks:

Metropolitan Trust Co., New York — **First National Bank, Chicago**
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The quicker you adopt this new Guaranty Time Payment Plan, the quicker you and your customers can enjoy its benefits.

Right now thousands of people in every state are waiting to buy cars on the Guaranty Plan.

If you are not fully informed about our service, fill out this coupon, mail it to us and we will send full particulars—or, better yet, telegraph.

Dealers—Send Us This Coupon

Buick — Cadillac — Chandler — Chevrolet — Dodge — Ford — Franklin — Hudson — Hupmobile — Jewett — Kissel — Oldsmobile — Maxwell — Oakland — Overland — Paige — Reo — Studebaker — Willys-Knight —

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I am an authorized dealer in the cars which I have checked (✓) in the above list.
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All this for $1195

See the Moon Six-30 drawn up alongside of any of the cars selling at anywhere near its price and *then* you'll realize how much car in size and beauty you're getting in it for your money. Just think—the wheelbase is 118 inches. And it's a powerful car—new Continental-Moon Motor, developing 46 H. P. Fully equipped—the latest improvements. Delco lighting, starting and ignition. Stromberg carburetor. Full floating rear axle. Stewart vacuum system, tank in rear. Genuine Spanish leather upholstery. See the car.

Six-30 (5 passenger fully equipped) $1195
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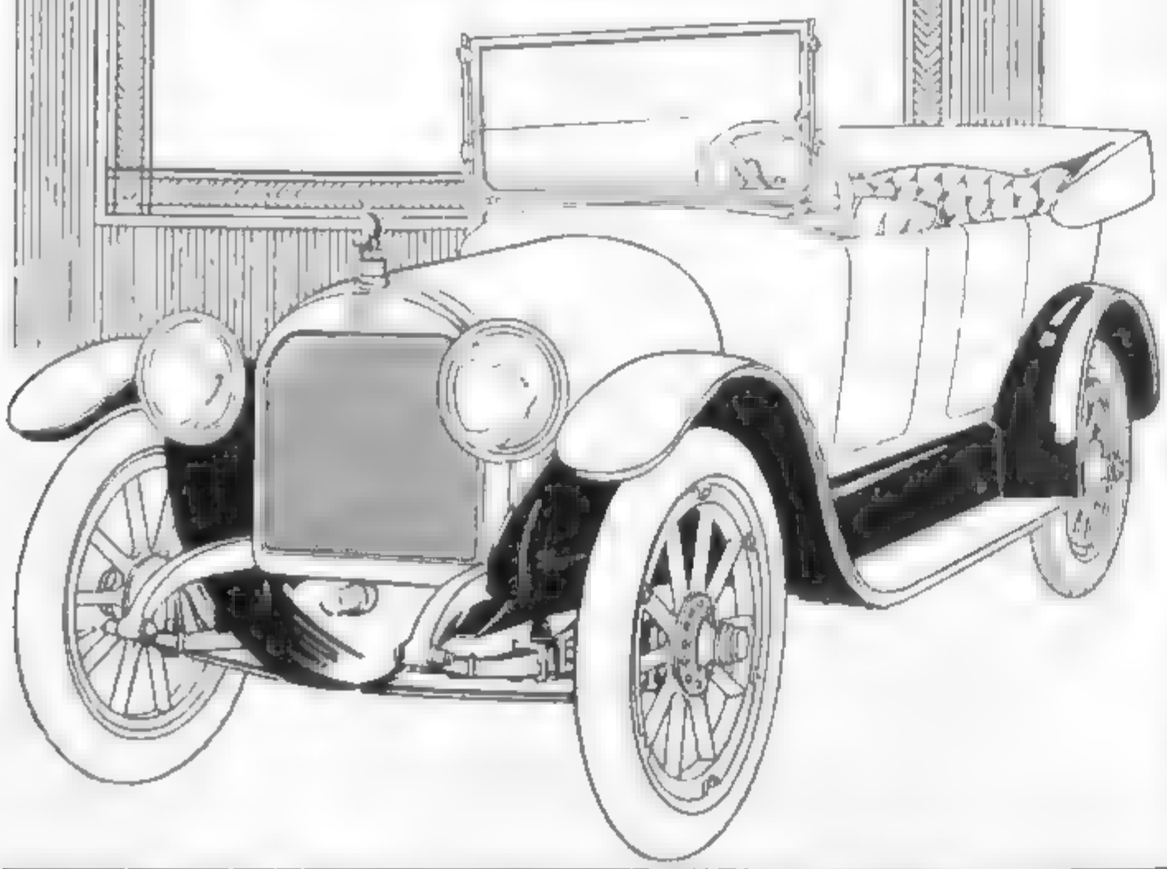

We should like to hear from any young woman who wants to attend college, musical conservatory, business college or technical school at our expense next Fall. The story of how more than a thousand have already secured educations at our expense, and the benefits derived therefrom, is an interesting one. Let us tell you all about it. Address, *Box 326, Educational Division*, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

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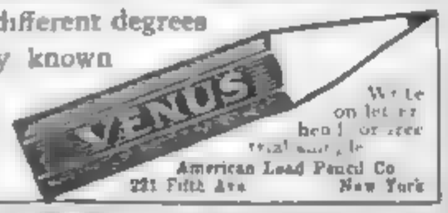
17 different degrees for every known purpose. Also two copying.



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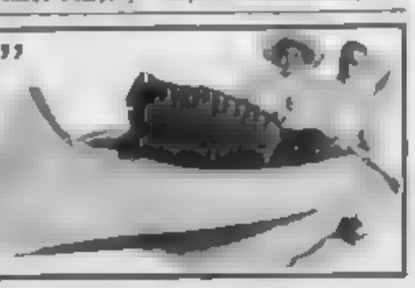

A FURBISHED GENTLEMAN

(Continued from Page 15)

Harrigan sat on his bunk's edge for a long time. Then he went to the locker and raised the lid. The under side of a trooper's locker lid is apt to tell something of his life, as the walls of a man's room do. In one corner of Harrigan's was a cheap photograph of two girls sitting on a settee, with two men standing behind them. The men were dressed in deeply creased black civilian clothes. Handkerchiefs were tucked in their necks to absorb the moisture of a summer afternoon. The hair of one of these men was damply brushed down over his forehead in two crescent-shaped curls. His hand rested stiffly on the shoulder of the lady in front of him.

Harrigan looked at this picture a moment and then detached it. There was a highly colored card depicting a conventionalized dove hurtling through amber space, trailing a swallow-tailed pennant, on which was written: Friendship—August 24, 1910. There was another card—two clasped hands shorn off at the elbow; and above them was written: Love—August 25, 1910. This transitory record also came away. Then there followed a shower of pictures—mostly prima-facie photographs of skirtless chorus girls pasted on cigaretty-looking cards.

When the havoc was all wrought there remained a single picture. It had been culled from an Art Page in a woman's magazine. It was a recent addition to the group. It was called Annabel Lee; and it showed a very misty-looking young person floating out of a misty-looking background down a misty-looking beach. Harrigan regarded it long and tenderly, and gently closed the locker lid. Then, still clothed in his pride of a uniform, he threw himself full length on his bunk and bit holes in his pillow until reveille. In a hushed undertone he directed a diatribe at himself and his general perspicacity:

"If what you know, Hap Harrigan, was a bullet, it'd be small-bored for a mikerobe's musket, and if your brains was powder they wouldn't shoot it an inch."

Nevertheless, recall found him at the door of a certain nipa shack on the edge of the town, where dwelt a human derelict the soldiers called Squawman Dikeman. Harrigan found him awake and nervous.

"I've got a wad saved up, Dikeman—enough money to keep you in *vino* for a year. You can have it a little at a time—but I want you to learn me."

"Learn you what?"

"Learn me all they learned you at that college called Merton you talk about when you're lit—all but one thing."

"In a year?"

"Till it's done—and I learn things quick, Dikeman."

IV

HARRIGAN worked as never student worked before, but his Waterloo came when he made his formal application for candidacy for a commission. His friend, the captain, was absent and the lieutenant was commanding the troop. He read the carefully prepared paper through and glanced hopelessly up at Harrigan; read the paper again and then burst into an uproar of laughter.

"I'm sorry, Harrigan—I really am. I had no business to laugh. It's pathetic; but it's funny too. You can't guess how funny it is."

At least there was nothing funny in Harrigan's face this time.

"Smithers, of A Troop, done it—did it—in four years. I've been working; and Dikeman—he's an Oxford man if he is a drunk—Dikeman says he can pull me through."

"But Harrigan—it's a joke."

"All right, sir. I'll pass the joke. I'm entitled to go before an examining board. I can try—can't I?"

The officer considered him long and thoughtfully.

"I think it'd be kinder to tell you, Harrigan—right out and out and man to man—it'd save you pain in the end."

"I guess I can stand it. I know I ain't got no education."

"It isn't only education. Why, Harrigan—an officer's supposed to be a gentleman. That's what the Articles of War say; and you can't make a gentleman by Act of Congress."

"Well, what is a gentleman? Can't I get to be one—same as anybody?"

Here's a tempting relish with the *true* tomato taste

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Adds zest to all it touches

Put it on cold meat. Let it "appetize" your favorite dish of beans, spaghetti, fish, soups or oysters.

Blue Label Ketchup is made from plump, juicy, vine-ripened tomatoes—*cooked lightly* in order to retain the natural flavor and seasoned with pure spices only. That's all. But it makes one of the most delicious relishes *you* ever tasted. And it keeps after it is opened.

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government.

Our chili sauce, soups, jams, jellies, preserves, meats, canned fruits and vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

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Largest stock in U. S. Write for free illustrated catalog that makes ordering by mail as easy and satisfactory as if selected in person.
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Makes Your Desk Look New—In a Jiffy

Think of it! You can keep your office furniture looking beautifully polished and spotlessly clean—free from ink spots, dust and dirt, by occasionally dusting with a piece of cheese-cloth moistened with

LIQUID VENEER

(WONDERFUL FOR DUSTING)

Liquid Veneer is a SURFACE FOOD. It preserves the oil in furniture and woodwork, making it stronger, more durable and beautiful. A Saving often means a saving of $50.00 in refinishing.

A trial—five minutes of your office time—will show you exactly how Liquid Veneer will improve the appearance of your desk, chairs, woodwork, etc. Costs 75 cents in stores, for a generous trial bottle.

Buffalo Specialty Company
Buffalo, N. Y. U. S. A. — Bridgeburg, Ont. Canada

Buffalo Specialty Company
Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me the trial bottle of Liquid Veneer so that I can see exactly how it will improve the appearance of my office. I enclose eight cents in stamps.

Name

Address

City

Lilies of the Valley

12 FOR 50c POST PAID
25 FOR $1.00

Plants will positively bloom anywhere in the United States six weeks after planting. I replace all that fail to grow. SHASTA DAISIES, largest flower grown, 10c each, 6 for $1.00.

VIOLETS, sweet smelling, 15c each, 5 for $1.00

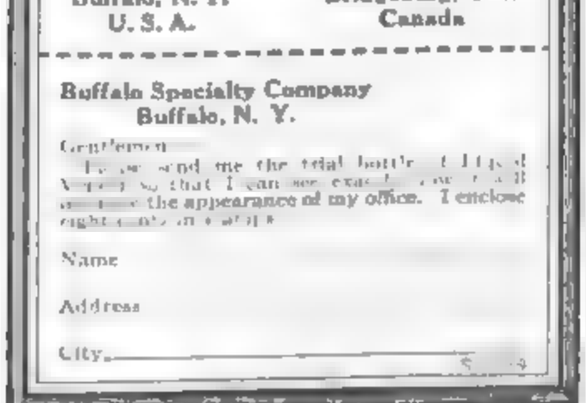
GERMAN IRIS, Purple, 15c each, 5 for $1.00; White, 20c each, 6 for $1.00; Yellow, 15c each, 8 for $1.00

All items prepaid. All of above plants are hardy anywhere. Will increase in size and beauty each year.

FREE, one flowering pansy plant FREE with $1.00 purchase. Order immediately.

BEN S. WESTHEIMER, 208 Third St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Send for list of real guaranteed shrubs and plants.



WANTED NEW IDEAS

Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

"If you have to *get to be* a gentleman, Harrigan, you've got to start early enough to be able to develop the finer instincts. You say Smithers did it in four years. Maybe he did. If he did he made up for twenty years' standing still. But while Smithers was standing still, what were you doing? Why, you were understudying Denver Curly, and learning to beg, and to pick pockets—and, for all I know, knock people on the head with slungshots."

"Yes—that too," said Harrigan frankly. "I can lift your watch before I leave the room and you won't know it. I can steal any card you ask for from a new pack. I could sell the Flatiron Building to the commanding general, I guess. But the men in the troop will tell you I'm square. I don't steal and I don't cheat and I don't lie. I don't do so because I don't want to. I never did want to. I thought that was what counted. I can make up the rest."

"The reason you can't understand is the same reason you can't be an officer, Harrigan." The young officer was digging into the deal desktop with a paper knife. He had undertaken a seemingly impossible task. "You've been a bird of prey too long. You've learned to think of number one every time. Your hide's too thick to understand all the little indignities and slights that would be put on you. That's what I mean when I say you haven't got the finer instincts. If you could understand what I'm going to tell you there'd be some hope for you. I'm trying to give you practical reasons why no examining board could listen to you. The way it's usually put is: 'How'd you like to have this man in your own family?'

"These old majors and colonels usually have a daughter or a niece tucked away somewhere and they get a mental vision of an item in the Army and Navy Journal that's recorded Service births and deaths and marriages for the better part of a century—something like this:

"'A wedding of interest to the Service took place at the quarters of Colonel and Mrs. Pazaza when their charming daughter, Mary Ann, became the bride of Lieutenant Hap Harrigan. The bride'—and so on, and so on—'while the groom will be remembered in the police courts of America for his early connection with the notorious Denver Curly, King of the Hobos. Lieutenant Harrigan has had a varied career ——'

"Harrigan, you'd be a shame to yourself, a reproach to the Service, and a thorn in the side of those who loved you."

The soldier had suddenly turned pale, but when the officer looked at him again he was grinning wanly.

"I never thought of that!" he said, and held out his hand for his application paper, leaving the officer thoughtful for the space of time in which a man might count ten.

Then he dropped his eyes to the page of the magazine he had been reading. The story was pointing a moral from the life and death of Sir Walter Raleigh: "He met disaster with a quip and a smile ——"

"But Harrigan," mused the Lieutenant, after a moment's consideration, "is a roughneck and a bum; and that settles it."

MR. SNEATH had no great difficulty in locating the son of George Huffcutt, alias Harrigan, once he was sure of the father. The army system of identification leaves nothing to be desired, and at the very moment when Harrigan was receiving his *coup de grâce* in the orderly room, a fat man, arrayed in linen, puggree, cummerbund, and all the tourist appurtenances of necessity that the natives never use, was inquiring for the barracks of Troop S. He found the sixth baron doing his bit at kitchen police and peeling potatoes on the barrack stoop. It required time and cajoling to produce a measure of credulity.

"But I dope it this way," said Harrigan at last: "If it's a con game, who loses? Not me; and the bank says your check's good for real money."

The testamentary provision bade fair to be the stumblingblock.

"Do I get this girl game—me to marry a girl I've never seen and never heard of—is that it?"

"It is so nominated in the bond," said Mr. Sneath, who would always have his little joke; then he dropped away gasping, for Harrigan did not consider his answer ten seconds.

"Well, I won't do it!"

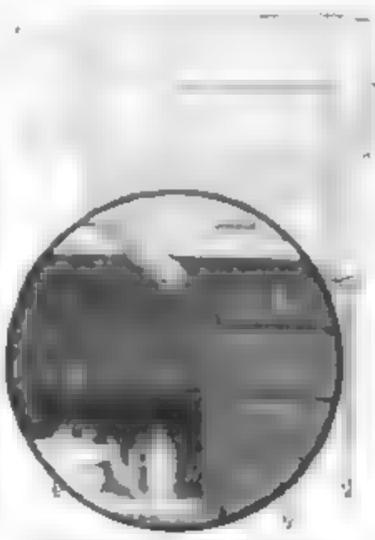
Mr. Sneath picked up a potato. He regarded it for a moment in deep thought.

(Continued on Page 64)

SELLERS *KITCHENEED* "NEW IDEA"
Showing Sellers Patented Roll Curtain Lifter.

Sellers
THE BETTER KITCHEN CABINET
KITCHENEED

This is the Sellers *Kitcheneed* Identification Mark



Sellers Roll Curtain in Base

Sellers Revolving Flour Bin

Sellers Porcelain Top

The Latest Kitchen Cabinet Achievement

The Sellers *Kitcheneed* "NEW IDEA"

"Your own idea of what a kitchen cabinet ought to be."

THIS, the Sellers *Kitcheneed* "New Idea," is the latest, most perfect achievement of the organization making "your own idea of what a kitchen cabinet ought to be." It has been over twenty-five years developing.

It possesses more patented, practically-useful convenience features than even any Sellers *Kitcheneed* has ever had. It represents the further conservation of a woman's energy in using an article already designed to save labor.

The "New Idea" Flour Bin is the most sanitary, practical and simply constructed bin ever put on a Sellers *Kitcheneed*. A simple problem in physics producing a perfect balance enables a woman to fill the bin with fifty pounds of flour in the position you see it here, and return to its original position without effort. It is easily removed for thorough cleaning, and on account of its construction, cannot cake with flour.

The Sellers *Kitcheneed* Roll Curtain Lifter in the base—by simply bringing the handle across the front of the base the roll curtain is lifted, permitting the easiest access to the base compartment. *It is not necessary to stoop and lift the curtain from the bottom.*

There are other convenience details, many of them, that are a part of the Sellers *Kitcheneed* "New Idea." These mentioned are significant of the value of the rest. To conserve a woman's strength and, incidentally and importantly, her youth, has been among the chief motives for the designing of this new Sellers *Kitcheneed*.

A new booklet is ready, featuring this cabinet in detail together with the two other *Kitcheneed* models. Your request will bring it. But, you will want to see the cabinet at the *Kitcheneed* dealer's store in your community.

G. I. Sellers & Sons Co.

230 Thirteenth Street ELWOOD, INDIANA

Tires That Bring New Motoring Luxury

A SENSE of utmost tire security, with a new enjoyment and a new comfort in motoring—

Protection from stone-bruise and blow-out—

Extremely long mileage, and tire-service free from worry—

The Goodyear Cord Tire user gets these very real advantages, and others.

He gets them because of Goodyear Cord Tire construction, and because of the extraordinary flexibility which results from that construction.

This tire is built up of cords placed loosely side by side in diagonal layers, without cross-weave.

Thus the cords are allowed to give in any direction. The tire-walls are remarkably flexible, and the tire itself lively, speedy and responsive.

So it yields readily under impact with road obstructions, fairly absorbing them.

A tire less supple, and consequently less yielding, is often ruptured by severe impact. Then comes a blow-out—at once, or later on—causing delay, inconvenience and expense.

How easily Goodyear Cord Tires run, and with how little road friction, was shown in the last fuel economy test of Franklin cars, May 1, 1915.

These tires were used on the three cars which made the highest mileage records on one gallon of gasoline—55 miles at New Haven, Conn.; 53 miles at Phoenix, Ariz.; and 51.8 miles at Akron, Ohio.

Fifteen cars traveled farther than 40 miles per gallon; and of these, ten were equipped with Goodyear Cord Tires.

These performances confirm our own demonstration, with instruments built to determine the power consumption of tires, that the Goodyear Cord type runs more easily and saves power.

Again and again this was confirmed, and the "speed" of the tires established, on winning cars in various coasting contests.

But we are not satisfied to create a more durable and a more comfortable tire by making it more lively, pliant, and responsive alone.

We build Goodyear Cord Tires greatly oversize, thus providing another big comfort factor—an abundant air cushion.

The 37 x 5 Goodyear Cord Tire, No-Hook type, contains 1702 cubic inches of air—35 per cent more than the 1259 cubic inches provided in a 37 x 5 Q. D. Clincher made according to accepted size standards.

Further comparisons are equally interesting. The 36 x 4½ No-Hook Goodyear Cord contains 1188 cubic inches against 965 cubic inches in the regulation 36 x 4½ Q. D. Clincher; the 32 x 4 No-Hook Goodyear Cord, 875 against 672 cubic inches in the regulation 32 x 4 Q. D. Clincher, and so on.

This increased volume of compressed air—the most perfect resilient known—combines utmost cushioning luxury with inbuilt buoyancy to make the Goodyear Cord the most comfortable tire produced.

Obviously, tires made with cords, by manufacturing methods necessarily more expensive, and so much larger than ordinary, cost more; and their price, therefore, is higher.

But a great many people who have used Goodyear Cord Tires are unwilling to dispense with their advantages, and gladly pay the difference in price.

You can always tell a Goodyear Cord Tire by the name "Goodyear Cord" branded on either side.

Ask the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer for Goodyear Cord Tires.

What Makes Goodyear Cord Tires Better?

THE cord tire idea itself is not new. Cord tires were built by us as early as 1904. They were produced and marketed in Europe even before that. For years our make was used successfully on electric cars.

Meanwhile the Goodyear Cord has been perfected for gasoline cars and is now being used extensively by those who desire its unique advantages.

In Goodyear Cord Tires, layer upon layer of very strong, pliable cords are impregnated with rubber, with the result that the body of the tire is extremely resilient.

Bear in mind that the cords are not cross-woven They lie side by side, layer upon layer.

Around each cord, and on each side of each layer, is a cushion of live rubber.

Such construction unites all the natural elasticity of rubber with the tremendous strength of the cords, producing a tire-body that yields freely.

When the Goodyear Cord Tire strikes a road obstruction, it yields to the blow and recovers.

The cords give. The rubber stretches. The tire is saved from damage and its life is prolonged.

That is one of the reasons why Goodyear Cord Tires last longer, go farther and have greater freedom from tire troubles.

The Goodyear policy of full value to the buyer is carried out as faithfully in Goodyear Cord Tires as in our other types.

And the growing sales of Goodyear Cord Tires testify to their buyers' belief that their extra benefits are well worth the extra price.

Like the average user of Goodyear Tires, the user of Goodyear Cord Tires simply renews one equipment after another.

He is satisfied. He has found the tire of tires. He feels that it is needless to experiment further in an effort to get better tires or greater advantages than the Goodyear Cord affords him.

The majority of those who buy Goodyear Cord Tires prefer the No-Hook type because it is fortified against blow-outs, by our On-Air cure; rim-cutting, by our No-Rim-Cut feature; loose treads, by our rubber rivets; insecurity, by our multiple braided piano-wire base; puncture and skidding, by our double-thick All-Weather and Ribbed Treads.

In addition to these standard Goodyear safeguards, he is further insured against blow-outs by the flexibility of the Goodyear cord construction; he enjoys an added degree of fuel economy by reason of this tire's easy-running; he rides with greater comfort because of its oversize and its increased volume and cushion of air.

That the added desirable qualities and the extra value of Goodyear Cord Tires are appreciated by manufacturers is shown by the adoption of these tires as standard equipment for the Packard, the Locomobile, the Franklin and the Peerless.

Goodyear Cord Tires are made in the Goodyear No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher types, with All-Weather and Ribbed Treads, for gasoline and electric cars.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

Goodyear Cord Tires are made with the famous All-Weather Tread shown on the right and the Ribbed Tread, on the left.

Ask the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer for Goodyear Cord Tires

The
Margin of Quality
for which you pay so little more when you buy them, is what takes you so far beyond ordinary mileages on Pennsylvania Oilproof
VACUUM CUP TIRES
You're guaranteed 6,000 miles by the warranty tag on each casing—but it's the non-cost extra mileage that is making quality fame for these tires.
Bear in mind—you pay nothing for the guaranteed skid prevention of the Vacuum Cup Tread on slippery pavements.
As makers of the famous Vacuum Cup Tires, we confidently place our name and reputation behind the new Pennsylvania Oilproof
EBONY TREAD
A quality casing with black, ribbed tread, at a moderate price. Guaranteed—per tag attached—for
5,000 Miles
Pennsylvania Rubber Co.
Jeannette, Pa.
Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada
You will know Vacuum Cup dealers by this Blue and Yellow Sign.
VACUUM CUP TIRES
6000 MILES
You pay for the Quality—the Safety costs you nothing

Summer Work For Students

C. H. LEWIS, of the District of Columbia, devotes his spare moments during the college term and summer vacation to subscription work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. His present arrangement gives him an assured salary of $12.00 a week throughout the year.

We have a hundred similar positions open to present or prospective students. We will pay a salary with liberal commissions at the start, or we will arrange to pay all educational expenses under our Scholarship Plan. Let us tell you about it.

"ONE YEAR AGO I sent to you my first subscription order. Since that time I have made enough to pay for all my college expenses, clothing, books, and incidentals, and have saved over one hundred dollars besides. I expect to continue the work for my next five years in the medical school."

Educational Division, Box 333

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 61)

"Young blood"—he mused tentatively—"young blood—youth will be served, eh? Some other damsel, I suppose—not one of the brown beauties hereabouts, I trust."

"I don't know that that's any of your damned business," replied the sixth baron, with the manner of either a lord or one without the finer instincts. "But I don't mind telling you," he relented, "confidential and all, that it ain't nobody. I just ain't marryin'—that's all."

"The situation is peculiar," admitted Mr. Sneath," and I hardly know whether to consider myself lawyer for your lordship or counsel for the contingent remainderman. In the latter case it would seem my duty to keep silent; but I think I owe it to you to suggest that it is just possible—knowing the young lady ——"

"That she'd turn me down," supplied Harrigan. "She would."

"Yes; your manner is sometimes almost brutally brusque, but your conclusion suggests ——"

"That I'm a nut to let her get away with the lead."

"Or words to that effect, sir."

And so it was that Harrigan, or whatever we are to call him, came to San Francisco and thence to Santa Rosalita Station. A big gray motor had been waiting and it went humming away along a glassy macadam road, which climbed through orange groves upward toward the distant mountains that were just faintly streaked with a crest of snow. The season was April and a sharp rare breeze tingled against Harrigan's tropic-sapped cheeks.

An imported butler disdainfully opened the door and Harrigan disdainfully passed him. A Japanese house boy led him to a second-story room and unpacked the new evening clothes that had been purchased under the direction of Mr. Sneath. His lordship strolled to the row of windows which formed one whole wall of the room and looked down on a flanking structure of stables that would have sheltered the mounts of a cavalry squadron. Exercise boys were bringing in such horses as the trainer of Snicklefritz had only dreamed of. A small black Arab stallion reared back and trumpeted a challenging call.

"Horses here!" said his lordship aloud. "All good ones?"

The Japanese boy answered with some pride:

"You know about El Tarik? You know Bubbling Water?"

"That blood?" And his lordship whistled.

"Tha's hosses!" hissed the boy with a fine dramatic sense; and his lordship was silent.

She liked horses. But he shook his head.

"I'm a three-card man. They've got me mugged along with Curly in every gallery in the States, I suppose. I'm so tarred with my beginnings that I couldn't be scoured with a brick."

Presently Mr. Sneath came in. He had lost somewhat his professional manner in the presence of his client. He explained it to his partner thus:

"There's no denying it—the boy gets under your skin."

"You'll have to dress, lad. I suppose you're dreading it. You ought to wear the spiketail, but you'd be a pale martyr in a shirt of fire. Put on the dinner jacket. Forget it's décolleté and keep your hands in your side pockets like a circus ticket seller. Don't try to remember to talk straight. Your grammar's better than some of George Washington's now."

The sixth baron did not look badly in evening clothes. His shoulders were broad and flat, and his legs long and thin. Mr. Sneath cajoled and bullied him into the hall and down the stairs that led to the patio garden, round which the square of the great house was built. There was a little fountain there and a few palms.

A girl was sitting in a wide willow lounge chair just at the edge of the light-glow from a paper lantern. She wore a simple white evening frock and her shoulder and the back of her head were turned toward his lordship. He would have retreated if he had dared, but the sound of his footsteps had been heard and she rose and moved toward him, holding out her hand.

His heart seemed to stop—then thumped distractedly—then went racing like a high-power motor; and he could no longer think.

"It's her—it's her! Good God, it's her!"

He blindly shook her hand—man-fashion—barracks-fashion, as one might struggle with a rusty pump. She spoke to

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Are Guaranteed Fit, Color, Wear
To be sure of fast-color shirts this Spring, buy shirts with the Emery label.
We use only tested fast-color fabrics and we stand by our colors by giving with each Emery shirt a
GUARANTY BOND
If your Emery shirt fades, or fails in any way, the Emery dealer will replace it with a new shirt.
$1.50 up. At leading dealers'
W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Philadelphia

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The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

and use in the Foot-Bath. Gives instant relief to tired, aching, swollen, perspiring, smarting nervous feet. Stops the sting of corns and bunions.

"Oh! What Rest and Comfort"

Read a few extracts from original testimonials on file in our office:

"Allen's Foot-Ease works like magic. Have placed some in tight shoes and feet feel fresh and comfortable."

It is one of the greatest remedies ever made."

"Your Foot-Ease [illegible] prevented me from [illegible] new pair of $5.00 shoes [illegible]"

Nothing so thoroughly rests the feet. It takes the [illegible] shoe and makes walking a delight. We have 30,000 testimonials.

Over 100,000 packages are being used by Allied and German troops at the front. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

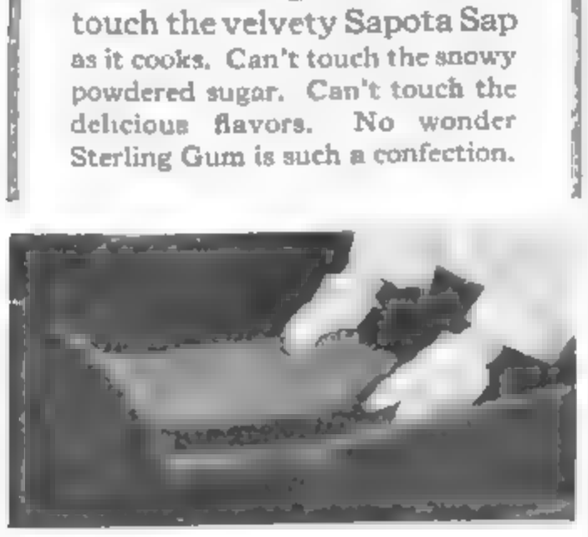
Learn Music At Home!

Special offer. Easy Lessons Free. Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Harp, Cello, or Voice. You pay only for music and postage, which averages 1¢ a day. No extras. Beginners or advanced pupils. Plain, simple, systematic. 16 years' success. Start at once. Send for booklet and [illegible] booklet free. [illegible] U. S. School of Music, Box 226B, 225 5th Ave., New York City.

Sterling

Hands in Hiding

They're covered all over by clean, white gloves. Can't touch the velvety Sapota Sap as it cooks. Can't touch the snowy powdered sugar. Can't touch the delicious flavors. No wonder Sterling Gum is such a confection.



In kneading, too, White Gloves are worn

Here Gloved Hands roll the gum

Scoring the gum. Still White Gloved Hands

White Gloved Hands gather the sticks

Sterling Gum has 7 points of excellence:

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point (7) What?

7777 Prizes; First prize $1,000 What is Point 7? See details of contest in Saturday Evening Post, April 22nd.

Sterling Gum Co., Inc., New York
Sterling Gum Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

PEPPERMINT—In Red Wrapper
CINNAMON—In Blue Wrapper

Sterling
PEPPERMINT GUM

him and he knew that there should be an answer, but it would not come. Moisture stood in beads on his forehead. He mopped wildly with his handkerchief, and then words came that froze him:

"It's hot as hell ain't it?"

He bit at them, but they were gone and others came flooding after them:

"Oh, I don't swear—not very much—not much; but I've only spoke to you three times and twice I swore. It's true what they say. I'm rough and it can't be smoothed off. I'm a shame to myself and a thorn to—to other people. Will you excuse me a moment? I forgot something in my room." And with that he fled.

Mr. Sneath followed and found him wildly scribbling at a desk.

"I didn't know it was you," he wrote. "I thought Babs was a last name, or I wouldn't have come for the whole State of California! I wouldn't have give you one instant's pain over such a thing as this. I'd have jumped in the bay first. Honest, I would! But you see how it is. I'm rude and I'm coarse, and I've got no finer instincts nor enough brains to wad a shotgun. If I had I'd have known. Please try to forgive me."

He folded this once and then reopened it and wrote, well down on the sheet:

"This will help Mr. Sneath and he can tear it off:

"I refuse to marry my uncle's ward, Barbara Allan French.

"GEORGE HUFFCUTT, alias
"HAPPY HARRIGAN."

He thrust this note into the hand of the astonished lawyer and then forcibly pushed him from the room.

"You take that to her. She'll know when she reads it."

"But, my lord ——"

"Don't 'my lord' me—just go! I'm sick!"

He slammed the door and locked it. When Mr. Sneath's heavy tread had hesitated for a moment and then made off down the hall, Alias Happy Harrigan threw off his dinner jacket, put on a coat, jammed a traveling cap down over his eyes, slipped through the window, muscled down to full arms' length and dropped to the lawn.

Safe on the highroad, he stopped a moment to breathe and then started walking toward the station. Four automobiles passed him. For the first one he dodged into an orchard. Then he laughed at the thought that anyone would chase him. For the next one he merely gave the right-of-way, and so for the next. But the last passed and stopped so suddenly that he could not have retreated if he had tried. A woman got out and came straight up to him.

"You needn't say a word," she said, "unless you want to—but won't you walk with me for just ten minutes?"

"Yes'm," he said meekly. "I'll do whatever you say."

"It's rather cruel to make me say this," she began at last; "but if I don't it will never be said. I want you to know that I knew all about Dikeman and all about what Lieutenant Raynbred told you. Your captain doesn't agree with the lieutenant's conclusions. You nearly got yourself killed on my account once and that gave me an excuse to write to Captain Graham about you. He told me about Dikeman and I wanted to write to you then; but he said that it was a thing you would have to fight out for yourself if it was to get you anywhere. He was very angry to learn from Mr. Sneath how the lieutenant treated your application."

Happy did not reply at once. When he did he said:

"I'm glad you think that way. I might try again—but I don't think so. I guess you don't know it all. It isn't just education. It's—just me—and what I've been"

"Oh, but I do know—Denver Curly—and that. Captain Graham told me long ago. He says that because you have gone through all that and kept clean is the thing that makes him sure of what is just you!"

The boy stole a furtive glance at her, but she was looking straight ahead and her mouth was set in a line of determination.

"Well, perhaps I will try again if you want me to—that is, if you and the captain think I can make it."

She stopped. There was exasperation in her tone, but it died and was replaced by something like tears.

"Oh, don't you see—Oh, won't you see—that I couldn't have stayed here one minute waiting under the terms of that dreadful will if it hadn't been—well—just you?"

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"Every man should send for the Bell Style Book. It is free, but it is worth many dollars.
"I feel this way, because I figure that I saved at least six and a half dollars on the $13 50 suit you just made for me
"This was my first order, and it was in the nature of a venture, but now that same has been filled, my regrets are that I did not patronize you long before" (Signed) J. R. McCormick.

THIS is a sincere, unsolicited letter from one of our many thousands of customers. We reproduce it here because it expresses so frankly the experience of the majority of men who try our made-to-measure clothes for the first time.

Big Style Book and 76 Samples FREE

Let us send you our Style Book absolutely free of cost. It is illustrated with the newest and smartest New York styles, and contains 76 liberal size samples of the finest woolens, and a lot of valuable information that you should be in possession of before you buy your next suit. If you send for this Style Book you will understand that Mr. McCormick, who wrote the above letter, has not in any way exaggerated our value-giving.

Our catalog is our only salesman. We have no agents or dealers of any kind to share in the profits of your purchase. If we had we would have to pay them a commission and charge you more. We deal with you direct, and give you what we'd pay a salesman to take your orders. We send you a simple outfit with which any member of your family can take your measurements as expertly as a custom tailor can.

Special Suit to Order $13.50

Our great Special is a beautiful tailored suit, *made to your individual order and measure* for $13.50.

Of course, the garment is worth many dollars more than this price and it is only due to our system of direct selling that we are able to quote this low price. We guarantee to fit you perfectly from the measurements you send us. There is no speculation in buying from us. You are protected by the most liberal guarantee that could possibly be given. The guarantee says that the suit must live up to every claim we make, or you are under no obligations to keep it.

Send for Style Book and samples today and get your suit in time for Easter. You have nothing to lose and much to gain, because you will certainly save many dollars of your clothes money.

Do not let the fact that you never bought clothes by mail stop you from sending for it. Some of our most enthusiastic customers are men who never thought it possible to get such masterful style and such perfect fit as we guarantee.

The Bell Tailors of New York
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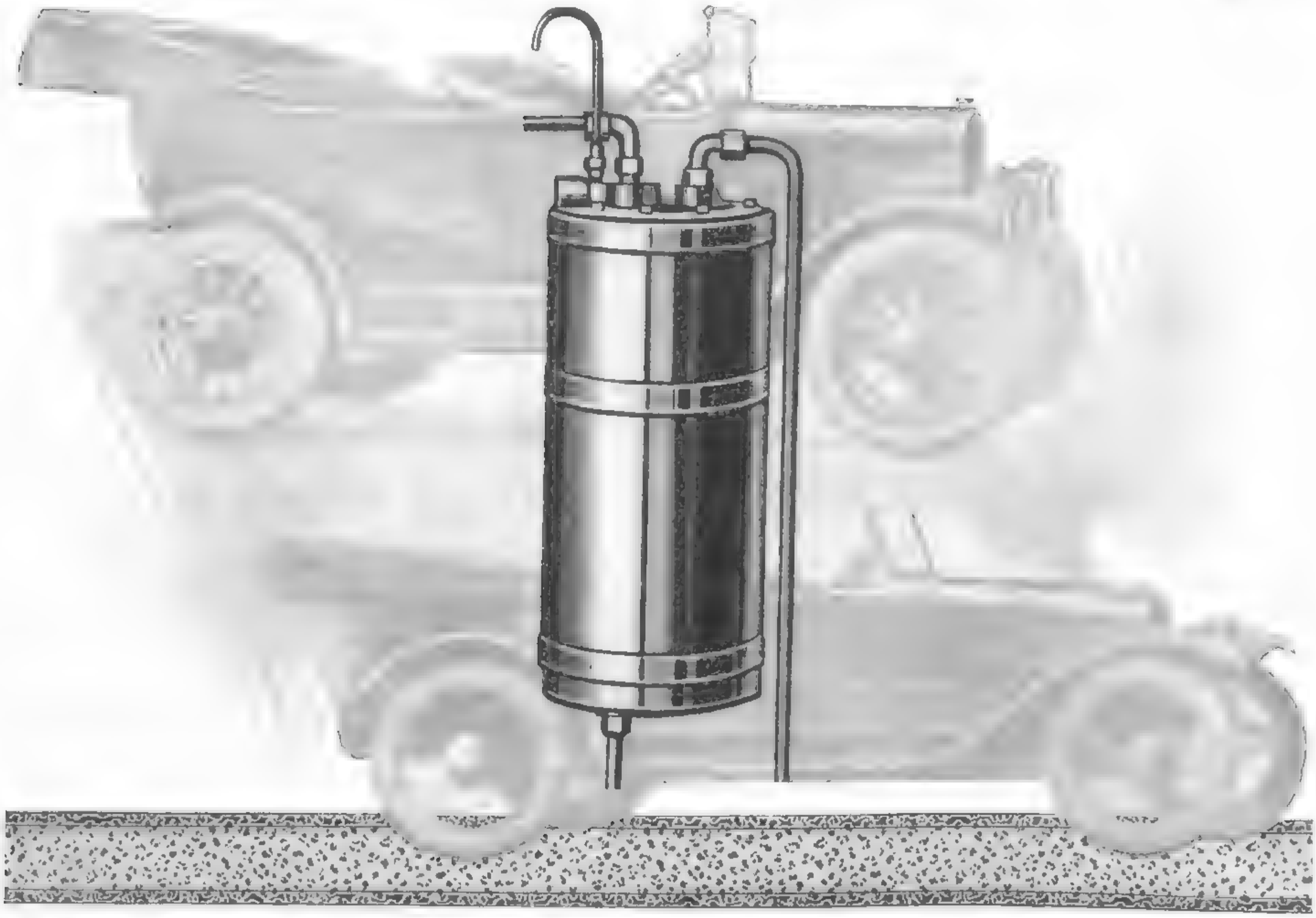
SUIT or OVERCOAT
It Will Save You Many DOLLARS
The Bell Tailors, 121-123 Walker St., New York City
Please send me your Spring catalog and samples Free.
Mr.



The Stewart Vacuum System Has Made The Car of Today Possible

Everybody remembers the bodies of yesterday—high, uncomfortable, impractical, unsightly!

Everyone appreciates the bodies of today—low, comfortable, beautiful stream lines.

But how many know what made practical and possible this revolutionary change?

* * * * *

Several years ago, when the public began to demand stream line bodies, manufacturers found themselves facing a serious difficulty.

The body of an automobile cannot be lowered without due regard to the location of the gasoline tank.

Gasoline must get to the carburetor unfailingly under all conditions.

On the old, high bodies (and on some of the present bodies) the gasoline tank is mounted quite high under the front seat. This is necessary in order to get a flow of gasoline to the carburetor. Consequently the body cannot be lowered. Also, the gas tank under the front seat is a nuisance—in the way and hard to get at.

Some automobile manufacturers tried putting the gas tank in the cowl. This also proved impractical. It necessitates a very homely high cowl with an unnecessarily high hood and radiator. This makes the low body difficult. It brings the odor of gasoline too close to be pleasant. You can hear it splash around—it is dangerous—annoying—unsightly.

The pressure system is also unsatisfactory.

It means bothersome hand pumping before you can start your car; the possibility of air leaks in the pump, pipe lines, air gauge and tank; a forcing of gas through the carburetor, causing a waste of from 10% to 20%.

Then came the Stewart Vacuum System. Over night all their trials and tribulations vanished. Instantly the stream line body design came into its own.

The Stewart Vacuum System abolished the need for bothersome pressure systems, unsightly cowl dash tanks and the inconvenient gas tank under the front seat.

It made possible a steady, even, non-wasteful flow of gasoline at all times—under all conditions.

The Stewart Vacuum System permitted the gasoline tank to be placed in the rear of the car.

Today over 60% of all the automobile manufacturers use the Stewart Vacuum System.

We firmly believe that in the very near future practically all car manufacturers will use it as standard equipment.

The Stewart Vacuum System is a small tank about 4" x 10" located under the hood, connected to the carburetor, manifold and to the gas reservoir in the rear of the car. The suction from the engine through the manifold sucks the gas into the Stewart Tank and it flows from tank to carburetor.

You should see that the car you buy is equipped with the Stewart Vacuum System. Don't be satisfied with cowl tank, under-the-seat tank or pressure system. Insist on the Stewart Vacuum System. It costs you nothing extra. Bring your old car up to date by installing a Stewart Vacuum System.

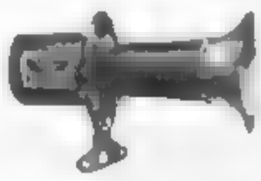
See that the next car you buy is fully equipped with Stewart products.

Stewart

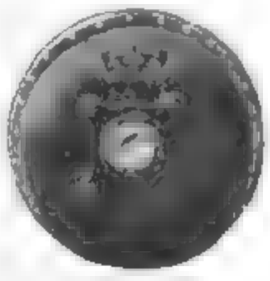
Vacuum System

$10

No car is better than its accessories

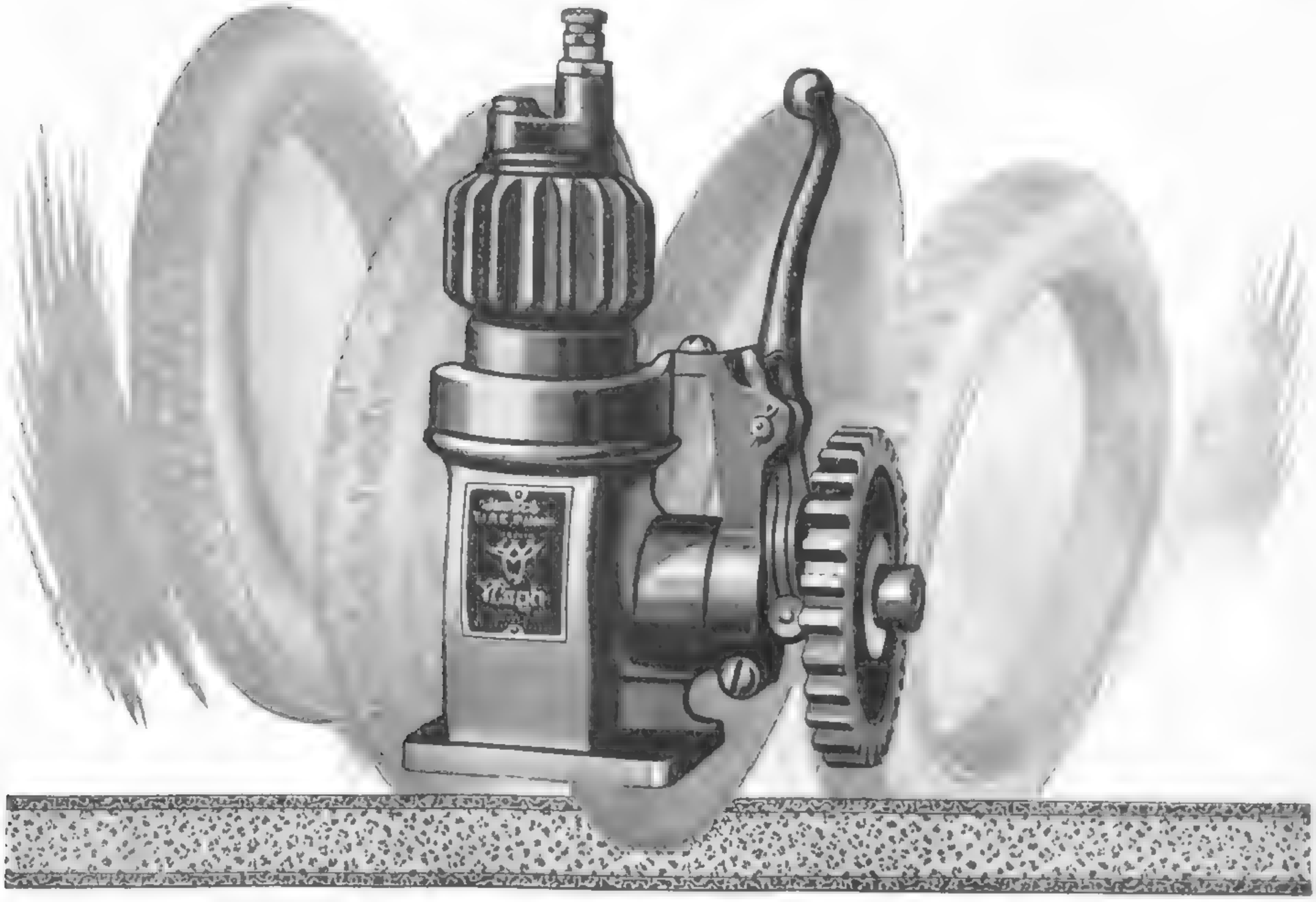


Stewart Motor-Driven Warning Signal $6



Stewart Starter for Fords $40

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.



This Pump Will Soon Be Standard Equipment on Every Automobile

This is an age of conveniences.

Automobiles are requiring less and less attention.

All the "work" in connection with operating a car is gradually disappearing.

Car manufacturers fully realize this and are looking for practical conveniences to help make their cars more marketable and to give you more than a competitor gives.

As a result more and more cars are leaving the factories equipped with the famous Stewart Tire Pump.

Soon all cars will be equipped at the factory with the Stewart Tire Pump.

And why not? Every car should have a Stewart Pump. It's as important as a starter.

Those who appreciate this are demanding a Stewart Pump on the car they buy. And if they insist hard enough they get it—at no extra cost. So, on the next car you buy ask if a Stewart Tire Pump is part of the regular equipment. Demand it.

After all, the meanest job in the world is the pumping of tires—by hand. It's the one job that everyone dreads.

Think of your wife and children! You surely do not want them to break their backs every time a tire goes flat and you are not with them.

Summer is coming. Remember how you worked and perspired any number of times during the blistering hot months of last year?

Remember how trip after trip was spoiled by the back-breaking, hand-pumping work you had to do?

This year take it easy. Get a Stewart Tire Pump. Let it do the work. Give your back a rest. Let your family take the car out without fear of having to pump and pump and pump!

The Stewart Tire Pump fits any car. Your motor does the work while you look on and smile. You don't even have to take your gloves off.

This pump works like lightning. It will fill a 36-inch by 4½-inch tire in a few minutes. Think of that!

What's more, you can see that your tires are properly inflated. Just watch the little Stewart gauge and see that you get just the right amount of pressure. A gauge comes with the Stewart Pump—no extra charge.

Remember, nothing so lessens the life of a tire as when it has too little or too much air. And if you pump by hand your tire never gets enough air, because you always give up before your tires are properly inflated. Tires must have just the correct amount of air to give the longest mileage.

There is nothing complicated about the Stewart Pump. Nothing to get out of order. It will do all the hard work and last the life of your car.

So get yourself a Stewart Tire Pump at once. It can be installed on any car—old or new. Price, complete—$12.

When you buy a new car see that it is equipped with a Stewart Tire Pump. It will cost you nothing extra, so see that you get it.

In fact, it is a wise thought in getting your next car to see that it is equipped with all Stewart products—the Stewart Speedometer, the Stewart Vacuum System, the Stewart Pump, the Stewart Warning Signals.

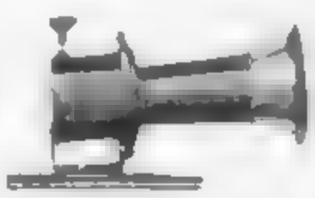
The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Stewart

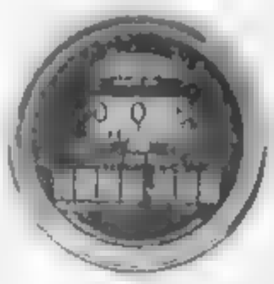
Tire Pump

$12

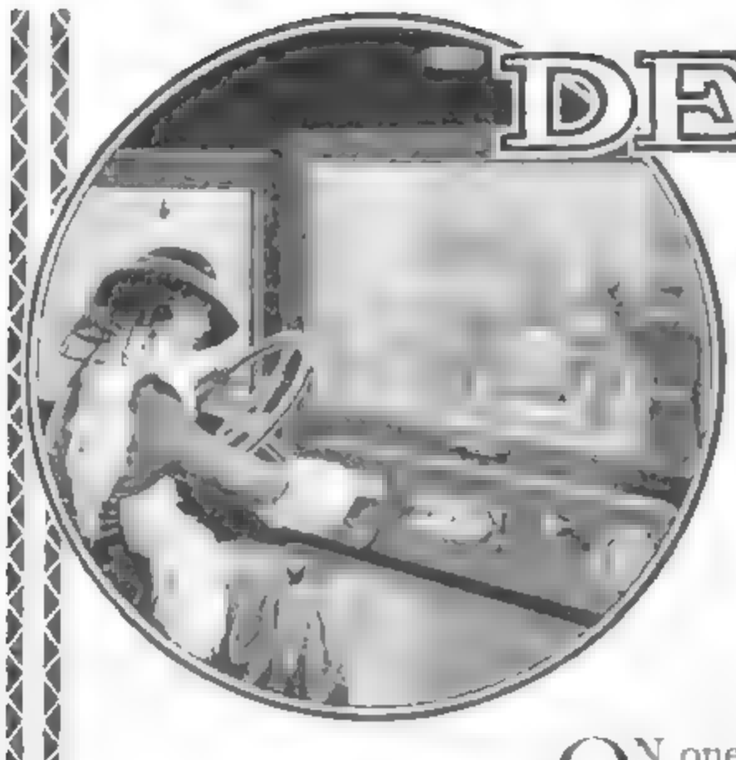
No car is better than its accessories



Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal
$3.50



Stewart Speedometer for Fords
$10



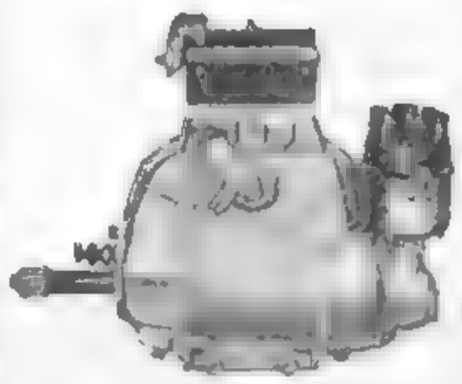
DELCO

ELECTRIC
CRANKING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

ON one of the busiest corners in Chicago a few days ago a young man checked the Automobiles as they passed.

Nearly 30 per cent. were driven by women. The modern Automobile has been simplified and refined.

It is so thoroughly dependable and so easily controlled that the whole realm of Motor Car Enjoyment is opened up to the woman driver.



Even the heavy traffic of down town city streets has no terrors for her.

The refining influence that has so revolutionized the Automobile industry began to make itself felt four and a half years ago.

It was then that the first Delco Equipped Car appeared.

It was then that Electricity first took the place of the cumbersome hand crank and that the three important functions of starting, lighting and ignition were first combined in one Compact Efficient System.

It is an important part that Delco has played in refining and broadening the scope of the motor car.

Today more than 335,000 Delco Equipped Cars are in use.

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collection of children's songs in the world has just been issued in the "Whole World" Series of music books, entitled **"Songs The Children Love To Sing."** It contains more than 315 game songs, nursery rhymes, work and play songs, boys' songs, girls' songs, etc. Every mother will be delighted with this wonderful book. For sale at all music counters, or sent prepaid on receipt of 25c. Write for free illustrated catalogue of the Whole World Music Series to

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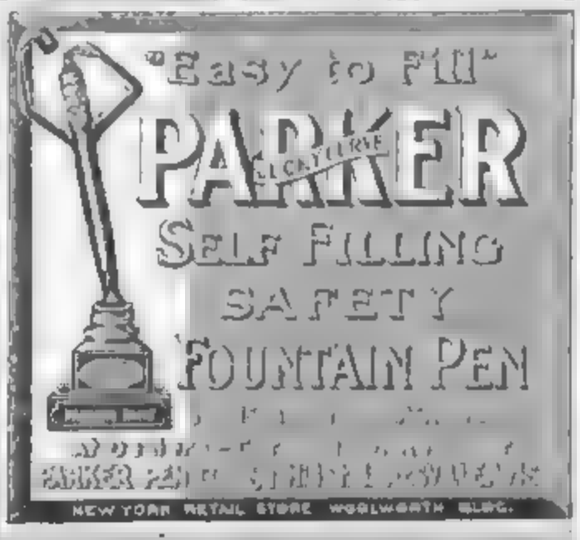

DOUBLE-BARRELED JUSTICE

(Continued from Page 11)

herself and a new suit for her threadbare son, Eddie. Finally, Mrs. Matilda Weeks, who constituted in herself an unofficial but highly efficient local charity organization, discovered on a certain morning when she awoke that, during the night, some kindly soul had shoved under her front door a plain Manila wrapper, containing merely a line of writing on a sheet of cheap, blue-ruled notepaper: "For the poor people," and nearly three hundred dollars in bills—merely that, and nothing more. It was exactly in keeping with Mrs. Weeks' own peculiar mode of philanthropy that she should accept this anonymous gift and make use of it without asking any questions whatsoever.

"I think, by all accounts, it must be tainted money," said Mrs. Weeks; "but I don't know any better way of making dirty money clean than by doing a little good with it."

So she kept the donation intact against the coming of the Christmas, and then she devoted it to filling many Christmas dinner baskets and many Christmas stockings for the families of shanty-boaters, whose floating domiciles clustered like a flock of very disreputable waterfowl down by the willows, below town, these shiftless river gypsies being included among Mrs. Weeks' favorite wards.

Meanwhile, for upward of a week after the hold-up no steps of whatsoever nature were taken by the members of the police force. For the matter of that, no steps which might be called authoritative or in strict accordance with the statutes made and provided were ever taken by them or any one of them. But one evening the acting head of the department went forth upon a private mission. Our regular chief, Gabe Henley, was laid up that fall, bedfast with inflammatory rheumatism, and the fact of his being for the time an invalid may possibly help to explain a good deal, seeing that Gabe had the name for both honesty and earnestness in the discharge of his duties, even if he did fall some cubits short of the mental stature of an intellectual giant.

So it was the acting chief—he resigned shortly thereafter, as I recall—who took it upon himself to pay a sort of domiciliary visit to the three-room cottage where the Widow Norfleet lived with her son Eddie and took in sewing. He bore no warrant qualifying him for violent entry, search of the premises or seizure of the person, and perhaps that was why he made no effort to force his way within the little house; or maybe he desired only to put a few pointed questions to the head of the house. So while he stood at the locked front door, knocking until his knuckles stung him and his patience had become quite utterly exhausted, a woman let herself out at the back of the house and ran bareheaded through an alley which opened into Clay Street, Clay Street being the next street to the west. When she returned home again at the end of perhaps half an hour a peep through a hooded and shuttered front window revealed to her that the brass-buttoned caller had departed.

It was the next morning, to follow with chronological exactitude the sequence of this narrative, that our efficient young commonwealth's attorney, Jerome G. Flournoy, let himself into the chambers of the Hon. William Pitman Priest, who, as the presiding circuit judge, occupied the highest judicial office of county and district as well. Mr. Flournoy wore between his brows a little V of perplexity. But Judge Priest, whom he found sitting by a grate fire stoking away at his cob pipe, appeared to have not a single care concealed anywhere about his person. Certainly his forehead was free of those wrinkles which are presumed to denote troublesomeness of thought on the inside.

"Judge," began Mr. Flournoy without any prolonged preliminaries, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to take up that Blue Jug affair. And I do hate mightily to do it, seeing what the consequences are liable to be. So I thought I'd talk it over with you first, if you don't mind."

"Son," whined Judge Priest—and to Mr. Flournoy it seemed that the phantom shadow of a wink rested for the twentieth part of a second on the old judge's left eyelid—"speakin' officially, it's barely possible that I don't know whut case you have reference to."

"Well, unofficially then, you're bound to have heard the talk that's going round town," said Mr. Flournoy. "Nobody's talked of anything else much this past week, so far as I've been able to notice. Just between you and me, Judge, I made up my mind, right from the first, that unless it was crowded on me I wasn't going to take cognizance of the thing at all. That's the principal reason why I haven't mentioned the subject in your presence before now. As a private citizen, it struck me that that short-waisted crook got exactly what was coming to him, especially as I never heard of bad money being put to better purposes. But aside from what he lost in cash—and I reckon he doesn't think any more of a silver dollar than you do of both your legs—it made him the laughing-stock of twenty thousand people, and more particularly after the true inside facts began to circulate."

"Now that you mention it, son," remarked Judge Priest blandly, "it strikes me that I did ketch the distant sound of gigglin' here and there durin' the past few days."

"That's just it—the giggling must've got under the scoundrel's hide finally. I gather that at the beginning Magee made up his mind to keep his mouth shut and just take his medicine. But I figure him for the kind that can't stand being laughed at very long—and his own gang have just naturally been laughing him to death all week. Anyhow, he came to my house to-day right after breakfast, and called on me as the commonwealth's attorney to put the facts before the Grand Jury when it convenes next Monday for the fall term. He's even willing to testify himself, he says. And he says he can prove what went with the money that he lost that night—or most of it and what became of the rest of it.

"That's not all, Judge, either. Right on top of that, when I got down to my office I found a letter from Mrs. Hetty Norfleet, saying she had nothing to conceal from the duly sworn officers of the law, and that she was perfectly willing to answer any charges that might be made against her, and that she would come to me and make a full statement any time I wanted her to come. Or substantially that," amended Mr. Flournoy, with the lawyer's instinct for verbal qualification.

"Is that possible?" quoth the Judge in tones of a mild surprise. With his thumb he tamped down the smolder in his pipe. The job appeared to require care; certainly it required full half a minute of time. When next he spoke he had entirely departed from the main line of the topic in hand. Judge Priest was somewhat inclined to ramble in conversation, as may have been pointed out heretofore.

"I reckin, son, you never knowed little Gil Nickolas, did you? No, 'taint in reason that you would. He died long before your time. Let's see—he must've died way back yonder about eighteen-sixty-nine, or maybe 'twas eighteen-seventy. He got hisself purty badly shot up at Chickamauga and never did entirely git over it. Well, sir, that there little Gil Nickolas wasn't much bigger than a cake of lye soap after a hard day's washin', but let me tell you, he was a mighty gallant soldier of the late Southern Confederacy. I know he was because we both served together in old Company B—the fust company that went out of this town after the fussin' started. Yes, suh, he shorely was a spunky little raskil. I reckin he belonged to a spunky outfit—I never knowed one of his breed yit that didn't have more sand, when it come right down to cases, than you could load onto a hoss and waggin."

Again he paused to minister to the spark of life in his pipe bowl. "I recall one time, the first year of the war, me and Gil was out on a kind of a foragin' trip together and ——"

"I beg your pardon, Judge Priest," broke in Mr. Flournoy a trifle stiffly, "but I was speaking of the trouble Mrs. Hetty Norfleet's gotten herself into."

"I know you was," assented Judge Priest, "and that's whut put me in mind of little Gil Nickolas. He was her paw. I ain't seen much of her here of recent years, but I reckin she's had a purty toler'ble hard time of it. Her husband wasn't much account ez I remember him in his lifetime."

"She has had a hard time of it—mighty hard," assented Mr. Flournoy, "and that's

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WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing complete line of bicycles, sundries and parts at half usual prices. It's free.

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one of the things that makes my job all the harder for me."

"How so?" inquired Judge Priest.

"Because," expounded Mr. Flournoy, "now, I suppose, I've got to put her under arrest and bring her to trial. In a way of speaking, Magee has got the law on his side. Certainly he's got the right to call on me to act. On the surface of things the police are keeping out of it—I reckon we both know why—and so it's being put up to me. Magee points out, very truly, that it's a felony charge anyhow, and that even if his dear friend, the acting chief, should start the ball rolling, in the long run, sooner or later, the case would be bound to land in circuit court."

"And whut then?" asked Judge Priest.

"Oh, nothing much," said Mr. Flournoy bitterly, "nothing much, except that if that poor little woman confesses—and I judge by the tone of her letter she's ready to do just that—anyway, everybody in town knows by now that she was the one that held up that joint of Magee's at the point of a shotgun—why the jurors, under their oaths, are bound to bring in a verdict of guilty, no matter how they may feel about it personally. Magee has about reached the point where he'd risk a jail term for himself to see her sentenced to the penitentiary. Judge Priest, I'd almost rather resign my office than be the means of seeing that poor little plucky woman convicted for doing the thing she has done."

"Wait a minute, son! Hold your hosses and wait a minute!" put in the Judge. "Mebbe it won't be absolutely necessary fur you to up and resign so abrupt. Your valuable services are needed round this courthouse."

"What's that you say, Judge?"

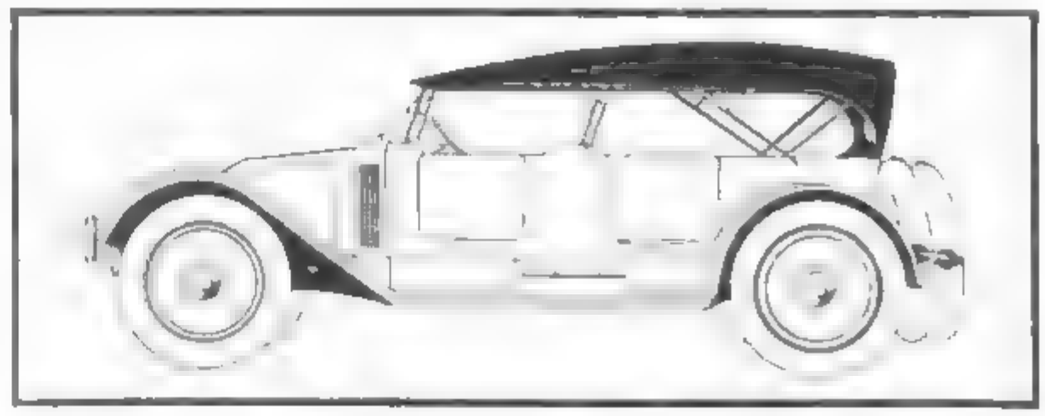
"I says, wait a minute and don't be so proneful to jump at conclusions," repeated and amplified the older man. "You go and jump at a conclusion that-a-way and you're liable to skeer the poor thing ha'f to death. I've been lettin' you purceed ahead because I wanted to git your views on this little matter before I stuck my own paddle into the kittle. But now let's you and me see ef there ain't another side to this here proposition."

"I'm listening, your Honor," said Flournoy, mystified but somehow cheered.

"Well, then!" The Judge raised his right arm ready to emphasize each point he made with a wide swing of the hand which held the pipe. "Under the laws of this state gamblin' in whatsoever form ain't permitted, recognized, countenanced nor suffered. That's so, ain't it, son? To be shore, the laws as they read at present sometimes seem insufficient somehow to prevent the same, and I hope to see them corrected in that regard; but the intent is plain enough that, in the eye of the law, public gamblin' ez sech does not go on anywhere within the confines of this commonwealth. You agree with me there, don't you?

"Alright then—so fur so good. Now then, sech bein' the situation, we may safely assume, I reckin, that within the purview and the written meanin' of the statute gamblin'—common gamblin' don't exist a-tall. It jest natchelly ain't. Understand me, I'm speaking accordin' to a strict legal construction of the issue. And so, ef gamblin' don't exist there couldn't 'a' been no gamblin' goin' on upstairs over the Blue Jug saloon and restauraw on the night in question. In fact, ef you carry the point out to its logical endin' there couldn't 'a' been no night in question neither. In any event, ef the person Magee could by any chance prove he was there, in the said place, on the said date, at the said time, it would appear that he was present fur the purpose of evadin' and defyin' the law, and so ef somebody ostensibly and apparently seemed to happen along and did by threat and duress deprive him of somethin' of seemin' value, he stull wouldn't have no standin' in court because he couldn't come with clean hands hisse'f to press the charge.

"But there ain't no need to go into that phase and aspect of the proposition, because we know now that, legally, he wasn't even there. Not bein' there, of course he wasn't engaged in carryin' on a game of chance. Not bein' so engaged, it stands to reason he didn't lose nothin' of value. Ef he states otherwise we are bound to believe him to be a victim of a diseased and an overwrought mind. And so there, I take it, is the way it stands, so fur ez you are concerned, Mister Flournoy. You can't ask a Grand Jury to return an indictment ag'inst a figment of the imagination, kin you? Why, boy, they'd laugh at you."



Motor Cars of Top Distinction

It will be apparent to anyone acquainted with motor cars that a top material used by the list of cars following must have abundant merit. These are high-grade cars, made by manufacturers who are striving for quality and service as well as style and beauty. They chose NEVERLEEK TOP MATERIAL after most careful observation and exacting scientific tests.

Neverleek is regular equipment on more than twice as many makes of cars as any other brand of top material.

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COLE "TWELVE"
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Neverleek Top Material has been on the market less than four years. In that time it has gained leadership by sheer force of quality. It is the material made especially to meet the strenuous demands of motor car use and retain its richness and beauty through long service.

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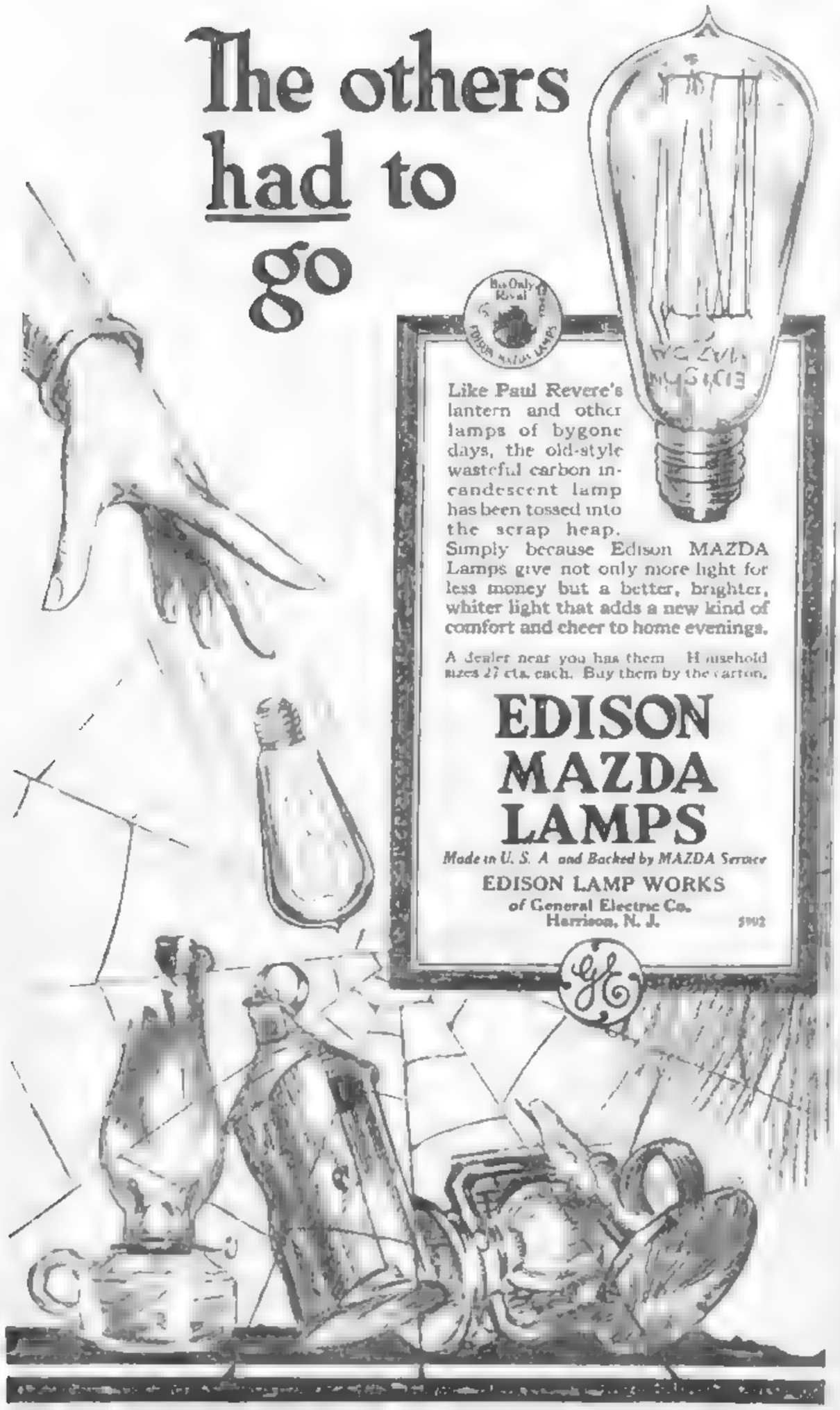
The others had to go



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Remember this: If you try the work for just a part of one day and then quit, you will have made *some* money.

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"I certainly can't, Judge," agreed the young man blithely. "I don't know how the venerable gentlemen composing the court of last resort in this state would look upon the issue if it were carried up to them on appeal, but for my purposes you've stated the law beautifully." He was grinning broadly as he stood up and reached for his hat and his gloves. "I'm going now to break the blow to our long-legged friend."

"Whilst you're about it you mout tell him somethin' else," stated his superior. "In fact, you mout let the word seep round sort of promiscuous like that I'm aimin' to direct the special attention of the next Grand Jury to the official conduct of certain members of the police force of our fair little city. Ez regards the suppressin' and the punishin' of common gamblers, the law appears to be sort of loopholey at present; but mebbe ef we investigated the activities, or the lack of same, on the part of divers of our sworn peace officers, we mout be able to scotch the snake a little bit even ef we can't kill it outright."

Inside of two hours the commonwealth's attorney returned from his errand, apparently much exalted of spirit.

"Say, Judge," he proclaimed as he came through the door, "I imagine it won't be necessary for you to take the steps you were mentioning awhile ago."

"No?"

"No, sirree. Once I'd started it I judge the news must've spread pretty fast. Outside on the Square, as I was on my way back up here from downtown, Beck Giltner waylaid me to ask me to tell you for him that he was going to close down his game and try to make a living some other way.

"And we're going to lose our uncrowned king. Yes, sir, Highpockets the First is preparing to leave us flat. After hearing what I had to tell him he said in a passionate sort of way that a man might as well quit a community where he can't get justice. I gather that he's figuring on pulling his freight for some more populous spot where he can enjoy a wider field of endeavor and escape the vulgar snickers of the multitude. He spoke of Chicago."

"Aha!" said Judge Priest; and then after a little pause: "Well, Jerome, my son, ef I have to give up any member of this here community I reckin Mister Highpockets Elmer Magee, Esquire, is probably the one I kin spare the easiest. When is he aimin' to go frum us?"

"Right away, I think, from what he said."

"Well," went on Judge Priest, "ef so be you should happen to run acrost him ag'in before he takes his departure from amongst us you mout—in strict confidence, of course—tell him somethin' else. He mout wish to ponder on it while he is on his way elsewhere. That there old scattergun, which he looked down the barrels of it the other night, wasn't loaded."

"Wasn't loaded? Whee!" chortled Mr. Flournoy. "Well, of all the good jokes——" He caught himself: "Say, Judge, how did you know it wasn't loaded?"

"Why, she told me, son—the Widder Norfleet told me so last night. You see she came runnin' over the back way from her house to my place—I glean somethin' had happened which made her think the time had arrived to put herself in touch with sech of the authorities ez she felt she could trust—and she detailed the whole circumstances to me. 'Twas me suggested to her that she'd better write you that there letter. In fact, you mout say I sort of dictated its gin'ral tenor. I told her that you ez the prosecutor was the one that'd be most interested in hearin' any formal statement she mout care to make, and so——"

Mr. Flournoy slumped down into a handy chair and ran some fingers through his hair.

"Then part of the joke is on me too," he owned.

"I wouldn't go so fur ez to say that," spake Judge Priest soothingly. "Frum where I set it looks to me like the joke is mainly on quite a number of people."

"And the shotgun wasn't loaded?" Seemingly Mr. Flournoy found it hard to credit his own ears.

"It didn't have nary charge in ary barrel," reaffirmed the old man. "That little woman had the spunk to go up there all alone by herself and bluff a whole roomful of grown men, but she didn't dare to load the old fusee—said she didn't know how, in the fust place, and in the second place she was skeered it mout go off and hurt somebody. Jerome, ain't that fur all the world jest like a woman!"

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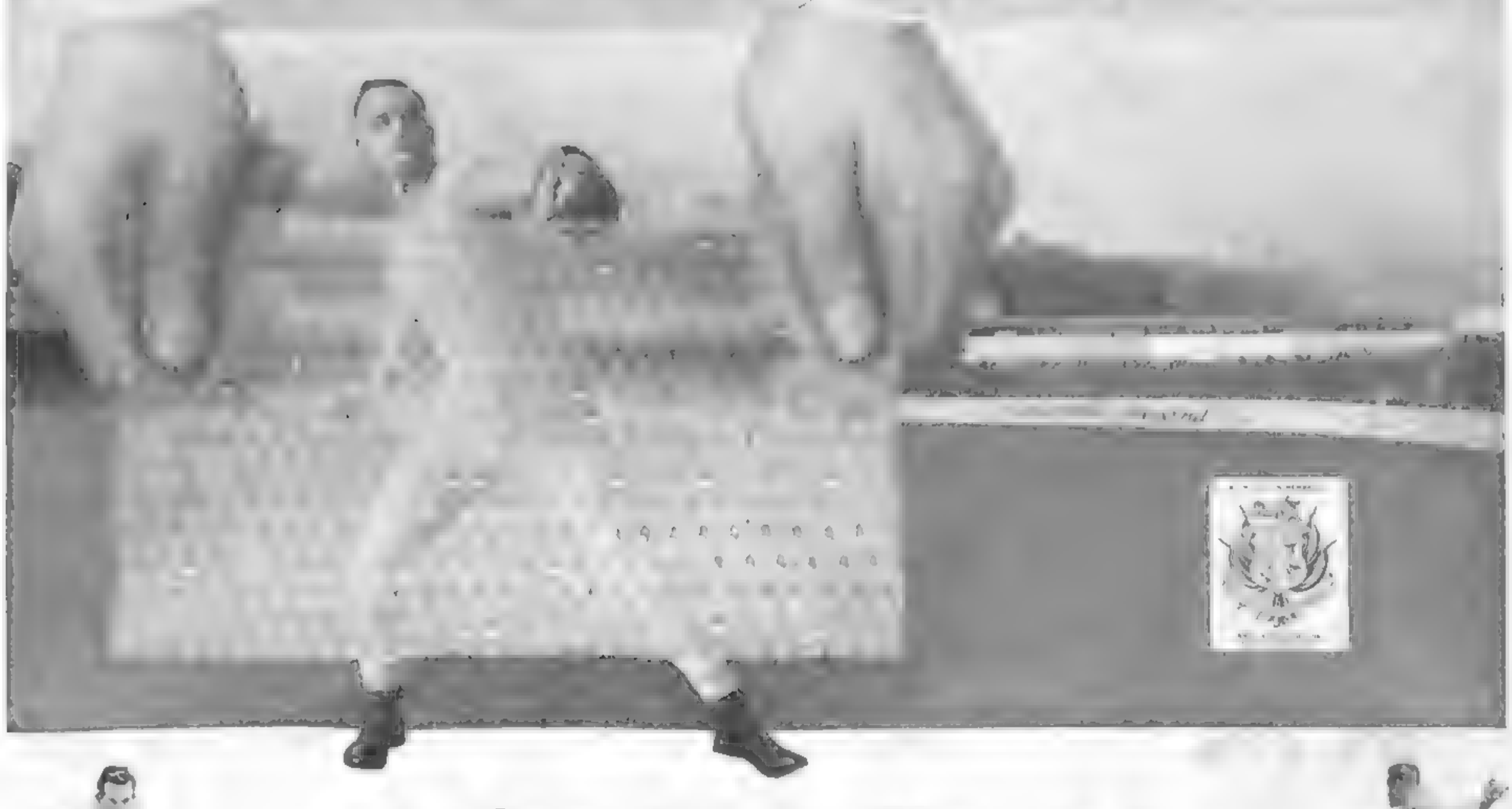

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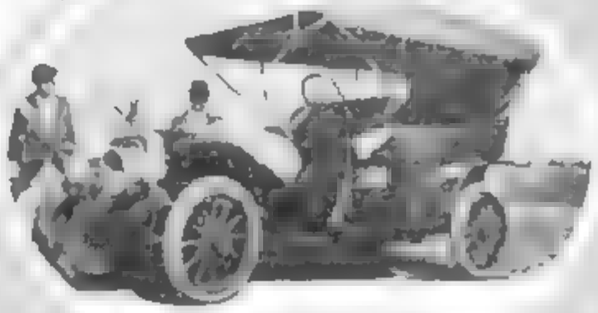

3rd Record—183,837 Miles
1909 Mitchell

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

(Continued from Page 5)

which we thought was good enough; but this man, all he says to us was:

"What can I do for you, my good people?"

"I don't know just what," says Old Man Wright, "but I want to open a account."

"Third desk to the right," says he.

So we went down three desks and braced another man to see if we please could put some money in his bank. This one had whiskers parted in the middle on his chin. I shore hated him.

"What can I do for you, my good man?" says he.

"I was thinking of opening a account," says Old Man Wright.

"What business?" says he.

"Poker and cows," says Old Man Wright.

The fellow with whiskers turned away.

"I'm very busy," says he.

"So am I," says Old Man Wright. "But what about the account?"

"You'd better see Mr. Watts, three windows down," says the man with the whiskers. So we went on a little farther down.

"How much of a deposit did you want to make, my good friend?" ast this new man, who had little whiskers in front of his ears. I didn't like him none at all.

Old Man Wright he puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out a lot of fine cut, and some keys and a knife and some paper money, and says he:

"I don't know—it might run as high as three hundred dollars."

The man with the little whiskers he pushes back his roll.

"We couldn't think of opening so small a account," says he. "I recommend you to our Savings Department, two floors below."

Old Man Wright he turns to me and says he: "Haven't they got the fine system? They always have a place for your money, even if it's a little bit.

"Hold on a minute," says he after a while and pulls a card out of his pocket. "Take this in to your president and tell him I want to see him."

That made the man with the little whiskers get right pale. His mouth got round like that of a sucker fish.

"What do you mean?" says he.

"Nothing much," says Old Man Wright. "I may have overlooked a few things. I was wrong about that three hundred dollars."

He flattens out on the table a mussed-up piece of paper he found in his side pocket.

"It wasn't three hundred dollars at all, but three hundred thousand dollars," says he. "I forgot. Go ask your president if he'll please let me open a account, especial since I bought four thousand shares in this bank the other day when I was absent-minded—my banker out in Cheyenne told me to do it. You can see why I come in, then—I wanted to see how the hands in this business was carrying it on, me being a stockholder. Now run along, son," says he, "and bring the president out here, because I'm busy and I ain't got long to wait."

And blame me if the president didn't come out, too, after a while! He was a little man, yet looked like he'd just got his suit of clothes from the tailor that morning, and his necktie too. He was white and rather soft looking; not very tall, but fat, with no whiskers. I didn't have no use for him at all.

The president he come smiling, with both his hands out. He certainly was a glad-hand artist, which is what a bank president has to be to-day—he's got to be a speaker and a handshaker. The rest don't count so much.

He taken us into his own room. I never had knew that chairs growed so large before or any table so long; but we set down. That president certainly knew good cigars.

"My dear Mr. Wright," says he, "I'm profoundly glad that you have at last came in to see us. I knew of your purchase in our institution, and we value your association beyond words. With the extent of your holdings—which perhaps you will increase—you clearly will be entitled to a place on our board of directors. I'm a Western man myself—I came from Moline, Illinoy; and perhaps it will not be too much if I ask you to let me have your proxy, just as a matter of form." He talks like a book.

We had some more conversation, and when we went out all the case keepers stood up and bowed, one after the other. We didn't seem to have no trouble opening a account after that.

"The stock in this bank's too low," says Old Man Wright to me on the side. "That's why I bought it. They're going to put it up after a while; and when they start to put things up they put 'em up farther when you begin on the ground floor. Do you see?"

I begun to think maybe Old Man Wright was something more than a cowman, but I didn't say nothing. We went back to the hotel and he calls in Bonnie Bell.

"Look at me, sis," says he. "Is they anything wrong with me?"

She sits down on his knee and pushes back his hair.

"Why, you old dear," says she, "of course they ain't."

"Is they anything wrong with my clothes or Curly's?" he says.

"Well now ——" she begins.

"That settles it!" says he; and that afternoon him and me went down to a tailor.

What he done to each of us was several suits of clothes. Old Man Wright said he wanted one suit each of every kind of clothes that anybody ever had been knew to wear in the history of the world. I was more moderate. I never was in a spiketail in my whole life and I told him I'd die first. Still, I could see I was going to be made over considerable. My legs was hardest.

As for Bonnie Bell, when she went down the avenue, where the wind blows mostly all the time, she looked like she'd lived there in the city all her life. She always had a good color in her cheeks from living out-of-doors and riding so much, and she was right limber and sort of thin. Her hat was sort of little and put some on one side. Her shoes was part white and part black, the way they wore 'em then, and her stockings was the color of her dress; and her dress was right in line, like the things you saw along in the store windows.

It was winter when we hit Chicago, and she wore furs—dark ones—and her muff was shore stylish. When she put it up to the side of her face to keep off the wind she was so easy to look at that a good many people would turn round and keep on looking. I don't know what folks thought of her pa and me, but Bonnie Bell didn't seem like she'd come from Wyoming. Once two young fellows followed her clear to the door of the hotel, where they met me. They went away right soon after that.

Bonnie Bell just moved into Chicago like it was easy for her. As for Old Man Wright, about all him and me could do was to go down to the stockyards and see where the beef was coming from. We looked for some of our brand, and when we seen some of the Circle Arrow cows come in he wouldn't hardly talk to anybody for two or three days.

I never did see where Bonnie Bell's new house was, because she said it was a secret from me. Her pa told me that he paid round two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the land, without no house on it.

"Why, at that," says I, "you'll be putting up a house there that'll cost over six thousand dollars, like enough!"

Bonnie Bell hears me and says she:

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if it would cost even more than that. Anybody that is somebody has to have a good house."

"Are we somebody, sis?" says Old Man Wright, sudden.

"Dear old dad!" says she, and she kisses him some more. "We'll be somebody before we quit this game—believe me!"

"Curly," says the old man to me soon after that, "that girl's got looks—Lord! I didn't know it till I seen her all dressed up the way she is here. She's got class—I don't know where she got it, but she has. She's got brains—Lord knows where she got them; certain not from me. She's got sand too—you can't stop her noways on earth. If she starts she's going through. And she says she only come here because she knew I wanted to!" says he.

"What's the difference?" I ast him. "We fooled her, didn't we?"

"Maybe," says he. "I ain't shore."

Well, anyway, this is what we'd swapped the old days out on the Yellow Bull for. We'd done traded the mountains and the valley and the things we knew for this three or four rooms at several hundred dollars a month in a hotel that looked out over the water, and over a lot of people on the keen lope, not one of them caring a damn for us—leastways not for her pa or me.

III

I NEVER had lived in town this long, not in all my life before, and far as I know the boss hadn't neither. We wasn't used to this way of living. We'd been used to

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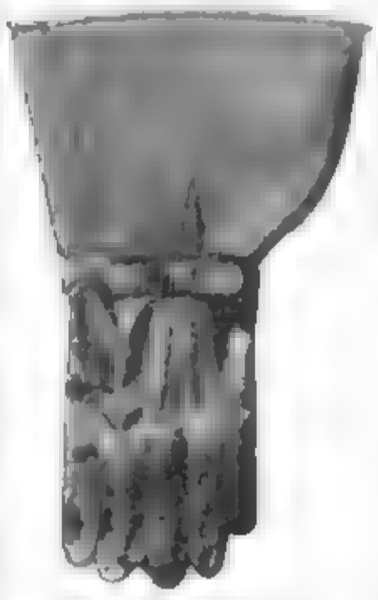

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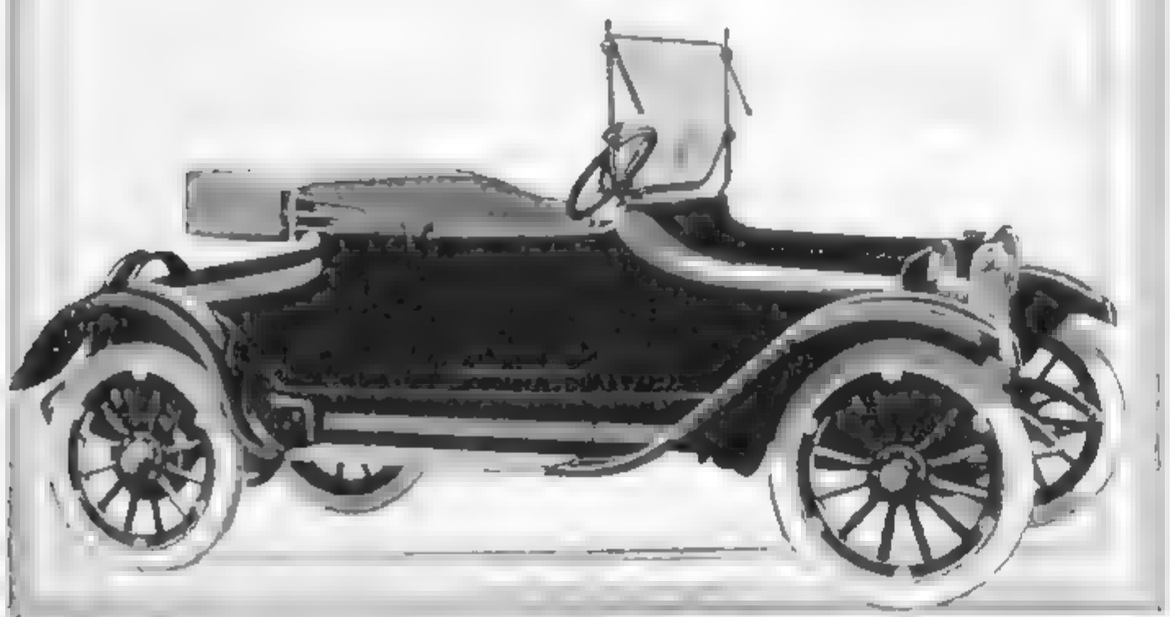

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riding some every day. Out in the parks, even in the winter, once in a while you could see somebody riding—or thinking they was riding, which they wasn't.

One day Old Man Wright, come spring, he goes down to the stockyards and buys a good saddle horse for Bonnie Bell to ride. It cost him twenty-five dollars a month to keep that horse, so he would eat his head off in about three months at the outside. Old Man Wright tells me that I'll have to ride out with the kid whenever she wants to go. That suited me. Of course that meant we had to buy another horse for me. That made the stable bill fifty dollars a month.

I never did know what we paid for our rooms at the hotel, but it was more every month than would keep a family a year in Wyoming.

Bonnie Bell she could ride a man's saddle all right, and she had a outfit for it. When it got a little warmer in the spring we used to go in the parks every once in a while. One day we rid on out into a narrow sort of place along the lake. There was houses there—a row of them, all big, all of stone or brick; houses as big as the penitentiary in Wyoming and about as cheerful.

We stopped right in front of a big brick-and-stone house, which had trees and flower beds and hedges all along; and says she:

"Curly, how would you like to live in a house like that?"

"I wouldn't live in the damn place if you give it to me, Bonnie Bell," says I, cheerful.

She looked at me kind of funny.

"That's the kind of a house the best people have in this town," says she. "For instance, that house we're looking at looks as though the best architects in town had designed it. That place, Curly, cost anywhere from a half to three-quarters of a million, I'll betcha."

"Well, that's a heap more money than anybody ought to pay for a place to live in," says I. "They ought to spend it for cows."

"But it fronts the lake," says she, "and it's right in with the best people."

"Is that so?" says I. "Then here is where we ought to of come—some place like that; for what we're here for is to break in with the best people. Ain't that the truth, Bonnie Bell?"

"Maybe," says she after a while—"bankers, I suppose, merchants, wholesale people—hides, leather, packing ——"

"And not cowmen?" says I.

"Certainly not!" says she. "To be the best people you must deal in something that somebody else has worked on—you must handle a manufactured product of some kind. You mustn't be a producer of actual wealth."

"Sho! Bonnie Bell," says I, "if you're in earnest you're talking something you learned at Old Man Smith's college. I don't know nothing about them things. Folks is folks, ain't they? A square man is a square man, no matter what's his business."

"It's different here," says she.

"Well, now, while we're speaking about houses," says I, us setting there on our horses all the time and plenty of people going by and looking at us—or leastways looking at her—"why don't you tell me where your house is going to be at? You never did show it to me once."

"I'm not going to, Curly," says she. "That's going to be a secret. Of course dad knows where it is; but as for you—well, maybe we will get into it by Christmas."

"Now, for instance," says I—and I waves my hand toward a place that was just starting alongside this big house we'd been looking at—"it like enough taken a year or so to get this here place as far along as it is."

"Uh-huh!" says she.

So then we turned away and rid back home. When we got back to the hotel we found Old Man Wright setting in a chair, with his legs stuck out and his hands in his pockets, looking plumb unhappy.

"What's the matter, dad?" ast Bonnie Bell. "Have you lost any money or heard any bad news? Ain't you happy?"

"No, I ain't," says he. "It all depends on what people need to make them happy."

"Well," says Bonnie Bell—her face was right red from the ride we had and she was feeling fine—"I'm perfectly happy, except there ain't any place you can ride a horse in this town and have any fun at it, the roads are so hard. Everybody seems to go in motor cars nowadays, anyways."

"Huh!" says her pa. "That's what I should think." He holds up a newspaper in front of him. "When I first come here," says he, "I seen that everybody was riding in cars, and I figured that more of them was going to; so I taken a flyer, sixty thousand dollars or so, in some stock in a company that was making one of them cars that sells right cheap. Now them people have gave me eighty per cent stock for a bonus and raised the dividend to twenty-five per cent a year. She's going to make money all right. Shouldn't wonder if that stock would more than double in a year or so."

"For heaven's sake, Colonel," says I, "ain't there nothing a-tall that you can get into without making money?" says I.

"No, there ain't," says he, sad. "It happens that way with some folks—I just can't help making it; yet here I am with more money than any of us ought to have. But I had to do it," says he to Bonnie Bell. "I get sort of lonesome, not having much to do; so that I have to mix up with something. Cars, sis?" says he. "Why, let me give you two or three of the kind our company makes."

"No you don't!" says Bonnie Bell. "I want one that ——"

"Huh! that costs about eight or ten thousand dollars, maybe?"

"Well," says she, "you have to sort of play things proportionate, dad; and I think that kind of a car is just about proportionate to what you and me is going to do in this little town when we get started."

She turns and looks out the window some more. That was a way she had. You see, all these months we'd been there already we didn't know a soul in that town. Womenfolks always hate each other but they hate themselfs when other womenfolks don't pay no attention to them. Bonnie Bell was used to neighbors and she didn't have none here; so, though she was busy buying everything a girl couldn't possibly want, she didn't seem none too happy now.

"What's wrong, sis?" says her pa after a while, puling her over on his knee. "Ain't me and Curly treating you all right?"

She pushed back his face from her and looks at him; and says she, right sober:

"Dad," says she, "you mustn't ever really ask me that. You're the best man in all the world and so is Curly."

"No, we ain't," says he. "The best man hasn't ready showed yet for you, sis."

"Why, dad," says she, "I'm only a young girl!"

"You're the finest-looking young girl in this town," says he, "and the town knows it mighty well."

"Huh!" says she, and sniffs up her nose. "It don't act much like it."

"If I can believe my eyes," says her pa, "when I walk out with you a good many people seem to know it."

"That don't count, dad," says she. "Men, and even women, look at a girl on the street—men at her ankles and women at her clothes; but that doesn't mean anything. That doesn't get you anywhere. That isn't being anybody. That doesn't mean that you are one of the best people."

"And you want to be one of the best people—is that it, sis?"

She set her teeth together and her eyes got kind of bright.

"Well," says she, "we never played anything for pikers, did we, dad?"

Then them two looked each other in the eyes. I looked at them both. To me it seemed there certainly was going to be some doings.

"Go to it, sis!" says her pa. "You've got your own bank account and it's bigger than mine. The limit's the roof."

"Speaking of limits," says he, "reminds me that the president of our bank he got me elected to the National League Club here in town; him having such a pull he done it right soon—proxies, maybe. I've been over there this afternoon trying to enjoy myself. Didn't know anybody on earth. One or two folks finally did allow me to set in a poker game with them when I ast. It wasn't poker, but only a imitation. I won two hundred and fifty dollars and it broke up the game. If a fellow pushes in half a stack of blues over there they all tremble and get pale. This may be a good town for women, but believe me, sis, it's no town for a real man."

"Well, never mind, dad," says she. "If you get lonesome I'll have you help me on the house. We'll have to get our servants together. For instance, we've got to have a butler—and a good one."

"What's a butler?" says I.

(Continued on Page 77)

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"Pull with a thread It goes like Ned"

Torrington VACUUM SWEEPER

IF YOU, like most housewives, are sick and tired of cleaning carpets and rugs in the old slavish, back-aching broom way—if you're now at the point of deciding on trying a light, easy-running, thorough-cleaning, durable Vacuum Sweeper—by all means read this wonderful test. Surely the Lady Torrington Vacuum Sweeper will then be your choice.

We attached the Lady Torrington to the machinery in our plant and kept it running back and forth on a carpet without a stop until it had run over 500 miles or the equivalent of sweeping 12,200 room-sized rugs, after which we had the machine examined in our laboratory.

The Bellows Were Tested—The Brush Was Tested—And—Found in EXCELLENT Condition

Every Torrington will stand this test. You've worked hard long enough—now try the easy—the Torrington way of cleaning carpets and rugs. Yes, it *is* easy.

You Can Actually Pull The Torrington Around With a Silk Thread—It's So Light

And when you go over your rugs and carpets with the Torrington you know they're really—thoroughly—clean. As the wheels revolve, they operate powerful triple inside bellows which suck up every scrap of dust and dirt, no matter how deep it is trodden into your carpets and rugs, while a strong, bristle brush gathers up all surface litter. The nap is left raised and fresh-looking—clean and bright.

The high reputation of the NATIONAL Carpet Sweeper earned in thousands of homes during the past 15 years stands behind the Torrington.

The Torrington Runs Without Electricity

You just push it—a five-year-old child can do that *easily*. The Torrington is a handsome, compact device.

Try The Lady Torrington For 7 Days

Send us your name and address and we will arrange with your local dealer to let you test the Torrington in your own home for 7 days and if it doesn't satisfy you in every way just return it and your money will be refunded. After all, this test will tell the whole Torrington story far better than words.

Prices Are Very Reasonable

From $7 to $12, depending upon fittings. You'll get ample value out of the Torrington—it's a real time, labor and health saver. Be sure to write us today.

National Sweeper Company

29 Laurel Street, Torrington, Conn., or 52 Bruce Ave., Westmount, Montreal, Canada

Why Torrington Dealers Find It Easy To Make Sales

National advertising has done much to popularize the Torrington Vacuum Sweeper throughout the country. But national advertising could not maintain and increase this popularity if the Torrington was not an out-of-the-ordinary Vacuum Sweeper.

The things that impress most women when they go to a Torrington store and handle this remarkable Vacuum Sweeper are

1st. Easy Running. A gentle push with the hand and the Torrington runs easily or you can pull it over a carpet or rug with a silk thread. That's because the Torrington is so light—only 10½ lbs. Let any housewife handle the Torrington when she comes into your store and she will quickly recognize its ease of operation.

2nd. It Cleans. The way the Torrington gets down into the fabric of a carpet or rug and sucks up every speck of dirt is wonderful. Many of our dealers demonstrate this to their customers. They take an old rug (dark color preferred), sprinkle it with flour, trample the flour down with the foot and then let the Torrington run over the carpet or rug once or twice. Not a speck of dirt or dust to be seen—the nap is left raised and fresh-looking.

Other Points. Most women admire the handsome appearance of the Torrington—it's a well-made, compact, good-looking piece of furniture. And this is the Vacuum Sweeper of course that runs without electricity—costs nothing to run. Show your customers how easy it is to remove the bag, empty the dust or dirt and replace the bag again. They appreciate this very much.

Write Us Today

If you would like to handle the Torrington and take care of the local inquiries that are coming in daily as a result of neighborly recommendation and national advertising.

KODAK DOMINATES

Not alone because it is first in photographic invention and progress, but because it so encourages and rewards the taking of infinite pains that honest workmanship has become a habit in the Kodak factories.

Whether it be a Kodak *Special* of the most comprehensive type or simply a dollar Brownie, our workmen are not permitted to forget that the Kodak standards must be maintained. It is this policy that has built the reputation for

KODAK QUALITY

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Gimme a nickel, Pa. Pa, gimme a nickel. Etc., etc.

Perhaps You Enjoy It

But wouldn't it be better for your son if he learned for himself something of the value of money?

Wouldn't you rather have him a little more self-reliant?

Wouldn't you be glad of the certainty that he is acquiring the fundamentals of tact, assurance, adaptability, and perseverance that some day he *must* have to succeed?

Would you object to his receiving a business training that he will thoroughly enjoy and that will not interfere with school or play?

We can give him all these things. We have done it for thousands of other boys.

Let us have your boy for a few hours each week this summer. With school closed, he'd explode without some outlet for his energy, and we can give him the right outlet.

But first, that you may be sure we know whereof we speak, write for our booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?"

We can help you solve your boy problem.

Educational Dept., Sales Division, Box 330

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 74)

"He stands back of your chair and makes you feel creepy," says Old Man Wright. "We've got to have one of them things, shore. Then there's the chauffore for the car when you get it, and the cook. That's about all, ain't it?"

"That's about the beginning," says Bonnie Bell. "You have to have a cook and a kitchen girl and two first-floor maids and two upper-floor maids and a footman."

"Well, that will help some," says her pa. "I've been bored a good deal and lonesome; but maybe, living with all them folks, somebody will start something sometime. When did you say we could get in?"

"They tell me we'll be lucky if we have everything ready by Christmas," says Bonnie Bell.

"It looks like a merry summer, don't it?" says he sighing.

"And like a hell of a Merry Christmas!" says I.

IV

HOW we spent all that spring and summer I don't hardly see now. We was the lonesomest people you ever seen. Old Man Wright he'd go over to his new club once in a while and sometimes out to the stockyards, and sometimes he'd fuss round at this or that. Bonnie Bell and me we'd go riding once in a while when she wasn't busy, which she was most of the time now. She had a lot of talking to do with the folks that was building her house and furnishing it—she never would tell me where it was.

Well, it got cold right early in the winter. It was awful cold, colder than it gets in Wyoming. When it gets cold in Chicago the folks say: "This certainly is most unusual weather!"—just like we do when there is a blizzard out in Wyoming. Old Man Wright and me we thought we'd freeze because, you see, we had to wear overcoats like they had in the city, and couldn't wear no sheep-lined coats like we would of wore on the range.

"Well, you see," said Bonnie Bell when we complained to her, "when we get our motor car running we won't have to walk. Nobody that amounts to anything walks in the city. Our best people all have cars; so they don't need sheepskin coats. Our car will be here any time now; so we can see more of the city and be more comfortable than you can on horseback. Nobody rides horseback except a few young people in the parks in the summertime—I found that out."

"Don't our best people do that now?" ast her pa.

"Some, but not many," says she. "There's a good many people that wants you to think they're the best people; but they ain't. You can always tell them by the way they play their hands. Most of the people I've seen riding in the parks is that sort—they want you to look at them when they ride because they're perfectly sure they're doing what our best people are doing. You can tell 'em by their clothes, whether they are riding or walking. It's easy to spot them out."

"I wonder," says I, "if they can spot out your pa and me?"

She comes over and rumples up my hair like she sometimes did.

"You're a dear, Curly!" says she.

"I know that," says I; "but don't muss up my new necktie, for I worked about a hour on that this morning, and at that it's a little on one side and some low. But I'm coming on," says I.

Now, Old Man Wright, when he wore his spiketail coat, he had the same trouble with his tie that I had with mine. He told his tailor about that one time, but his tailor told him that the best people wore them that way—mussed up and careless. Natural-like it was a hard game to play, because how could you tell when to be careless and when not to be? But, as I said, we was coming on.

Mr. Henderson—he was the hotel manager and a pretty good sport too—he sort of struck up a friendship with Old Man Wright, and you couldn't hardly say we didn't have no visitors, for he come in every once in a while and was right nice to us. You see, what with Old Man Wright wearing his necktie careless and Bonnie Bell dressing exactly like she come out of a fashion paper, if it hadn't been for me our outfit might of got by for being best people, all right. Like enough I queered the game some; but Henderson he didn't seem to mind even me.

The day before Christmas Bonnie Bell said her new house was all done and all furnished, everything in, servants and all, ready for us to move in that very night and spend Christmas Eve there. But she says Mr. Henderson, the manager of the hotel, wanted us to eat our last dinner that night in the hotel before we went home. To oblige him we done so.

He taken us in hisself that night. The man at the door snatched our hats away, but he taken Bonnie Bell's coat—fur-lined it was and cost a couple thousand dollars over his arm, and he held back the chair for her. There was flowers on the table a-plenty. I reckon he fixed it up. There wasn't no ham shank and greens, but there was everything else.

I shouldn't wonder if some of the best people was there. Everybody had on the kind of clothes they wear in the evening in a town like this—spiketails for the men, and silk things, low, for the womenfolks. Old Man Wright, with his red mustache, a little gray—him tall, but not fat, and his necktie a little mussed up—was just as good-looking a man as was in that place.

As for Bonnie Bell—well, I looked at our girl as I set there in my own best clothes and my necktie tied the best I knew how, and, honest, she was so pretty I was scared. The fact is, pretty ain't just the word. She was more than that—she was beautiful.

Her dress was some sort of soft green silk, I reckon, cut low, and her neck was high and white, and her hair was done up high behind and tied up somehow, and her chin was held up high. She had some color in her face—honest color—and her eyes was big and bright. Her arms was bare up above where her gloves come to. She didn't have on very many rings—though, Lord! if she wanted them she could of had a bushel. She didn't have on much jewelry nowhere; but I want to tell you everybody in that room looked at her all they dared.

I looked at her and so did her pa. I don't know as you could say we both was proud—that ain't the right word for it. We was both scared. It didn't seem possible she could be ours. It didn't seem possible that us two old cowmen had raised her that way out on the range and that she had changed so soon. She must of had it in her—her ma, I reckon.

There was a table not very far from ours, just across the first window, where there was a old man and a old woman and a young man. They seen us all right. I seen the young man looking at Bonnie Bell two or three times, always looking down when he seen I noticed. He was a good-looking young man and dressed well, I suppose, for all the men was dressed alike. His necktie was tied kind of mussy and careless, like Old Man Wright's, and he didn't have to keep pushing at his shirt. Did Bonnie Bell notice him? Maybe she did—you can't tell about womenfolks; their eyes is set on like a antelope's and they can see behind theirself.

"That's Old Man Wisner," says Henderson, the hotel manager, quiet, to us, leaning over and pretending like he was fixing our flowers some more. "Mrs. Wisner and young Mr. James Wisner are with him. You know, he is one of the richest men here in Chicago—packing and banking, and all that sort of thing. They are among our best people. They live up in Millionaire Row."

"Yes, I know," says Bonnie Bell.

From where I set I could see them Wisners over at the other table. The old man was big, with gray whiskers and gray hair, rather coarse. He had big eyebrows and his eyes was kind of cross-looking, like his stomach wasn't right.

He was a portly sort of man—you've seen that kind. Some is bankers and some packers and some brewers; they all look alike, no matter what they are. They can't ride or walk.

This old party he didn't seem to be paying much attention to his wife, and I don't know as I blame him. She may have had some looks once, but not recent. They wasn't happy.

After a while the folks at that table got up and went on out before we was done with our dinner, which was going strong at the end of a couple of hours—there wasn't anything in the whole wide world we didn't have to eat except ham shank and greens. At that, we had a right good time.

By and by it got to be maybe eleven o'clock, and Bonnie Bell turns down her long white gloves, which she had tucked the hands of them back into the wrists.

"Shall I call your car, Mr. Wright?" ast the manager, Mr. Henderson.

"I don't know," says Old Man Wright. "Have we got a car, sis?"

Why Does the Shoemaker Wax His Thread?
FOR centuries shoemakers have found that waxing their thread greatly increased its tensile strength. This simple waxing process enables the shoemaker to build shoes that are flexible and comfortable without sacrificing one bit of the wearing qualities of the leather.
It remained for Miller to teach tire users the value of this natural wax in the cotton thread: to develop an exclusive process of tire building that retains all the native vegetable wax and oil in the cotton fibre—the backbone of a tire
The exclusive Miller Method of vulcanizing tires keeps intact the native endurance of the cotton and preserves its natural strength for wear on the road
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Tires
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"Quality" in Miller tires means a definite combination of the right materials built into a tire by the *one* method that retains all the natural wax and oil in the cotton fabric. This combination gives you maximum satisfaction and surplus mileage.
Ask your dealer for Miller Tires
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The purity of the choice materials of which it is made commends Fairy Soap for toilet and bath. It leaves a most refreshing sense of cleanness, whether used in the bath or for the hands and face.
FAIRY SOAP
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produces a quick, creamy lather in hard or soft water. No finer soap has ever been made.
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Then do not let a lack of funds keep you from getting it. Our booklet, "An Education Without Cost," will tell you how you can in your spare time secure an education in any university, business college or musical conservatory in the country and enter next Fall. Write for it, addressing

Box 332, Educational Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Yes, papa," says she—she mostly said "papa" when folks was round; don't overlook it that Old Man Smith turned out girls with real class. She didn't talk like her pa and me neither.

"Yes, papa," says she now. "I was going to surprise you about our car; it's been on hand for a week. I employed a driver and told him to be ready for us about now." You see all our things had already went out to the new house.

We all three of us helped Bonnie Bell on with her coat. She picked up her muff and we all went out. I don't think any man in the place that had brass buttons forgot that Christmas Eve.

The tall man in front at the door, like a drum major in a band, he knew us well enough by now; he opens the door for us and we stand there, looking out.

I said it was cold in Chicago and it was shore cold that night. It was snowing—snow coming in off the lake slantwise, like a blizzard on the plains. You couldn't hardly see across the walk. Out beyond the awning, which covered the sidewalk, we could see our new car—a long, shiny one with lights inside and lamps all over it, red, white and blue, or maybe green. There was a couple of men on the front seat outside—I don't know when the kid had hired them. They was both wrapped up in big fur overcoats, which they certainly did need that night, since they couldn't ride in the e-limousine, like us.

Bonnie Bell walks across the sidewalk now, under the awning, with her muff up against her face, bending over against the storm. She just looks up, after she has said good-by to Mr. Henderson, who run out with us, laughing and saying "Merry Christmas!"—she just looks up at the man on the seat, and says she: "Home, James!"

I reckon the man must of been new that she had hired. He looks round at first, as if he was trying to read our brand. Then all at once, sudden, he jumps down offen the seat, touches his cap and opens the door.

We all got in and said good-by to this hotel where we'd been living so long. Our chauffore touches his cap again, shuts the door and climbs back in his seat. He turned that long car round in one motion in the street. The next minute we was out on the avenue, away from the hotel and right in the middle of that row of lights several miles long, where the bullyvard is at, along the lake there. He turns her north on the bullyvard, without a skip or a bobble, and she runs amooth as grease. I seen Bonnie Bell was certainly a good judge of a car, like she was of a horse or anything else.

"Daughter," says Old Man Wright to her after a time—and he didn't usual call her that—"you're a wonder to your dad to-night! Where did you get it? Where did you learn it?"

She looks up at him quick from her muff, plumb serious, and just put out her hand on his, in its white glove.

We moved right along up the avenue, along a little crooked street or so, round a corner and over the bridge; and then we come out where the lights was in a long row again, and we could hear the roar of the lake right close to the road.

"Where are you taking us, kid?" says I after a while, seeing that her pa wasn't going to say nothing nohow.

She only smiled.

"Wait, Curly; you'll see the new ranch house before so very long."

By and by we was right at the lower end of that long row of big houses that cost so much money, where the best people live Millionaire Row, they called it then.

I knew where we was. After a while we come right to the place where Bonnie Bell and me once had set on our horses and looked out at a new house that wasn't finished, but was just beginning. It was done now—all complete, from top to bottom, right where the foundations had been last spring! I could see where the walks was laid out and some trees had been planted that fall—big ones, as though they had always growed there. Here and there was statues—women mostly, and looking cold that night.

On behind you could see the line of the low buildings, like the outlying barns of the home ranch on the Yellow Bull; but this house stood there just inside—where the lake come in rolling and roaring and fronted right on this avenue, where our best people lived. It was stone, three stories or more, maybe, with a place for carriages to drive under and a stone porch over the front door, and a walk and steps. And it was all lit up from top to bottom; all the windows was bright.

We wasn't cold or wet or tired, us three, but we wasn't feeling good—not one of us. Now when we stopped there for some reason and looked at all them red lights shining I sort of felt a wish that I could see a light shining in some home ranch once more, like I had so often out on the Yellow Bull. I set there looking at that place, all lit up for somebody, all waiting for somebody; and for a time I forgot where I was—forgot even that the car had stopped.

I turns round; and there was Bonnie Bell pulling her coat up round her neck and fixing her hands in her muff, and her pa was buttoning up his coat. Just then, too, I seen the chauffore jump down off the front seat. He comes round to the door, right where the walk was that led up to this new big house, and he opens the door and touches his hat, and stands there waiting.

What with their laughing and pulling at me, and me sort of hanging back, we kind of forgot it was Christmas Eve. Old Man Wright thought of it, sudden; and he turns back to the man, who still stood at the door looking after Bonnie Bell and us as though we'd forgot something. He puts his hand in his waistcoat pocket and hauls out a ten-dollar gold piece, and puts it into the hand of this new chauffore of ours.

"Here you go, son," says he. "Merry Christmas! And I hope you'll take good care of my daughter."

The new chauffore, standing there in the snow—he was tall and a right good-looking chap too—he touches his cap.

"Thank you, sir," says he.

I seen the car move on away. It didn't turn in at our alley, but went on to the next gate, because our road wasn't quite finished yet.

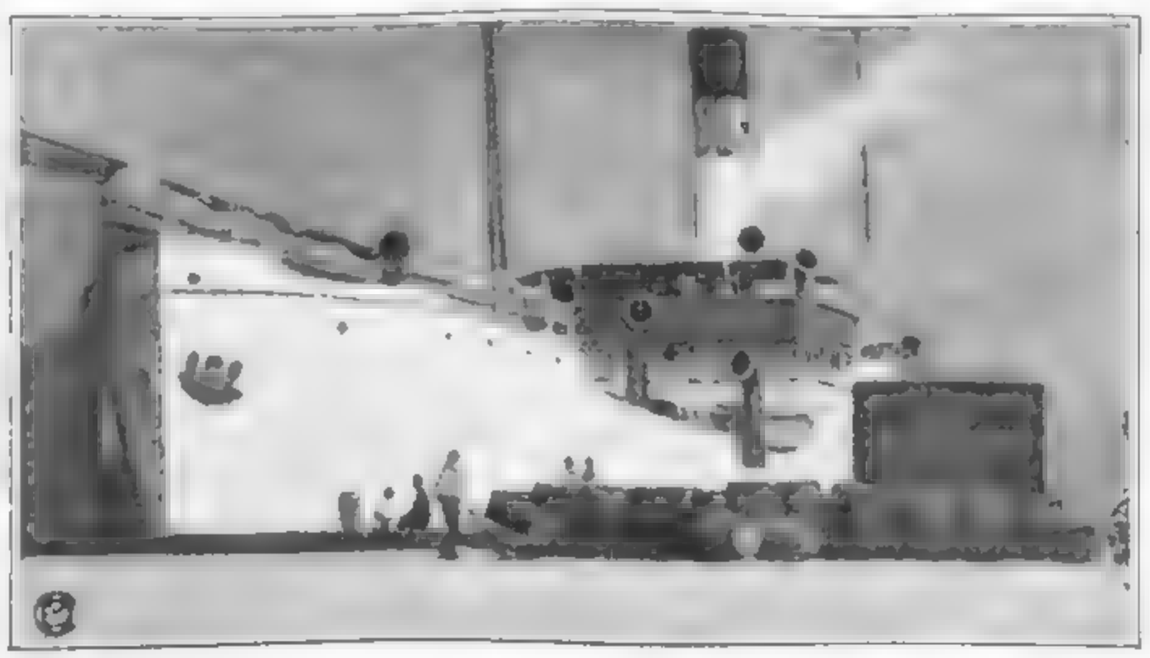
A minute afterward Bonnie Bell had me inside the door in the hall and was kissing us both, right in front of a sad-looking man in clothes like ours.

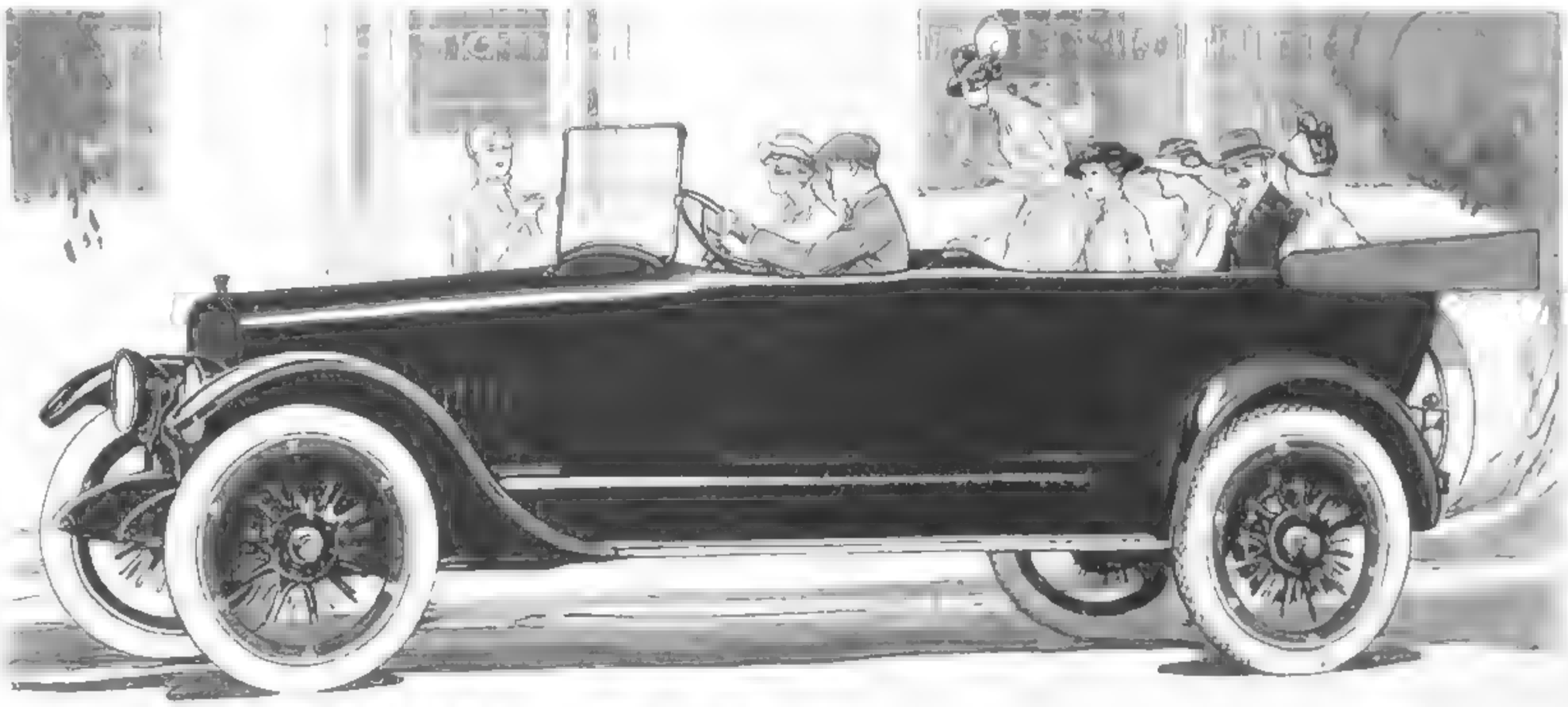
We stood for just a minute near the big door, and before we got it shut she looked out once more into the night, with the lights shining all through the snow and the trees looking white and thin in the drift.

"Call the chauffore in and have him get a drink," says Old Man Wright. "That was a cold ride."

But by this time he was gone; so we all turns back to wrastle with this sad man, who evident was intending to mix it with us.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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This new touring car is the most beautiful car of the year. There can hardly be any argument as to that. Someone having reason to be biased might dispute this, but you are unprejudiced—you will look with open mind for grace of line and beauty of finish—and you will agree with what countless thousands at the automobile shows have said very positively. They have said the Chandler is the most beautiful car of the year. So go and see it.

The walnut-paneled tonneau cowl has pleased the public everywhere. It will please you. It gives the car a very unusual air of complete finish. It reflects, too, the thought which the Chandler Company gives to details throughout the car, inside and outside. And remember this, any type of touring body other than the Chandler tonneau-cowl type will be old-fashioned and out of date before the season is over. The old style design, with the backs of the front seats projecting abruptly above the body, looks odd even now.

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Go where you please. Do what you like. We'll provide the funds.

LAST summer several hundred young people were able to go to the seashore, to the country, to the mountains, because they took advantage of this same offer which we are now making to you. Most of them will do so again this year.

All that we ask is some of your spare time this Spring in looking after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your own neighborhood. You will receive a commission on each order when it is taken and then at the end of the month a handsome check for salary.

Upon receipt of your letter we will tell you how to finance your vacation.

Agency Division, Box 334
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

IRELAND UBER ALLES

(Continued from Page 25)

and the fireman took the hint. In the clear space aft the house and next to the funnel Mr. Reardon bound and gagged him and laid him tenderly on his back to await developments.

"Now thin, Michael," he said to the skipper, "lave us go back an' see can we catch another. At four o'clock, whin this lad fails to return, Misther Uhl, the omadhaun, will sind up another man to see what the divil ails the firrst man."

And it was even so. This time it was the oiler.

At five minutes after four a coal passer came up the stairs, and he was swearing at the delay in being relieved. Something told Mr. Reardon this fellow would make trouble, so without warning he hit the coal passer a light rap "to take the conceit out av him." Two minutes later the coal passer had joined his fellows beside the funnel.

At a quarter after four Mr. Uhl scratched his head and said something very explosive in German. He started up the stairs, got halfway up—and came down. It had occurred to him very suddenly that three men had already gone up those stairs and failed to return. He called a fireman and gave him some very explicit orders in German; whereupon the man disappeared in the shaft alley. Five minutes later he returned, popeyed with excitement and the bearer of a tale that caused Mr. Uhl to arch his blond eyebrows and murmur dazedly "*So?*"

Ten minutes passed. Mr. Reardon glanced interrogatively at Michael J. Murphy. "I think the divils are suspicious," he whispered. "We should have had another be now. Have a care now, Michael. Whin they come they come wit' a rush an' "

A pistol shot echoed through the ship. It came from up forward. Three more followed in rapid succession—a scream—a shout!

"May the divil damn me!" Terence Reardon cried in a horrified voice. "I clane forgot the little companion hatch at the ind av the shaft alley. They've crawled down the shaft alley an' up on deck at the very sterrn av the ship!"

He dashed aft toward the spot where his prisoners were laid out close to the funnel. As he turned the corner of the house he observed that the electric lamp which he had so carefully screwed out of its socket had been screwed in again, and by its light Terence beheld no less a person than Mr. Uhl cutting the halyards that bound the oiler. The fireman had already been cut loose, but the potent effects of Terence Reardon's blow with the wrench still remained; though conscious, the man was unfit for combat. The coal passer, evidently the first man to be rescued by Mr. Uhl, was standing by.

"Gower that, ye divils!" Mr. Reardon shrieked, and charged, swinging his monkey wrench with all his horse-power. He missed his first stroke at Mr. Uhl, who very deftly stabbed him high up on the hip for his carelessness; then the chief swung again, and Mr. Uhl was out of the fight.

Not so the big coal passer, however. He planted in Terence Reardon's face as pretty a left and right—hay-makers both—as one could hope to see anywhere outside a prize ring; whereupon the chief took the count with great abruptness. The fireman reached for the monkey wrench—and at that instant the weak, pale-faced skipper lurched round the corner of the house and his automatic commenced to bark.

It was not a time for sentiment. Michael J. Murphy glanced once at Terence Reardon's bloody, upturned face, and the glazed eyes thrilled him with horror. The chief engineer was dead! That meant that Michael J. Murphy would soon be dead too. Well, they had fought a good fight and lost, so nothing now remained for him to do save slaughter as many of the enemy as possible and go to his accounting like a gentleman.

He turned his back on the heap of bloody, prostrate men, stepped over a little rivulet of gore that ran rapidly toward the scupper as the ship heeled to port, then hesitated and started back as she heeled to starboard. He was vaguely conscious that Mr. Uhl had shut down his engines before coming on deck and that in consequence the ship had lost headway and was beginning to wallow. In his weak state her plunging caused him to stagger like a drunken man. As he crossed to the port side of the ship and gazed down the deck he noticed that the incandescent lamps had all been screwed back in their sockets, and by their brilliant light he beheld one of the firemen in the act of removing the scantling from before the first assistant's door. Just as the door swung open the captain fired, but evidently missed, for the man sprang nimbly into the stateroom for safety.

If the great European war has proved nothing else to date, it has demonstrated one comforting thing about the German people: one does not grow impatient waiting for them to carry the fight to him. The fireman had no sooner entered the first assistant's stateroom than the first assistant came out. He was wearing his pyjamas and a piece of young artillery, and without the slightest embarrassment he commenced shooting at Michael J. Murphy, who, not to be outdone in politeness while he could stand and see, promptly returned the compliment.

The first assistant's first shot nipped a neat little crescent out of Mike Murphy's large red right ear; his second ripped clean through the inside of the skipper's left leg.

"High and then low," was the thought that capered through Mike Murphy's brain. "God grant he don't get me through the middle! That's what comes of fast shooting—so I guess I'll go slow."

The electric lamp over his head was shattered and the fragments scattered round him as he leaned against the corner of the house and took careful aim at the first assistant, who missed his next shot by a whisker and died in his tracks with two cartridges still in his gun.

Dazedly Michael J. Murphy advanced along the deck, stepped over the body and entered the stateroom. In the corner the fireman crouched, hands uplifted in token of surrender, so the skipper closed the door and shored it up again with the scantling. Mechanically he picked up the first assistant's huge revolver, broke it, removed the cartridges and threw them overboard. Then he slipped a clip of nine cartridges into his automatic and staggered round to Mr. Henckel's stateroom.

The door was open. The bird had flown.

Michael J. Murphy went in and sat down on Mr. Henckel's settee, for he was very weak and dizzy; and at least nobody could shoot at him in there. "Come, come, Michael," he croaked, "no going out this voyage. You have work ahead of you. Pull yourself together and let us count noses. Now then, there were two firemen, two coal passers, one oiler and Mr. Uhl on watch. Terence killed Mr. Uhl with the monkey wrench, I killed the big coal passer, I think I killed the oiler, and one fireman was out of the scrap from the beginning. Then I killed the first assistant and locked the other fireman in his room. That leaves Mr. Henckel and a coal passer to be reckoned with. Now there was some shooting up forward and somebody was hit. That means that Riggins shot somebody or somebody shot Riggins. The second mate probably went forward to let the men out of the forecastle, while the fireman went aft to let the engine-room gang out of the sterncastle. They haven't had time to do it yet; they'll have to pry those rings out of the door with a crowbar. I'll go aft and drive the fireman forward; when I have them bunched I'll argue with them."

He arrived at the break of the house and looked down on the deck aft. The lights had been turned on and a man was just raising a short crowbar to attack the door, from behind which came shouts and cries of anger and consternation.

Mike Murphy rested his automatic on the deck rail and fired twice at the man in front of the sterncastle door. The fellow fled at once, dashing along the deck, zigzag fashion, to distract the skipper's aim, and disappeared in the dark entrance to the starboard alleyway. So Michael J. Murphy slid down the companion and followed into the alleyway, firing two shots for luck as he came.

Scarcely had he disappeared into the murk amidships when Terence Reardon rolled groggily down the companion after him. Terence had no means of ascertaining which alleyway the skipper had charged into—and he did not care. Blind with fury he lurched into the port alleyway; in consequence of which the fugitive, fleeing ahead of the captain down the starboard alleyway and thinking to turn down the port alleyway and double back to complete

his labors at the sterncastle door, bumped squarely into the chief engineer.

Mr. Reardon said no word, but wrapped his arms round the man and held the latter close to his breast.

Thus for a moment they stood, gripping each other, each wondering whether the other was friend or foe.

Then Reardon decided that even if his nose was bloody he could not possibly be mistaken in the odor of a fireman just come off watch. He had lost his monkey wrench in the mêlée on the upper deck—the defunct Mr. Uhl having fallen upon it, thereby obscuring it from Mr. Reardon's very much befogged vision; but his soul was still undaunted, for Mr. Reardon, in common with most chief engineers still in their prime, firmly believed that he could trounce any fireman he saw fit to employ. He bit into the fireman's cheek just where the flesh droops in a fold over the lower jaw, and was fortunate enough to secure a grip that bid fair to hold; then he crooked his leg back of his opponent's and slowly shoved the fellow's head backward. They came down together, Mr. Reardon on top, content for the nonce to hold his man helpless—and rest—while his enemy's shrieks of pain and rage resounded through the inkblack alleyway.

Michael J. Murphy heard that uproar and halted. After listening a few seconds he came to the conclusion that a German was in deep distress, and that hence it was no part of his business to interfere. Besides, he had business of his own to attend to. He could hear a chain rattling up forward, and while it was too dark to see who or what was doing the rattling, he found Mr. Henckel guilty on mere suspicion, and fired at the sound; whereupon somebody said *"Ach, Gott!"* in tones of deep disgust, two little flashes of fire cut the dark, and two bullets whispered of death as they flew harmlessly down the alleyway.

Instantly Mike Murphy returned the salute, firing at the other's flashes; then he fell to the deck and rolled over into the scupper to escape the return fire, which was not slow in coming.

"I wonder where the devil he got that gun," was Murphy's comment. "Mr. Uhl must have had it in his pocket and loaned it to him."

There was profound silence within the forecastle, and pending the destruction of his attacker Mr. Henckel judged it imprudent to make any further attempts at a delivery. He required time to formulate a plan of attack, and in the interim he desired shelter. Mike Murphy heard the patter of feet, the patter ceasing almost as soon as it commenced—and he smiled grimly.

"He's hiding," the captain soliloquized. "Now, where would I take shelter if I were in his fix? Why, back of the hatch coaming, of course—or the winch." He had a sudden inspiration and called aloud:

"Riggins! Riggins! Answer me, Riggins. This is Captain Murphy calling you."

"'Ere, sir," came the voice of Riggins from the pilot house above. The voice was very weak.

"Climb out of the pilot house, Riggins, to the bridge, turn on the searchlight and bend it down here on the deck till I get a shot at this scoundrel. Don't be afraid of him, Riggins. It's Henckel and he can't shoot for beans. Get the light fair on him and keep it on him; it'll blind him and he won't be able to shoot you."

"The dirty dawg!" snarled Riggins wearily. "'E come up on the bridge a while—ago—an' I drove 'im off—but 'e plugged me, sir—through the guts, sir—an' me a married man! Wot in 'ell'll my ol' woman—say ——"

And that was the last word Riggins ever spoke. True, he managed to crawl out of the pilot house and up the short companion to the bridge; he reached the searchlight, and while Mr. Henckel and Mike Murphy swapped shots below him he turned on the switch.

"Bend it on the deck, Riggins. On the deck, my bully, on the deck." Mike Murphy pleaded as the great beam of white light shot skyward and remained there; nor could all of Murphy's pleading induce Riggins to bend it on the deck, for Riggins was lying dead beside the searchlight, while ten miles away an officer on the flying bridge of H. M. S. Panther watched that finger of light pointing and beckoning with each roll of the ship.

"Something awf'lly queer, what?" he commented when reporting it to his superior.

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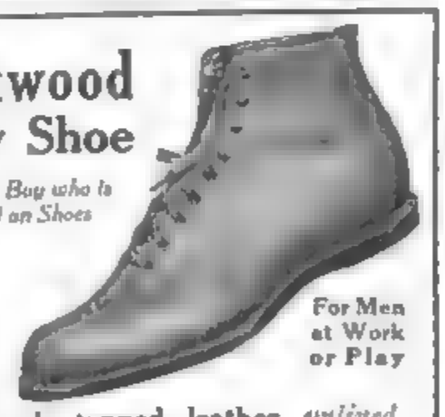

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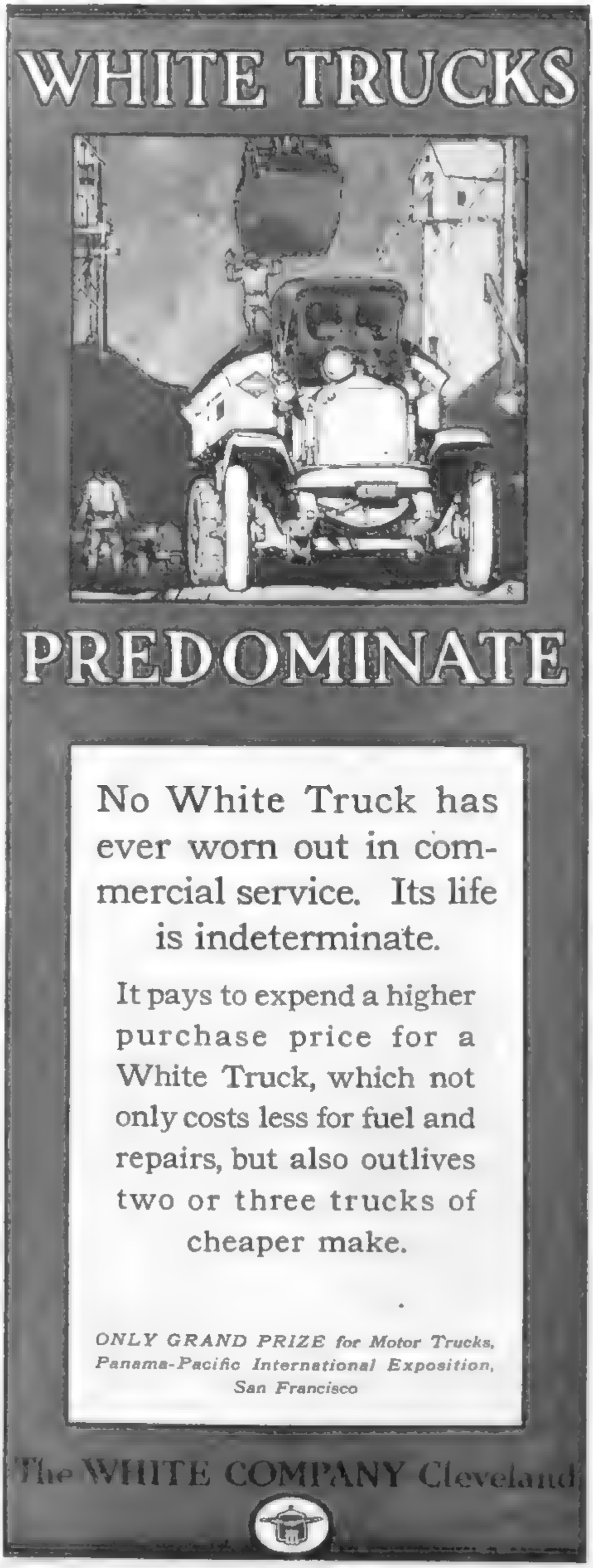
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"Rather," the superior replied laconically. "It can't be the Dresden and neither is it one of ours. We'll skip over and have a look at her, Reggie, my son."

XVII

MICHAEL J. MURPHY had two shots left in his automatic, and he was saving those for daylight and Mr. Henckel's rush, when a searchlight came flickering and feeling its way across the dark waters. Slowly, slowly it lifted and rested on the big blunt bows of the Narcissus, hovered there a few seconds and came slowly aft, and as it lighted up the main deck Mr. Henckel rose from behind the hatch coaming.

"*Deutschland über Alles!*" he yelled joyously—and rushed.

Terence Reardon, having pounded his fireman into insensibility, had crept down the port alleyway, and, unknown to Captain Murphy and Mr. Henckel, he had, from the opposite side of the deck, watched the flashes of their pistols as they fired at each other.

"I'll have to flank that fella an' put a shtop to this nonsinse," Mr. Reardon decided presently, and forthwith crept across the deck on his hands and knees until he reached the hatch coaming. Mr. Henckel lurked just round the corner on the other angle of the coaming, so close Mr. Reardon could hear him breathing. And there the crafty chief had waited until Mr. Henckel rose for his charge—whereupon Mr. Reardon rose also.

"Ireland upper always, ye vagabone!" he yelled, and launched himself at Mr. Henckel's knees. It was a perfect tackle and the second mate went down heavily.

In an emergency such as the present all Terence Reardon asked was good fighting light. Fighting in the dark distressed him, he discovered, for while polishing off the fireman in the black alleyway he had missed one punch at the fellow's head, and was reminded, to his sorrow and the ruin of his knuckles, that the deck of the Narcissus was of good Norway pine. However, H. M. S. Panther was scarcely three cable lengths distant now, and the officer on her flying bridge could see that some sort of a jolly row was in progress on the deck of the Narcissus; so he kept the searchlight on the combatants while Mr. Reardon bent Mr. Henckel's back over the hatch coaming, took his automatic away from him, and proceeded to take a cast of the mate's features in the vulcanite butt of the weapon. And vulcanite is far from soft!

When Terence Reardon had completed his self-appointed task he stood up, hitched his dungarees, spat blood on the deck, and stood weaving from side to side like a dancing bear. His face was unrecognizable; his dungarees, so neat and clean when he donned them the night before, were now one vast smear of red, and he grinned horribly, for he was war mad!

"Next!" he croaked, and turned to the master for orders.

But Michael Joseph Murphy was out of the fight. He lay prone on the deck, conscious but helpless, and because his broken rib was tickling his lung the froth on his lips bore a little tinge of pink. Only his eyes moved—and they smiled at Terence Reardon as the triumphant exiles of Erin faced each other. Then Terence Reardon turned and shook his battered fists full into the rays of the searchlight. He was magnificent for one brief instant; then the war-madness left him, and again he was plain, faithful, whimsical, capable, honest Terence P. Reardon, chief engineer of the S. S. Narcissus, who considered it a pleasure to discourse on the fairies when he had nothing more important to do. Now that the fight was over and the German fleet had overhauled them at last, he had time to think of Mrs. Reardon and the children and his best job gone forever—tossed into the discard with his honor as a faithful servant.

He sat down very suddenly on the hatch coaming and covered his terrible face with his terrible hands.

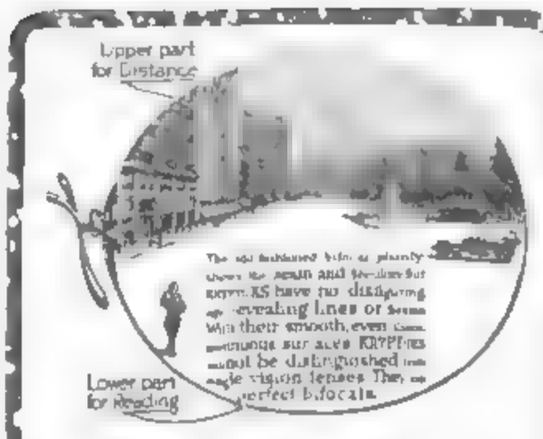
"Ah, Norah! Norah!" he cried—and sobbed as if his heart must break.

XVIII

WHEN Captain the Honorable Desmond O'Hara, of H. M. S. Panther, boarded the steamer Narcissus via the Jacob's ladder Mr. Reardon hove overside at his command, he paused a moment, balanced on the ship's rail, and stared.

"My word!" he said, and leaped to the deck, to make room for a pink-and-white

(Continued on Page 84)



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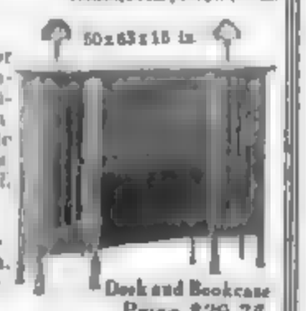

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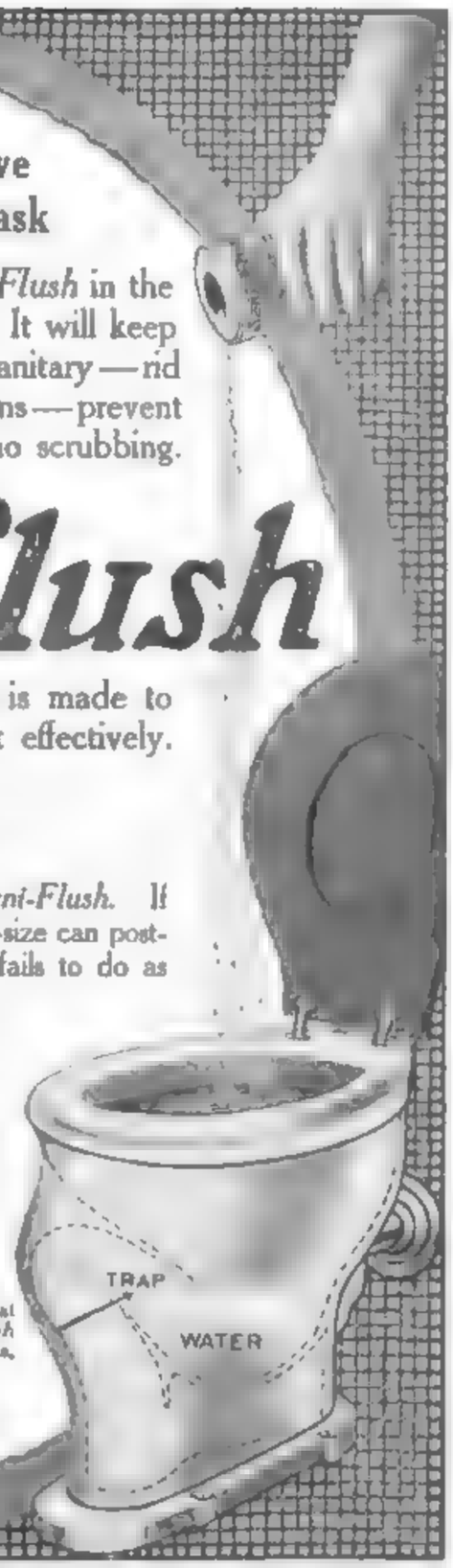

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(Continued from Page 82)

middy. The pink-and-white one stared and said "My aunt!" Then he, too, leaped to the deck, and a stocky cockney bluejacket poked his nose over the rail.

"Damn my eyes!" said this individual. "'Ere's a bloomin' mess!"

"Who is that person?" Captain the Honorable Desmond O'Hara demanded, pointing to the semiconscious Mr. Henckel, who was moaning and saying things in his mother tongue.

"That," said Mr. Reardon with a familiar wink, "was a fine, decent Gerrman until I operated on him!"

"So I observed. And who might you be?"

"Me name is Terence P. Reardon, an' I'm the chief engineer av the United Shtates steamer Narcissus, av San Francisco."

"Ah! An Irish-American, eh?"

Mr. Reardon looked down at the deck, smiled a cunning little smile, and looked up at the Honorable O'Hara. "Well, sor," he declared, "I had me hyphen wit' me whin I shipped; as late as yestherd'y afthernoon 'twas in good worrkin' ordher; but what wit' the exertion av chasin' our Gerrman crew round the decks, faith I lost me hyphen, an' I'm thinkin' the skipper lost his too. That's him forninst ye. For the prisent he's in dhrydock awaitin' repairs, which leaves me in command av the ship. And since he's in no condition to go to his shtateroom an' unlock the ship's safe, an' sorra wan av us knows the combination, the divil a look will ye have at our papers. I'll save time an' throuble for us all be tellin' ye now that we've ten t'ousand tons av soft coal undher deck, that we cleared from Norfolk, Virginia, for Manila or Batavia, Pernambuco for ordhers, an' that we're five t'ousand miles off our course. So confiscate the ship an' be damned to ye! Only I'm hopin' ye'll not be above takin' a bit av advice from wan who knows. There's a Gerrman fleet not far off, an' if ye shtop to monkey wit' us, faith ye may live to regret it—an' ye may not."

Captain the Honorable Desmond O'Hara smiled sweetly. "Divil a fear," he said, in no way cast down. "We met the beggars off the Falklands yesterday and sunk them all but the Dresden. She slipped away from us in the dark, making for the mainland, and we were looking for her when we saw your searchlight cutting up such queer didos, so the Panther dropped behind to investigate. Had it not been for your searchlight we would have missed you."

"An' be the same token a little dead Englishman signaled ye." Mr. Reardon gave another hitch to his dungarees. "Sor," he said doggedly, "I never t'ought I'd live to see the day I'd want to cheer a British victh'ry but I do." He glanced down at his right hand and shook his head. "Englishman that ye are," he continued, "I'll not offer ye a hand like that—much as I want to shake hands wit' ye."

"Faith, don't let that worry you, Mr. Reardon. I'm not an Englishman."

"In the divil's name, you're not an—an ——"

"I'm an Irishman! My name is Desmond O'Hara."

Mr. Reardon was fully aware that here was a grand specimen of the kind of Irish he had been taught to despise—the Irish that take the king's shilling, the gentlemen Irish that lead the king's cockneys into battle. And yet, strange to say, no thought of that entered his head now. He stepped up to the Honorable O'Hara, looked round cautiously as if expecting to be overheard, winked knowingly and whispered, as he jerked a significant thumb toward the unhappy Mr. Henckel: "Sure 'tis the likes av us that can take the measure av the likes av them."

"It is," replied the Honorable O'Hara, and reached for Terry Reardon's awful hand. "It is!"

Together they lifted Michael J. Murphy into a boson's chair, the jackies unslung a cargo derrick, Mr. Reardon went to the winch, and the skipper was hoisted overside into the Panther's boat and taken aboard the warship for medical attention. Just before Mr. Reardon hoisted him he drew the chief's ear down to his lips.

"About Von Staden," he whispered. "I thought I wanted to see him hung. Legally he's a pirate; but, Terence, he was raised wrong; you know, Terence—*Deutschland über Alles.* These Dutch devils thought it was all right to steal our ship—national necessity, you know. Let Von Staden out

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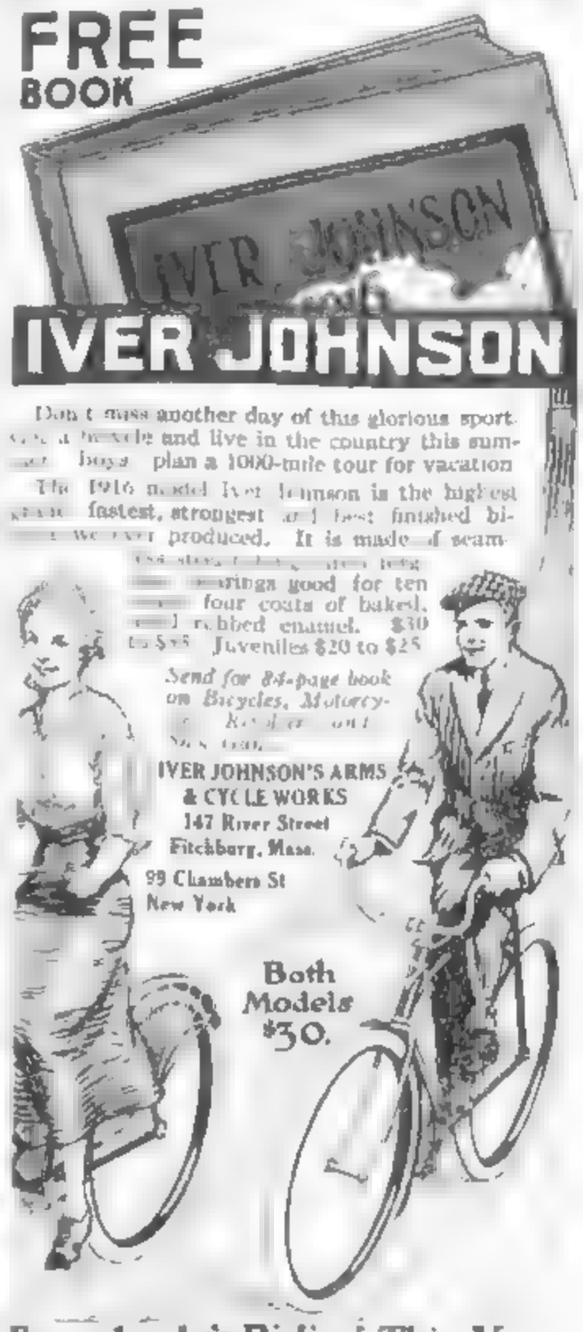

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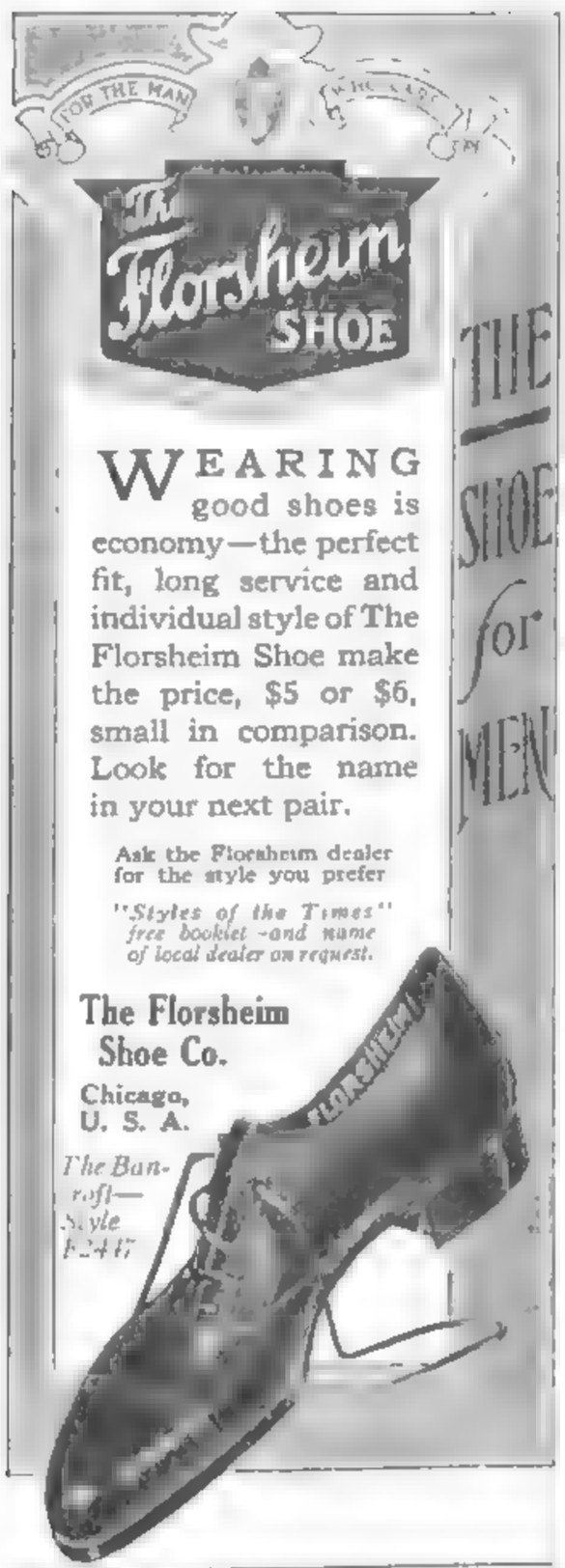
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of the mate's storeroom and tell him the English have us—that his fleet is gone. Then turn your back on him, Terence."

Mr. Reardon followed orders. "Captain Murrphy ordhered me to let ye out," he explained to the supercargo, "an' towld me to turrn me back on ye."

"Please thank him for me," Von Staden replied gently. "I scarcely expected such kindness at his hands. You may turn your back now, Mr. Reardon."

So Mr. Reardon turned his back, and, despite the rush of the British jackies to stop him, Herr August Carl von Staden reached the rail. "*Deutschland über Alles!*" he shouted defiantly—and jumped. He did not come up.

Captain the Honorable Desmond O'Hara removed his cap. "They die so infernally well," he said presently, "one hates to fight them—individually. Yesterday the Nurnberg fell to us. We outranged her, and it was bully every time we scored a hit; and when she was out of action and sinking, with her men swimming and drowning all round her, the Panther was stripped of life preservers in two minutes. Some of my lads went overboard to help the Boches."

Mr. Reardon remembered he had wrapped waste round the head of his monkey wrench and curtailed his indicated horse power when tapping individuals; yet, when he fought them in bulk, with what savage joy had he struck down Mr. Uhl, a poor, inoffensive devil and the victim of a false ideal of honor! Mr. Reardon was quite sure he despised Englishmen; yet the tears came to his eyes when the jackies carried poor little Riggins away from the searchlight, and he prayed for eternal rest for the soul of his late assistants, for he had learned in a night, as he fought with tooth and fist and monkey wrench, what those who fight with tongue and typewriter will never learn—that racial and religious animosities are just a pitiful human bugaboo—in bulk. Only that valiant minority that sheds its blood for the heartless majority can ever know this great truth—and the pity of it—that warriors never hate each other.

They are too generous for that.

XIX

CAPT. MATT PEASLEY, the youthful president of the Blue Star Navigation Company, with his heart in his throat, called up the British consul at San Francisco. Cappy Ricks, the president emeritus, looking very pale and unhappy, sagged in his chair, while Mr. Skinner, the general manager, stood by, gnawing his nails and looking as if he would relish being kicked from one end of California Street to the other.

"Hello!" Matt Peasley began. Cappy Ricks shuddered and closed his eyes. "Is this the British consul? . . . This is Captain Peasley, of the Blue Star Navigation Company. . . . Yes. . . . About our steamer Narcissus. . . . You say the consul is on his way down to our office. . . . Thank you. . . . Good-by."

Cappy Ricks sighed like an old air compressor. "I hope I live till he gets here," he declared feebly. "Deliberate race, the British. No pep. Never get anywhere in a hurry."

As if to give the lie to Cappy's criticisms the British consul was admitted at that moment.

"Gentlemen," he announced as the heartbroken trio gathered round him, "I have some very grave news for you." His voice was vaguely reminiscent of that of the foreman in a quarry who calls upon a lady to inform her that her husband has just been caught in a premature blast and that the boys will be up with the pieces directly. "Your steamer Narcissus, loaded with ten thousand tons of coal, has been captured a hundred miles northeast of the Falkland Islands by His Majesty's cruiser Panther. In view of your vessel's clearance ——"

A low moan burst from Cappy Ricks.

"Tightwad!" he reviled. "Old Alden P. Tightwad, the prince of misers! He thought he'd add a couple of ten-dollar bills to his roll, so he encouraged his skipper to hire a lot of interned Germans to work his ship in neutral trade! He was penny-wise and pound-foolish, so he cut out the wireless to save a miserable hundred and forty dollars a month.

"Bids are invited for the privilege of killing the damned old fool—Skinner! What are you looking at?"

"N-n-nothing!" stammered Mr. Skinner.

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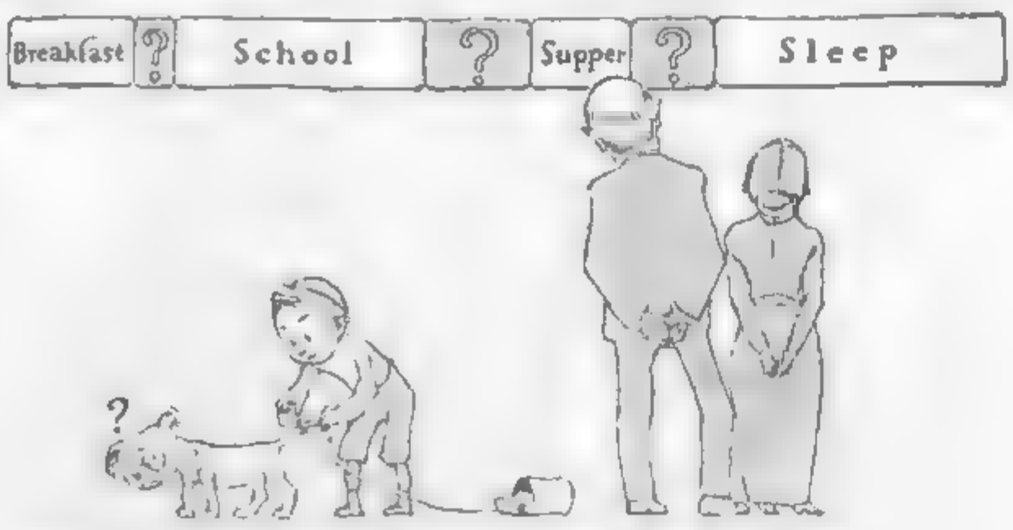

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"I won't be looked at that way, Skinner. I have my faults, I know ——"

"Sshh!" Matt Peasley interrupted.

"And I won't be 'sshh-ed' at either. I lost the ship. I admit it. I O. K.'d the charter, and Murphy did his best to save her for us and couldn't. I'm the goat, but if it busts me I'll reimburse you two boys for every cent you have lost through my carelessness ——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ricks," the consul interrupted. "Pray permit me to proceed. The circumstances attending this case are so very unusual ——"

"My dear Mister British Consul, I shall not argue the matter with you. You're too bally deliberate, and, besides, what's the use? The ship is gone. Let her go. We'll build another twice as big. Of course I could give you an excuse, but if I did you'd think I was old Nick Carter come to life. We'll just have to take it up through our State Department, present our alibi, and try to win her back in the prize court."

"She will never be sent to a prize court, Mr. Ricks. It doesn't require a prize court to decide the case of the steamer Narcissus. The evidence is too overwhelming. There could not possibly be a reversal of the decision of our admiral."

Mr. Skinner sat down suddenly, to keep from falling down. The consul continued: "The commander of the Panther, Captain Desmond O'Hara—by the way, an old schoolmate of mine—has sent me a long private report on the affair; by wireless, of course, and in code. It appears that in Pernambuco harbor your German crew overpowered the captain ——"

"What?" cried Cappy, Matt and Skinner in chorus. "You admit that?"

"We do, Mr. Ricks. And last night your chief engineer, Mr. Terence Reardon, with the aid of the steward, one Riggins—a British subject and unfortunately killed in the affray—and Captain Murphy, overpowered the German crew ——"

"Oh, Mr. Ricks!" gasped Skinner.

"Oh, Matt!" shrilled Cappy Ricks.

"Oh, Cappy!" yelled Matt Peasley.

"Oh, nonsense," laughed the British consul. "They stole her back, gentlemen, and when Captain O'Hara found her rolling helplessly and boarded her she was a shamblea. Dead men tell no tales, Mr. Ricks—yet it was impossible for any fair-minded man to doubt the testimony of the dead men aboard your Narcissus! Her killed, wounded and prisoners formed a perfect alibi. In the meantime, Mr. Reardon and Captain Murphy are aboard the Panther, receiving medical attention, and will be returned to duty in a few weeks; the Narcissus is proceeding to meet the other ships of our fleet. She will coal them at sea."

"Then you've confiscated her cargo?" Matt Peasley demanded.

"We should worry about the cargo if they give us back our vessel," Cappy Ricks declared happily. "We haven't received our freight money, of course, but by the time I get through with the charterers they'll pay the freight and ask no questions about the coal."

"We confiscated it, Mr. Ricks," the British consul continued, "for the reason that it was German coal. The supercargo who boarded the vessel at Pernambuco told your captain his people had paid cash for it to the charterers. But we're going to give you back your vessel because we haven't any moral right to keep her, since her owners have committed no breach of international law. The supercargo left fifteen thousand dollars behind him when he jumped overboard, but Captain O'Hara declined to confiscate that. At Captain Murphy's suggestion it will be forwarded to the widow of the man Riggins. Captain O'Hara especially requested that I call upon you and inform you that you have two of the finest Irishmen in the world to thank for your ship."

"Thank you, Mister Consul. By the way, can you reach Captain O'Hara by wireless? If you can, I should be glad to pay for a message if you will send it."

"I shall be delighted indeed."

"Then tell him the Blue Star Navigation Company thanks him for the courtesy of his message, but that it does not agree with his statement that we have two Irishmen to thank for our ship. We think we have three! I know the Irish. The scoundrels never go back on each other in a fight."

The consul laughed.

"By the way," he said as he took up his hat preparatory to leaving, "your ship is now equipped with wireless—a fine, powerful

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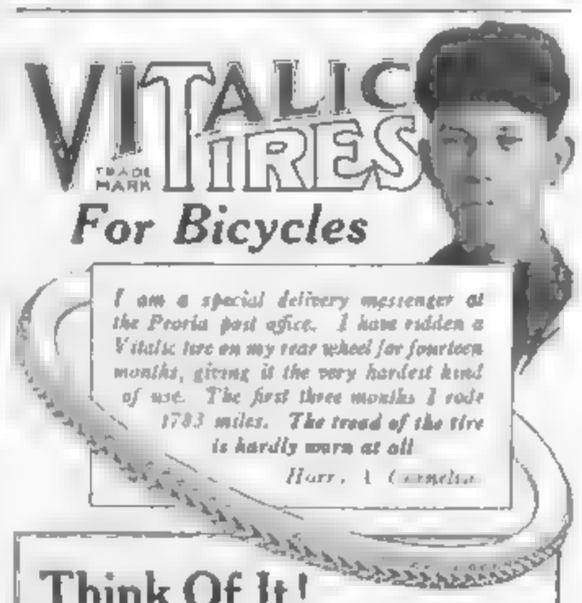

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plant such as they use in the German Navy. The supercargo brought it aboard at Pernambuco."

Matt Peasley, the Yankee, came to life at that. "Has that been confiscated too?" he queried.

"No, captain. However, we have confiscated that German crew of yours ——"

"Hallelujah!" yelled Cappy Ricks.

"—— and loaned you a crew of British seamen from the tramp Surrey Maid. The Scharnhorst torpedoed her off the coast of Chile, and we found her crew on board one of the German transports when we captured them after the fleet was destroyed. You're all fixed up, from skipper to cabin boy ——"

"Wireless operator too?" Matt Peasley cried.

The consul nodded. "He's got a steady job," the youthful president declared, and turned to Cappy Ricks for confirmation of this edict. But Cappy, the pious old codger, had bowed his head on his breast and they heard him mutter:

"O Lord, I thank Thee! All unworthy as I am, Lord, Thou loadest me with favors—including a wireless plant, free gratis!"

XX

LONG after the British consul had departed Cappy Ricks sat alone in his office, dozing. Presently he roused and rang for Mr. Skinner.

"Skinner," he said, "Matt reports that the late Riggins made an allotment of his wages to his wife when he shipped aboard the Narcissus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Riggins' wages hereafter shall constitute a charge against the Narcissus while Mrs. Riggins lives and while the Blue Star Navigation Company can afford to give up seventy dollars every month. Attend to it, Skinner. Another thing, Skinner."

"Yes, sir."

"We ought to do something for Murphy and Reardon. Now then, Skinner, you've never had a chance to be a sport heretofore, but you're a stockholder in the Blue Star Navigation Company now, and as such I feel that I should not use my position, as owner of a controlling interest in the stock of the company, to give away the property of the company in an arbitrary fashion. So I'm going to leave it up to you, Skinner, to suggest what we shall do for them. I believe you will agree with me that we should do something very handsome by those two boys."

"Quite so, sir, quite so. Well, to start off with, Mr. Ricks, I think we ought to pay their hospital bills, if any. Then I think we ought to give each of them a handsome gold watch, suitably engraved and with a small blue star—sapphires, you know—set in the front of the case."

"You feel that would about fill the bill, eh, Skinner?"

"Well, next Christmas I think we ought to give them each a month's salary."

"Hum! You do?"

"Yes, sir. I think that would be a very delicate thing to do."

Cappy sighed. Poor Skinner! Victim of the saving habit! Decent devil—didn't mean to be small, but just couldn't help it. A bush-leaguer—Skinner. Never meant for big company ——

"In addition ——" Skinner began.

"Yes, Skinner, my boy. Go on, go on, old horse. Now then, in addition ——"

"It seems like the wildest extravagance, Mr. Ricks, but those men have fought for their ship and I—remember, Mr. Ricks, this is only a suggestion—I think it would be a very—er—tactful thing to do to—er ——"

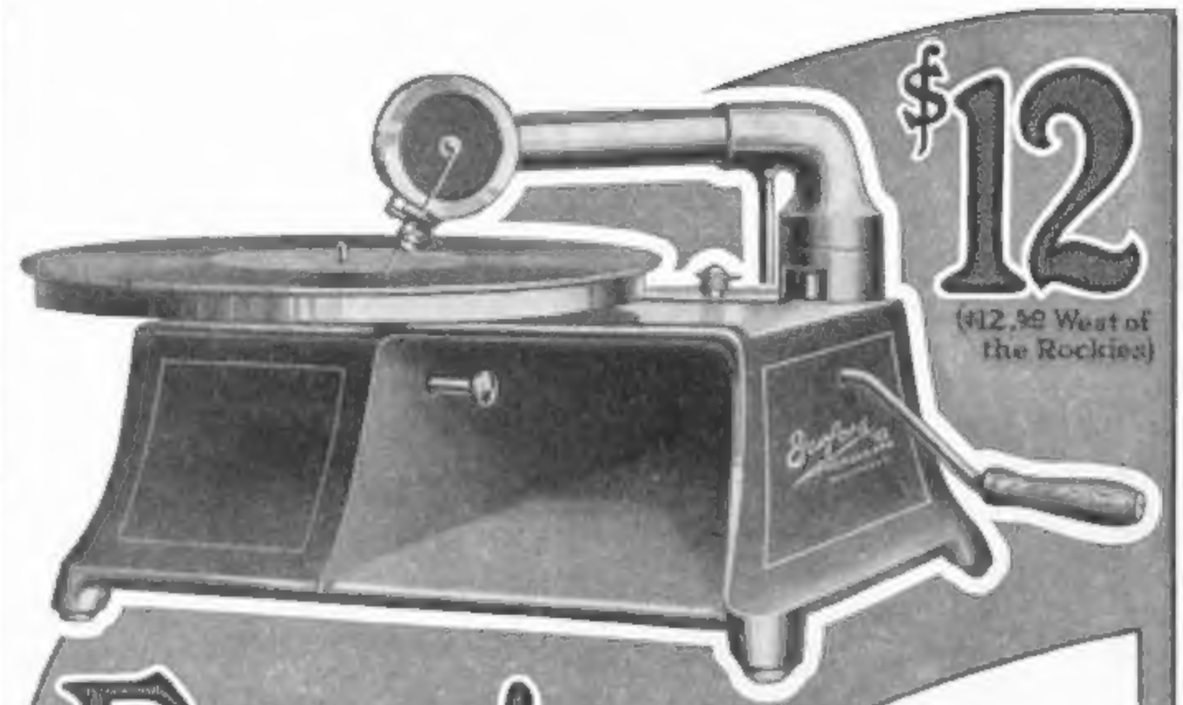
"It'll choke him before he gets it out," Cappy soliloquized. Aloud he said: "Go on, Skinner, my dear boy. Don't be afraid."

"At a time like this, when freights are so good and vessel property pays so well, it seems to me—that is, if you and Matt have no objection—that we ought to give Mike and Terence a—er—a little piece of the Narcissus—the ship—er—they love—say—er—a—ten-thousand-dollar interest—each ——"

"God bless you, Skinner! You came through at last, didn't you? The president emeritus agrees with you, Skinner, and it is so ordered.

"Now skip along and wireless the glad news to Mike and Terence. Tell them when they have the coal out to proceed to Rio and load manganese ore."

(THE END)



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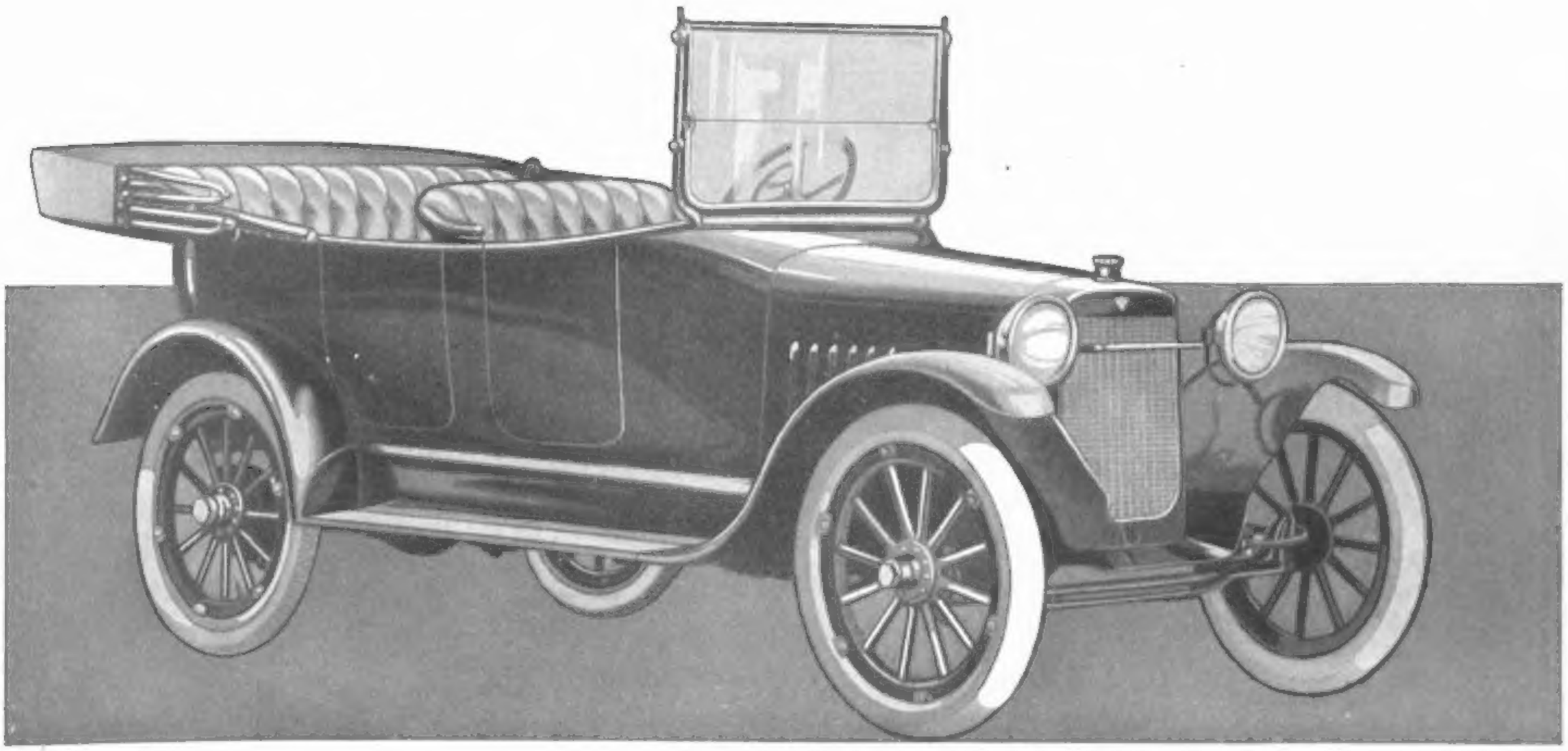

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Delivery Car	395

Canadian Prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.
Standard equipped six-cylinder car, $1115; detachable top, $200; standard equipped four-cylinder roadster, $530; electric equipment $70 additional; detachable top, $75 additional.

Saxon Motor Car Co., Detroit

The Saxon Motor Car Company does not announce yearly models (351)

The world's greatest singers make records for the Victor

The world's *greatest* singers! The greatest tenors; the greatest sopranos; the greatest mezzo-sopranos; the greatest contraltos; the greatest baritones; the greatest bassos. Not *among* the greatest, but *the* greatest artists of all the world.

The world's greatest tenors

Caruso
Hamlin
Martinelli
McCormack
Williams

The world's greatest mezzo-sopranos and contraltos

Braslau
Culp
Homer
Ober
Schumann-Heink

The world's greatest sopranos

Alda
Bori
Calvé
Destinn
Eames
Farrar
Gadski
Gluck
Hempel
Melba
Michailowa
Sembrich
Tetrazzini

The world's greatest baritones and bassos

Amato
de Gogorza
Journet
Ruffo
Scotti
Whitehill
Witherspoon

The late

Tamagno
Plançon
Gilibert

also made records for the Victor

These famous artists—universally acknowledged *the* greatest, and commanding the highest salaries—make records for the Victor because they realize that the Victor and Victrola bring out their voices as clear and true as life itself.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$10 to $400.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers' on the 28th of each month.

Important warning. Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with ***Victor Needles or Tungstone Stylus*** on Victors or Victrolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.

Victrola